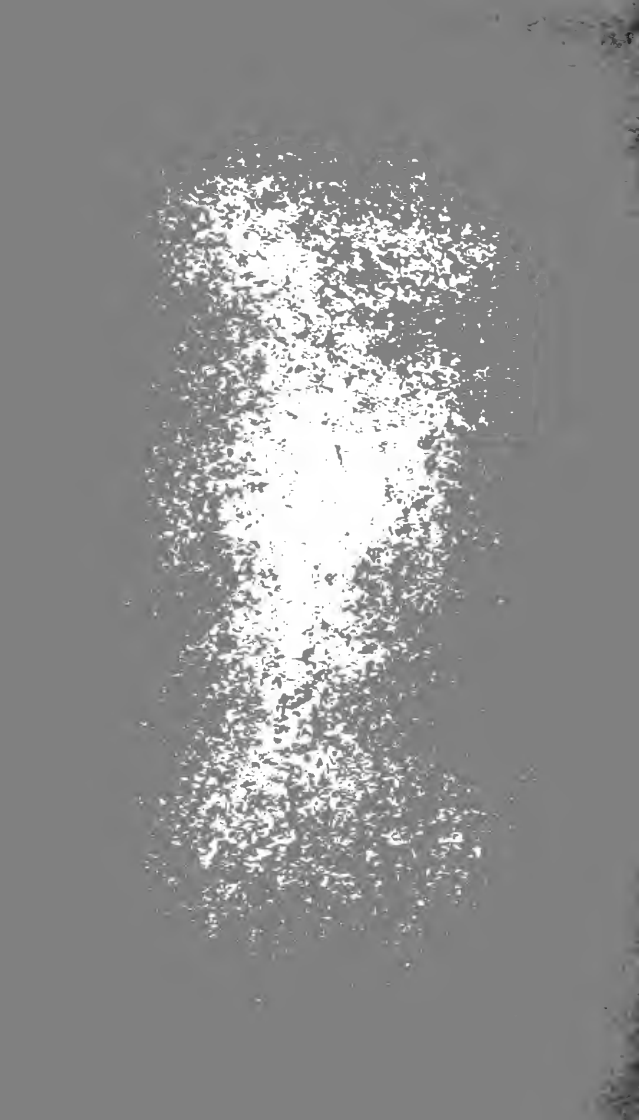


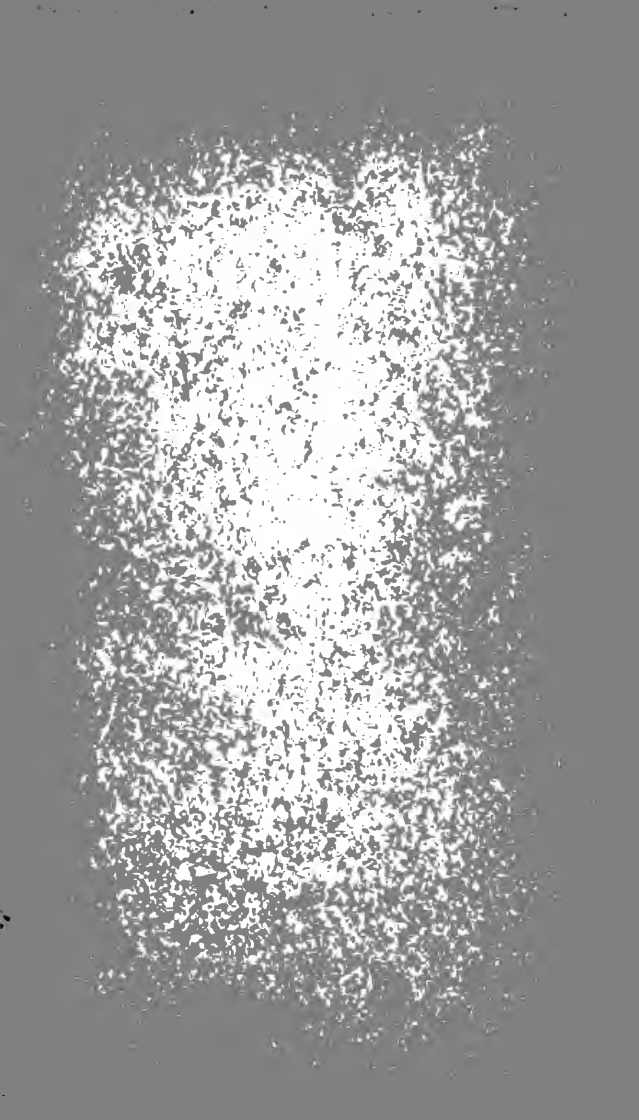


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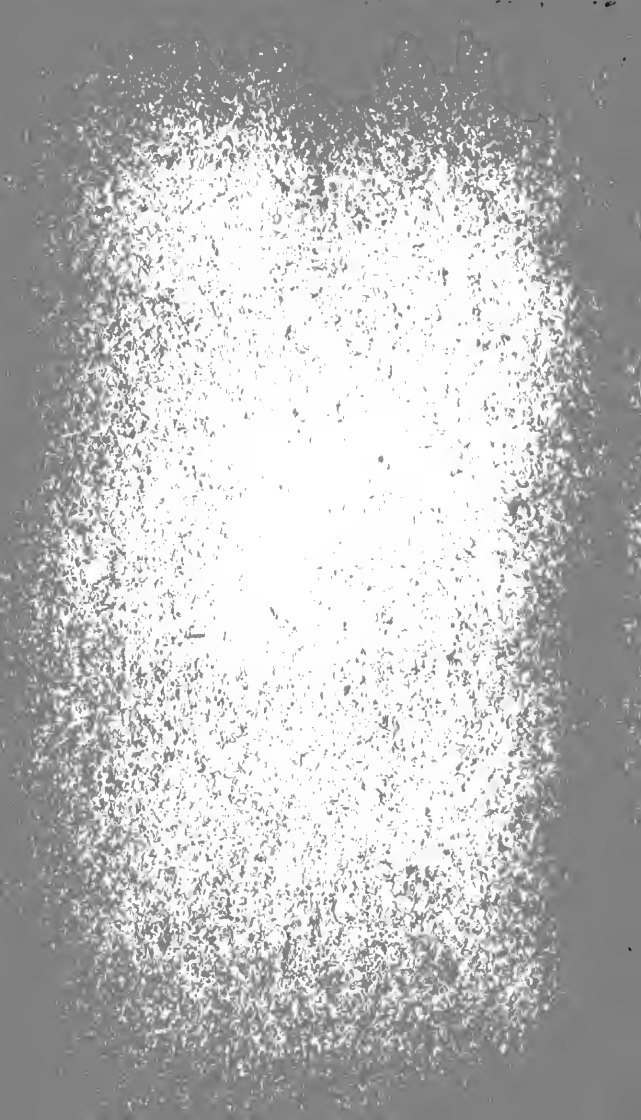






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His Majesty King George V.

George V
Our Sailor King
by
Robert Hudson



Her Majesty Queen Mary

LONDON AND GLASGOW
COLLINS' CLEAR-TYPE PRESS



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CHAPTER I

HIS MAJESTY GEORGE V., OUR SAILOR KING

THE proudest boast of a citizen of Rome in the days of her wealth and power was, '*Civis Romanus sum*'; and it must be admitted that there was sufficient ground for pride and arrogance in the hard-won dominance of the imperial city. The whole known world lay at the feet of her conquering legions; the laws of Rome were enforced upon millions diverse in language, creed, and degree of civilisation. Roads and aqueducts, theatres and palaces, harbours and fortifications everywhere attested the vigour of Roman methods, the genius of Roman architects and engineers, the virile statesmanship of Roman rulers.

Amid all the glory and ostentation, however, there was much that was hollow; the luxury and magnificence of the patrician were more than counter-balanced by the misery and degradation of the serf. In Imperial Rome itself there were a million slaves—no workman of any kind was a free man. Freeman who were not patricians existed upon charity or State doles. The wealth of distant provinces was drained into Rome to maintain her splendour and lavish extravagance. By the sword had her empire been won; by the might of the sword it was retained.

Something of the old Roman pride of power stirs in the hearts of Britons of to-day. The national songs of our country vibrate with martial ardour; victorious

we have been in many a hard-fought struggle, victorious we feel that we shall ever be, no matter how powerful the combination brought against us. The meanest of our citizens is at least free-born, a sharer in a mighty inheritance. 'Realms that Cæsar never knew' are peopled by men of British race, and bound to the mother-land by ties of blood and devotion stronger far than the iron rule of Rome.

Proudest of all are we of our Empire of the Sea.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.

Britannia does indeed rule the waves; the frontiers of our mighty State are the coasts of other nations. The waves of every ocean break on British shores; over wide lands in every continent waves the British flag; under British laws and British protection millions of the earth's inhabitants live happily. The building of this world-wide Empire has been possible only because of the supremacy of Britain's maritime power; only while Britannia remains 'Mistress of the Seas' can it be retained.

The mother-country forms less than one-hundredth of the land surface of our dominions; our brethren across the seas hold for Britain areas so great that the mind almost fails to realise their immensity; races subject to British rule people lands of hoary antiquity, of fabulous wealth, and vast extent.

Small, however, though Britain is, when contrasted with its huge daughter States and dependencies, it is in every way the heart of the Empire. To it converge the sea-routes and telegraphic cables which link up the King's realms; from it pours the wealth and sinew

which turn distant wildernesses into fruitful, smiling fields. Thousands of British vessels and of British lives, and millions of pounds' worth of British property are ever on the ocean's bosom; and to guard them Britain's mighty Navy patrols the waters of every sea.

In the veins of Britons of to-day runs the blood of viking forefathers whose longships ploughed the waves in days of old, and who have bequeathed to their sons the heritage of the sea. Not without many a dread struggle has that heritage been retained. The trident of power has at times almost slipped from Britannia's grasp; Spaniard and Dutchman and Frenchman have challenged her boldly and dealt her shrewd blows; but the final triumph has remained with her. Mistress of the Seas she is, and will continue. Her power has been used in the service of the world and of humanity. She has made the slave-trade impossible; she has crushed out piracy; she has compelled half-civilised peoples to respect the law of nations.

Just as the downfall of the Roman power plunged the world into centuries of bloodshed and ruin, so the breaking of Britannia's sceptre would be to the world in general an overwhelming calamity. The whole earth would become a battlefield in which contending nations would struggle together for the fragments of her territories; the progress of civilisation would be arrested for at least a generation. There are not wanting signs that in the near future ambitious neighbours may challenge the supremacy of the fleet of Britain on the high seas, that a determined attempt will be made to break up the 'sea-girt empire.'

It is no little comfort to reflect that at this critical time in her history a sailor sits on the throne of Britain. His Majesty, George V., King of Great

Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, Emperor of India, is himself a naval officer; one of that fine body of men, magnificently trained, daring and dauntless, loyal and staunch, devoted to their Mother-land, and holding life itself of small account in Britain's service, who guard our shores, preserve our national honour, and hold together the widely-severed members of our Empire.

Step by step, from cadet to midshipman, from midshipman to sub-lieutenant, lieutenant, commander, and captain, and so to the highest naval rank, the King has climbed, going through the usual course of duty and instruction, and passing the usual examinations. He himself as a boy chose the Navy as his profession, and set to work wholeheartedly to fit himself for it. For years he worked hard at seamanship, gunnery, and torpedo-practice, becoming in every way a competent naval officer.

During his training-cruises he visited most of the British States and possessions, some of them two or three times, getting to know their people, and forming his own opinions upon their life and work and customs.

He was compelled, of course, to leave the Navy when his elder brother died; for as heir to the British crown he had so many important duties to perform, and so many things to learn, that it was no longer possible for him to give up the whole of his time to his profession. His training had, however, been that of an officer of the fleet—and there is no training more thorough, none which has more lasting results. Till the end of his life the King will remain a sailor, with a sailor's wide outlook, a sailor's devotion to duty, a sailor's love for his native land.

Leaving the Navy has not by any means for the King meant leaving the sea. As Prince of Wales he

once again visited many of the King's 'Dominions beyond the Seas,' taking part, in the name of his father, in important ceremonies, winning the love and confidence of those over whom he was afterwards to rule, and learning how best Britain might help and guide them. The beneficial effect of such an experience upon the mind of him who was to be the sovereign, loyalty to whom binds together into one mighty whole the dwellers in our wide-scattered Empire, can hardly be exaggerated. Speaking in public after his return, the Prince himself said,—

'If asked to specify any particular impressions derived from our journey, I should unhesitatingly place before all others that of loyalty to the Crown, and of attachment to the old country, which they invariably referred to as *Home*. And with this loyalty was unmistakable evidence of the consciousness of strength, of a true and living membership in the empire, and of power and readiness to share the burden and responsibility of that membership.'

Later still the Prince travelled through the great Asiatic country of which he is now the Emperor, confirming the loyalty of the native princes and gaining a knowledge, now invaluable, of the many deep and intricate problems confronting Britain in the governing of her vast dependency.

It is not too much to say that no ruler has ever received a more admirable training for the high office to which he was to be called. No monarch since the world began has been so great a traveller; no monarch since the world began has been given greater opportunities to bind the hearts of his people to his own. King of a viking race, he is himself a viking; lord of a world-wide Empire, he has not only loyal subjects, but personal friends all over the world.

Of the loyalty and love of his subjects he is in every way worthy. He is as a man what his high descent and effective training have made him—sober and steadfast, brave-hearted and pure-minded, with a full sense of the responsibilities and duties of his exalted station.

Well may Britons rejoice that so firm and capable a hand grasps the sceptre laid down by Edward the Peacemaker. Though a king of the British realms now rules, through his ministers, according to the will of his people, and not directly as in olden days, he can by devotion and wisdom advance the interests of his subjects in a hundred different ways. Just as a king unfit for his office might bring misery and ruin upon the millions over whom he holds sway, so a monarch whose mind and character and training are of a high order can guide his people in the paths of peace, usefulness, and prosperity.

Such a monarch is His Most Gracious Majesty King George V. Round him will gather the loyal affection of his people; sister nations, severed by the ocean, but bound together by devotion to their sovereign, will send out in myriad voices, echoing and re-echoing from continent to continent, the fervent prayer : 'God save the King !'

CHAPTER II

THE QUEEN, GOD BLESS HER !

OF almost equal importance to a nation as the character of its sovereign lord is that of the consort who shares his throne. The glory of the reign of Queen Victoria has, indeed, not only in Britain, but

throughout the world, given to the title of 'Queen' a lustre and a dignity such as it never before possessed—not even in the days of 'Good Queen Bess.' Naked savages spoke with awe and reverence of the 'Great White Queen,' whose laws might not be broken and upon whose good faith a man might risk his life. Even to-day in half-barbarous countries traders take very unwillingly any golden coin that does not bear the image of Victoria.

Under her wise sway the Empire prospered and throve amain; laws became ever more and more humane; the labourers in the busy hives of the nation worked and lived under constantly improving conditions; the Queen herself fostered in the minds and hearts of her people all that was high and noble and great and true.

When she died the whole world was plunged into mourning; for at no time had there been greater need of her wise and tender guidance. Britain was drinking deeply of the cup of sorrow and shame; for the outlook in war-torn South Africa was gloomy indeed.

But in her son, Edward the Peacemaker, the Queen had left a worthy successor. Almost the first act of his reign was to bring about peace in South Africa; and, during the nine all too short years of his sway, his wise and tactful dealings with the rulers of foreign peoples did much to preserve the peace of nations.

In his consort, Queen Alexandra,—'the sea-king's daughter from over the sea'—he had a true helpmate, one round whom the affections of his subjects became year by year more firmly welded, and who will never lose her place in British hearts. The 'ever-youthful Queen' she has remained, her beauty undimmed by years of sorrows. Well has she upheld the traditions of the court of the great Victoria; and her affection

for her people has been shown in the generous help she has ever given to the cause of the sick and needy.

Her daughter-in-law, Queen Mary, has the same loving, kindly, and helpful nature. Even as a young girl her active fingers were always busy with some article of clothing or other, intended to bring joy to the heart and comfort to the body of some one poor or sick.

The visits of 'Princess Golden-hair,' as she was called, made bright spots in the lives of many who were ill or destitute. A merry, healthy girl, with abundant golden hair, blue eyes, and rosy face, she delighted to gallop on her pony along the avenues and bridle-paths of Richmond Park, or to play with her brothers at cricket or rounders; but her tender heart was always touched by suffering or sorrow. She gave not only money and clothes, but what is more precious still, understanding sympathy.

The Queen's mother, the Duchess of Teck, the granddaughter of George III., was a happy-natured woman, with a large and generous heart, to whom the appeal of the deserving poor was never made in vain; and, as her daughter grew up, she became more and more her mother's right hand in her many works of charity. It is perhaps partly because of this that the Queen has always shown herself so practical, doing rather than talking. She has learnt how to grapple with and overcome a difficulty, and spares no personal effort or trouble to accomplish anything upon which she has set her heart.

Queen Mary has always been passionately fond of children, showing her love for them in many ways; sending parcels of presents to institutes and hospitals, many of the gifts being her own work or that of her children; promoting or contributing to funds for

sending sick little ones to the seaside or into the country; interesting herself in the care of children mentally afflicted.

Having had a happy childhood herself, she has known how to bring happiness into the lives of her own children. For some years, though her many engagements gave her little leisure, she devoted one day in each week to her own boys and girl, playing or walking with them, and taking her meals in their company.

She has trained them in habits of thoughtfulness and unselfishness, and has instilled into them her own sympathy for the poor and needy. On the birthday of either of her five sons or of her daughter, the young people give presents to poor boys and girls of their own age.

Once, when Prince 'Eddie,' her eldest son and the heir to the British Crown, was ill, his nurse reproved him for being fretful and impatient. She told him that he had much to be thankful for—a mother and father who loved him, a beautiful house to live in, and many toys to play with. She told him of a boy she had once nursed who had lived in a dirty slum, lying on the floor because he had no bed, and with neither father nor mother. His very pillow was a bundle of old newspapers; and he had not even one toy.

The Prince listened very quietly, and then said, 'I did not know there were any boys like that—without any toys. Might I give him some of mine?'

The nurse told him that if he had any toys of which he was tired, the poor boy would be very grateful for them; but this did not satisfy Prince Eddie.

'No,' he said; 'I will give him some of my own toys that I like myself. Mamma always tells us that

a gift is not a gift at all unless it is something that we want ourselves, but which we give up for others.'

To the King, as Duke of York, and afterwards Prince of Wales, the Queen has been a most helpful and sympathetic wife, accompanying him on those royal tours of which mention was made in the last chapter. A terrible wrench it must have been for the tender-hearted mother to be torn from the children she so dearly loved, and to set out upon a journey of many thousands of miles—a journey from which she might never have returned. On board the royal yacht she had a kinematograph arranged giving views of her children, so that her loving mother-heart might now and then be cheered by the moving pictures of her children at work or at play.

The ladies whom she met in the colonies were charmed by her bright and genial chat about her children, and about their own. They recognised in her the true mother, whose thoughts never for long strayed from the dear ones at home in England. It is her love for children which has endeared her to the hearts of those who have known her intimately. As one lady who met her during the tour said afterwards, 'No one who has seen her smile at a child can help loving her.'

As a woman she detests the popular vices and ostentation of the day. Gambling is abhorrent to her, as it is to the King; and the wicked waste initiated by vulgar plutocrats finds no countenance from the Queen of England. Her domestic arrangements have always been as simple as is consistent with her high station; her dresses are British-made, of material manufactured in the King's dominions; her consideration for her servants is proverbial. Never will she be a partaker in the Mammon-worship which is eating

like a cancer into the heart of modern civilisation; never will the possession of millions be a passport to her royal recognition and favour. Birth and breeding, genius, and honourable service in the cause of the Empire or of humanity, Queen Mary places high above the barbaric display of dubiously-gotten millions.

The influence of a good mother remains with a son throughout his life, turning him from what is evil and inclining him to what is good; and it is of no small importance to the British Empire that the heir to the throne should start in life with a bias to what is noble and pure, unselfish and true. Millions of Britons yet unborn may have deep cause to say with heartfelt reverence and affection : 'The Queen, God bless her !'

CHAPTER III

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, PRINCE EDWARD

THE King and Queen have five sons and one daughter. Their eldest son, Prince Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, was born on June 23, 1894; so that he is now in his seventeenth year. His second brother, Prince Albert Frederick Arthur George, is about eighteen months younger than Prince Edward, and his only sister, Princess Victoria Alexandra Alice Mary, is about sixteen months younger than Prince Albert. Then come three brothers, the youngest of whom is in his sixth year.

The heir to the throne has thus had the happiness to belong to a fairly numerous family, and of being a child among children. At home he has usually been

called 'Davy'; but the general public know him best as 'Prince Eddie.' It was by the wish of his grandmother, the Duchess of Teck, that he was officially known as 'Prince Edward.' The English kings of that name have most of them been pre-eminent in war or in statecraft—and there is, after all, a good deal in a name.

The young Prince's appearance is typically English; he is of fresh and rosy complexion, with bright blue eyes and fair hair. He has a most engaging, though at times very dignified, address, and has already become very popular.

The Queen has always been a most affectionate mother; but she has never made the mistake of spoiling her children, nor the still greater mistake of leaving their young lives entirely to the care of servants. The selection of their personal attendants has always been to their mother a matter of most serious moment; but her own strong personality has had a marked effect upon the formation of their character and habits.

So far as her many duties have allowed her, the Queen has cultivated that *camaraderie* with her children which wins and keeps for a mother the confidence and friendship of her sons and daughters—a matter not altogether on all fours with filial affection and respect. She has always been fond of taking her children for long walks, sometimes altogether without attendants. It was on one of these excursions, when Prince 'Eddie' was barely four years of age, that he suddenly declared himself unable to walk another step. He and his mother were quite a mile from home, and there was no one within call. There was only one thing to be done; and the future Queen of England characteristically did it without ado.

Picking up the heavy boy, she carried him in her arms back to York Cottage.

The Queen has, however, been far too sensible a mother to bring up her lads as 'mammy's boys.' From their earliest infancy they have been encouraged to take a keen interest in outdoor sports, and to disregard the knocks and tumbles incidental to our national games of cricket and football. With the village boys at Sandringham our future King has had many a healthy tussle on the recreation ground; and he and Prince Albert captain the Eton and St George's boys in cricket matches on the ground made by King Edward in Windsor Park.

Skating and tobogganing in winter, riding and driving and walking in all weathers, the Royal children have grown up healthy and vigorous in mind and body.

The early education of the young Princes was undertaken by Madame Bricka, to whose wise care and tuition the Queen had herself as a young girl been indebted. Later on, Prince Edward and Prince Albert were educated at home by Mr Hua and Mr Hansell. Part of their education—the part they not improbably most appreciated—has been the inculcation of an intelligent interest in places of historical importance. We shall see later how great a part this same process played in the education of His Majesty King George. The historic buildings and show places of London have been explored in part under the guardianship of the Princes' tutors; and many valuable lessons have no doubt been drawn from the associations which cling around places famous in England's story.

At a very early age, however the minds of the lads were directed to their future profession; for, like their

father, they are to be trained as naval officers. The brig-of-war, *Edward VII.*, was brought up from Sheerness to Brentford, and thence drawn by a traction engine to Virginia Water in Windsor Park, where it was launched and used as a means of giving to the young Princes their first lessons in things nautical.

Most naval seamen are handy men to whom manual dexterity seems a sort of second nature; but before beginning his formal training Prince Edward had already learnt to make good use of his fingers. As quite a small boy he was wonderfully expert with needle and crochet-hook, some of his wool-work finding its way to the Needlework Guild, and afterwards to the home of some poor person. He afterwards attended the Boys' Technical School at Sandringham, and had lessons in wood-carving and metal-work.

The boy's greatest delight was to accompany his father to Cowes to go on board the royal yacht, where he was a great favourite, and where he learnt many lessons in practical seamanship.

From his earliest years Prince Edward has had a high sense of the dignity of his position and of the consideration due to him. Even as a small boy he did not like to be passed without deferential notice, acknowledging the obeisance in a truly princely way. A lady tells the following pretty story of him when he was six or seven years of age :—

'I was enjoying an early morning walk (in the Sandringham lanes) when I saw a pretty nursery cavalcade advancing along the pine-skirted way. On a shaggy Welsh pony, which drew a children's carriage, sat a fair-haired boy in a Tam-o'-Shanter hat, whom I had little difficulty in recognising as

Prince Edward. A groom led the pony, and two nurses in gray attire walked beside the carriage, where the two younger royal children were seated. Prince Edward's air of importance as the elder brother was delightful. At the sight of a stranger he tightened the reins, sat his pony with added dignity, threw back his head, and gazed steadfastly with his blue eyes. Not a muscle of his face moved. Being in doubt as to the propriety of appearing to notice the royal children taking their private airings, I passed without making an obeisance. "Who is that?" demanded the injured Prince Edward of the groom, and I felt like going to the Tower. I was punished by having missed one of the little Prince's truly magnificent salutes, which later filled the London crowds with joy.'

When he was nearly thirteen years of age Prince Edward was entered at the Royal Naval College, Osborne, passing with credit the rather difficult entrance examination. Exactly thirty years before King George became a naval cadet on the *Britannia*; and, in just as thorough a manner as that in which his father was turned out a capable naval officer was the nautical education of the young Prince begun.

In order to be near him, and to see him whenever possible, his mother had Barton Manor, in the Isle of Wight, fitted up as a residence.

The Prince had, of course, to go through the same course as the other cadets, sharing a dormitory with some of them, rising at the same hour, and taking the same food. In connection with the food a rather comical tale is told, which admirably illustrates the sensible ideas concerning the training of children to which Queen Mary has always adhered. Sensible food and strong serviceable clothes her children have

always had; and no notice has been taken of passing whims and fancies. Prince Edward had no liking for oatmeal porridge, which often figured on the breakfast table at home; but his portion was always served with those of the others, and he was expected to eat it.

It is possible he imagined that at Osborne there would be no porridge, and his dismay was evident when on the very first morning a plateful was set before him. For a time he hesitated, looking round at the other cadets, who were consuming their shares with appetite. At last he took up his spoon, exclaiming, 'Thank goodness I *can* eat it!' and fell to like the rest.

At Osborne the Prince was not favoured in any way; but his two years were nevertheless very happy ones. He took lessons not only in seamanship and gunnery and the sciences connected with navigation but also in languages, art, and music, and other subjects suitable for one of his high destiny. He was fond of wandering in and out of the workshops—the smithy, the foundry, and the carpenter's shop especially.

From Osborne, after his two years' preliminary training, he was removed to Dartmouth for a further course of instruction.

Those who know the young Prince intimately speak very highly of his general intelligence, his aptitude and willingness to learn, and, above all, of his steady application and high sense of duty.

CHAPTER IV

THE CHILDHOOD OF KING GEORGE

A GREAT deal of truth lurks in the old saying, 'The boy is the father of the man'; for a man seldom, if ever, throws off completely the impress upon mind and character made by his environment during the years when both were most easily malleable. It is during childhood, too, that inherited traits give unmistakable, sometimes startling, evidence of their existence, and that indications, evident to thoughtful observers, of uncommon powers and tendencies exhibit themselves.

It is because of this that stories of the childhood of the great ones of the world—great in station, in achievement, or in personality—possess a never-failing interest. There is no more fascinating pursuit than that of watching early promise develop into mature fulfilment; and there is a considerable amount of pleasure to be derived in tracing conspicuous qualities or talents back to their earliest manifestations.

In the case of His Majesty King George V. it is doubly interesting; for, until his professional training was practically completed, there seemed no likelihood of his ever occupying his present exalted position. His elder brother, the Duke of Clarence, showed no symptoms of delicacy; except in the case of his grandfather, whose death was due to no constitutional flaw, he came of a healthy and long-lived stock. By Prince Victor's death his brother was compelled to relinquish the calling he loved, and for which he

seemed to be particularly well fitted; and to adjust his whole life to new conditions, new responsibilities, and new duties.

It is not a little remarkable that a famous latter-day astrologer predicted in 1867 that Prince George would, if he lived, occupy the throne of England as King George V. The fulfilment of this prophecy or forecast is, perhaps, only one of those coincidences which from time to time encourage the credulous and confound the unbelieving; but it is sufficiently curious to be worth a passing reference.

Those who find occult significance in things which would entirely escape the attention of the uninitiated, have remarked upon the peculiar historic interest attaching to the King's name—George Frederick Ernest Albert. The first name, although of Latin origin, is that of the patron saint of England, besides being the appellation of four of the present King's predecessors on the throne.

To the three remaining names a romantic interest attaches. Frederick of Saxony, surnamed the Peaceable, was an ancestor of the King's grandfather, Albert the Good, the Consort of Queen Victoria. He had two sons, Ernest or Ernst and Albert. He had incurred by some means the hatred of one Kunz of Kaufurgen; and this man planned a terrible revenge. In the month of July, 1455, while Frederick was from home, Kunz entered the castle of Altenburg, by the connivance of a traitor within the walls, and carried off the two young Princes. The alarm was, however, given before the miscreants could get clear away, and the country was speedily roused.

It is uncertain what fate was intended for the boys; but in view of Kunz's vow to take vengeance 'on the flesh and blood' of Frederick, there can be little

doubt that they would have been put to a painful and shameful death on their arrival at Isenburg, whither Kunz intended to carry them.

Finding the country people on the alert, Kunz divided his little force, one section taking charge of Prince Albert, and the other of Prince Ernst. With the former section went Kunz himself. Wearied and exhausted, he and his men at last alighted in a wild and apparently deserted place to rest themselves and their horses. While the men were lying on the sward, plucking and eating the bilberries growing there in profusion, a charcoal-burner sauntered up to the little group, and, seeing a young boy evidently held a prisoner, began to ask questions which Kunz found it difficult to answer. While the leader's attention was for a moment diverted, the Prince managed to make himself known, and with marvellous courage the charcoal-burner at once attacked Kunz with his stout cudgel, his cries for help quickly bringing to his assistance a host of his half-wild comrades. Kunz was captured and bound, and information concerning the route of the other party wrung from one of his men.

In the end these men were captured, in a cave in which they had hidden—though they secured life and liberty by threatening to kill Prince Ernst unless assured of a free pardon.

From this Prince Ernst the King is fourteenth in direct descent; so that the carrying out of the marauder's fell design would have made things altogether different for Britain.

Through his mother, Queen Alexandra, King George is descended from those hardy warriors of the sea who left so indelible an impress upon the history, race, and language of the British Isles. It may very

truly be said that in the veins of the King runs the blood of Saxon, Dane, and Angle—though how many other races have contributed of their best to the upbuilding of his personality it would be difficult to compute. There are those who profess to trace his descent from David, the greatest of Israel's kings.

King Edward's decision that his sons should receive the training of naval cadets and midshipmen rather than that afforded by a public school and university, created a considerable stir at the time; and there were not wanting those who held that he was making a great and perhaps disastrous mistake. The King, however—or Prince of Wales as he then was—held that the Princes of a great democratic nation should in their youth take part in the work of the people, both that they might develop sympathy and understanding concerning the lives of their fellow-subjects, and that they might become inured to real effort, and gain stamina and fortitude for what might be before them. He did not wish them to be regarded by the bulk of the nation as belonging to the class of men of letters but not of affairs produced by our older universities.

That King Edward's choice was dictated by his usual acumen and sanity becomes more and more evident year by year. The continuance of the monarchical system in Britain depends in very great measure upon the affection of the people for their sovereign. The personal popularity of Queen Victoria and of King Edward VII. called forth on many occasions, joyful and mournful, demonstrations of love and loyalty which, by their very spontaneity and grandeur, astonished the world and roused the envy of foreign princes; and the strongest bond

between the Mother Country and her daughter States is their common devotion to their sovereign.

The Sailor King will hold the hearts of his subjects as no scholarly product of Oxford or Cambridge could have done.

The early tuition of the young Princes was committed to the care of the Rev. John Neale Dalton—now Canon Dalton—curate of Sandringham, who many years later, by the Prince's own request, accompanied him on his colonial tour. Prince George was only four years of age when his formal lessons began; but he was already showing that sturdy independence and love of innocent mischief which afterwards endeared him to his fellow-cadets on the *Britannia*, and to his mess-mates on the *Bacchante*.

Prince Victor—whose name, by the way, was Albert Victor Christian Edward—was known at home as 'Eddie'; but, singularly enough, no pet name was given to his younger brother. Perhaps it was felt that the plain, straightforward name of 'George' fitted admirably his robust boyishness. He soon began to take the lead in their boyish pranks and escapades—though, from all accounts, they were both 'pretty pickles,' and gave their guardians a fairly lively time.

A really lovely story is told of how they took childish vengeance upon their grandmother, Queen Victoria, for punishing them for some small naughtiness. The Queen had commanded them to stay under the table until they could behave properly, and they solemnly obeyed. So very quiet were they, however, that their grandmother, beginning to fear that more mischief was hatching, told them to come out. At the word of command two small

nude forms sprang from under the table and executed a triumphant war-dance. Every stitch of clothing had they doffed while in their enforced retirement. The Queen laughed heartily, while the little rascals were captured and carried off, and their small habiliments retrieved from their hiding-place.

Possibly the most lastingly formative influence upon their young lives was that of their mother, who watched over and cared for them most solicitously, losing no opportunity of guiding and training their childish impulses. Between the brothers there was a tie of uncommon affection, widely different though they were in physique and disposition; and to the strengthening of this bond the system followed in their education in no small degree contributed.

The only shadow that darkened their childhood was the serious illness of their father, then Prince of Wales, in 1871-2. In the November the Prince was attacked by typhoid fever, and for many days his life hung in the balance. Gloom settled over the nation; earnest prayer was raised for his recovery; the devotion of the Princess of Wales was unremitting. At last, in February, it was announced that the royal patient was out of danger; and on the 27th of that month a public thanksgiving service was held in St Paul's Cathedral.

This illness served to concentrate the attention of the British people upon the heir to the throne and upon his young family; and the liveliest interest was ever afterwards manifested in the education and training of the young Princes.

The early stages of that process terminated when Prince George was twelve years of age, his brother being in his fourteenth year. They were then sent

as naval cadets to the training-ship *Britannia*, lying off Dartmouth, to commence the courses of instruction which would fit them to become naval officers.

CHAPTER V

THE ROYAL CADETS

THE naval history of Britain is of enthralling interest, not only because of the dramatic struggles by which its supremacy has been secured, but also because through its sea-power the ancient roving and colonising spirit of the nation has been enabled to find expression.

It is noteworthy that wherever the Norsemen of old took permanent possession of a country and settled down upon its shores, they shook off for a season the thrall of the wild piratical life, and became industrious tillers of the soil. But the love of the sea was in their blood; many of their descendants combined with their primitive agriculture the occupation of harvesters of the deep, and furnished the heroes, Danish, Dutch, Norman, and English, who strove together for ages for the mastery of the narrow seas.

The sailors who manned Alfred's fleet were akin to the Danes with whom they waged strenuous warfare; they had in common, to a very great extent, both customs and language; they came of practically the same hard-bitten stock.

William the Norman, tracing descent from the same Viking race, knew the importance to an island kingdom of an efficient fleet, as his establishment of the Cinque Ports sufficiently indicates. Even John, despised

though he is in general by historians, insisted upon the recognition by other nations of England's sovereignty of the seas, demanding that foreign vessels should strike to the English flag.

Sanguinary sea-fights were won by the English during the reigns of Edward I. and Edward III., but the real beginning of the Royal Navy as we understand it was made by the building of the *Great Harry* in the reign of Henry VII. At the end of the reign of Henry VIII. the Royal Navy comprised fifty vessels and eight thousand men.

Mary allowed the fleet to decline. During her reign, however, the Spanish fleet, conveying King Philip to England to marry the Queen, was compelled by the English admiral to strike to the flag of England.

The humbling of the power of Spain by the Elizabethan sea-warriors made England for a time undisputed mistress of the sea. Long and arduous struggles followed with the Dutch and the French, ending at last in the glorious victory in Trafalgar Bay in 1805.

Since that date, though her rulers have not always been awake to the vital necessity of her naval predominance, Britain's sovereignty of the seas has never been seriously challenged. Pride in the fleet and unswerving faith in its ability to defend our shores and to keep unbroken the bonds that knit together our widespread Empire, have seemed inborn in men of British race. The mighty change from 'wooden walls' to steel-built 'Dreadnoughts,' from raking mast and snowy canvas to screw and turbine, from broadside of solid shot to shattering shell and stealthy torpedo, has not shaken the confidence of patriotic Britons in the efficacy of our

first line of defence. The naval seaman of any rank is still by far the most popular of all personalities, though he is in education and training an altogether different person from the Jolly Jack of olden days.

The training of a British naval seaman is indeed a long and costly business; and the finished product is one of which any nation might justly be proud. The world has never seen so splendid a force of fighting men, magnificently trained, conscious of a glorious past, and devoted to their King and country, as that which mans our floating fortresses.

There has lately been some agitation in favour of reducing the charges made by the Admiralty for the training of naval cadets on board the *Britannia* and other naval schools, so that the sons of half-pay officers and other lads in every way suitable should be afforded the chance of becoming officers of the fleet; and such a change would in many ways be of benefit to the service and to the country.

It was on board the *Britannia* at Dartmouth that Prince Victor and Prince George served for two years as cadets, sharing work and instruction with other budding navy men. In some respects their lot was harder than that of the ordinary cadet; for after their lessons in seamanship and naval drill, they were required to put in extra time at languages and other subjects. They had, it is true, private apartments, plainly and simply furnished; but in every other respect they were subject to the ordinary routine and strict discipline of the training ship.

Prince George is said to have been the youngest cadet ever placed upon the *Britannia's* books; and a very taking little sailor he was, in his navy-blue uniform with gold buttons and cap-band. Perhaps because of his small size the other cadets in boyish

fashion nicknamed him 'Sprat'; while his taller and thinner brother was hailed as 'Herring.'

The life of the cadets was a very busy, but a very happy one. Rising at half-past six, they bathed and dressed, and then had half-an-hour's drill, after which came breakfast. Studies of various kinds took up the morning from a quarter to nine till twelve o'clock. After dinner they went ashore for an hour, returning to study at two, and keeping at it till four o'clock. The next two hours were usually devoted to sports or games of some kind ashore, and tea was served aboard at seven. Bedtime came at half-past nine, after another hour's study.

The food was good and nourishing, but plain and simply served. The boys thrived upon it, growing and filling out satisfactorily, and becoming sturdy and manly in proportion to their age.

George seemed from the first cut out for a sailor. He quickly developed into a creditable oar, pulling more than once in a winning crew in the cadet's rowing matches. In the more intricate though less arduous pastime of boat-sailing he was conspicuously successful, winning prizes in open competition.

The presentation of prizes was usually made a gala occasion, some important personage being asked to present the rewards to the victors. King Edward and Queen Alexandra consented to perform this ceremony while their sons were under the charge of Captain Fairfax, and were rowed to the *Britannia* in the royal galley, Prince George pulling the second bow oar and Prince Victor holding the tiller.

There are many stories told of Prince George's love of mischief and fondness for practical joking during these two happy years. Sometimes, indeed, he went too far, and brought himself under the punishment

meted out to those who transgressed the strict code of regulations in use on the training ship.

Retiring one night to his well-earned rest, the first lieutenant found a couple of marline-spikes ingeniously arranged amongst his bedclothes, and arose in wrath to find the culprit. Careful investigation seemed to point to one lad as the contriver of the 'surprise'; but when it seemed certain that he would be punished Prince George intervened, declaring that he alone was guilty. His exalted rank did not save him from punishment; for a whole week he stayed behind when the other cadets went ashore, doing penance by learning extra lessons.

Besides the practical jokes in which the Princes took part on board the *Britannia*, there is little doubt that they assisted in various diversions ashore more conducive to hilarity among the cadets than to the comfort of the tradespeople of Dartmouth.

Such escapades, however, find a place in the life-story of every healthy human boy, and are to be welcomed rather than deprecated, as showing their perpetrators to be possessed of high spirits and abundant vitality.

The thorough training which King George received on the *Britannia*, and afterwards during his cruise in the *Bacchante*, has had a most beneficial effect upon his character and habits. He is the very soul of punctuality and orderliness, qualities the value of which can hardly be exaggerated in one who has now to grapple with a huge mass of intricate and exacting State business. Whatever the King takes in hand he does with energy and decision—and he likes to see other people working heartily. 'Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well' is a trite but stimulating saying of which the King entirely approves.

Once, when Prince of Wales, he was walking through the dairy at York Cottage, and came upon one of the men who had just finished work, and was having a luxurious wash, splashing and blowing with great vigour. The Prince stood and watched him for a moment, himself unobserved, and then, tapping him on the shoulder, he said genially, 'That's the way; that's the way! If you are going to wash yourself, do it thoroughly.'

Pressing a coin into the man's wet hand he passed on, leaving a surprised but entirely appreciative cowman behind him.

The Princes left the *Britannia* in July, 1879, after two years' training; and in August they stepped aboard the *Bacchante* off Cowes in the Isle of Wight. The *Bacchante* was a corvette, a sailing-ship flush-decked and full-rigged, and carrying one tier of guns. She was fitted with auxiliary steam-power; but the propeller was usually unshipped and lifted up out of the way. On this vessel the Princes stayed for over two years, cruising round the world and visiting many of the British colonies and possessions.

CHAPTER VI

INTO THE MEDITERRANEAN

IN his admirable preface to the two thick volumes containing the account of the cruise of the *Bacchante*, compiled from the diaries, letters, and notebooks of the two Princes, the Rev. Canon Dalton says:—

'When H.R.H. the Prince of Wales determined to send his sons to sea, it was chiefly with a view to the

mental and moral training that they would receive as midshipmen in Her Majesty's Navy. In every one of the Queen's ships each officer, man, and boy has his special and individual duties to perform every hour of the day and night, with a routine that should be as precise and unvarying as clockwork. The sense of responsibility on the part of a junior or petty officer for the men, however few they may be, entrusted to his charge, and the habit of implicit and instant obedience to seniors that is brought out and inculcated by the naval service, soon become to all in the ship a second nature; and every soul on board, cut off for a considerable time from all connection with the outer world, is welded together into an attached community, each grade of which is dependent in well-ordered method on the others.'

This, however, was not by any means, invaluable though it was in many ways, the entire sum of the benefits conferred on the Princes by their long ocean tour. Visiting strange lands and foreign peoples, establishing community of thought and interest with Britons oversea, the rubbing off of corners and unconscious stiffnesses by intercourse with those less deferential to British Royalty than natives of these islands, had all their due effect on the minds and hearts of the Royal cadets.

By special arrangement with the Admiralty, their old-time tutor, Mr Dalton, was placed upon the ship's books as acting-chaplain, so that he might have official rank on board. It was his duty, as he says, more especially to take charge of the brothers when they went ashore, and generally to superintend their studies on the ship so far as ordinary education was concerned.

As midshipmen at sea the Princes were treated

exactly as were their messmates, taking their regular watches, turning out and going aloft in all weathers. They were taught seamanship along with the other middies by the first lieutenant, gunnery by the gunnery lieutenant, and mathematics by the naval instructor; and they had also regular lessons in the French language.

They were real sailors; they had gunroom fare and gunroom discipline. They differed from their messmates only in having more to do; for when they had completed their ordinary duties their tutor often wanted them for lessons.

Throughout the cruise they kept a journal in which they noted every night the happenings of the day, together with observations upon the historical or political significance of places at which they called or which they saw in passing. Every night, no matter what had been the events of the day, or how weary and sleepy they were, the diary had to be written up. Sometimes the entries were copied more fully from rough notes made in the saddle during their inland excursions; sometimes they contained a brief *résumé* of historical or geographical descriptions given by their tutor. These notes and observations form the bulk of the two volumes mentioned above—two volumes of enthralling interest.

Some time elapsed after the Princes had formally joined the *Bacchante* before she started definitely on her long cruise. She was visited on the 6th of August by a Royal party, including the Prince and Princess of Wales, and then remained at Cowes through regatta week. On the 11th she set off on a trial trip, running to Plymouth Sound, the Prince of Wales following in the Royal yacht *Osborne*, in order to be present at the laying of the foundation-stone of the

new Eddystone Lighthouse by his brother, the Duke of Edinburgh.

Putting out to sea again after the ceremony, the *Bacchante* continued her trials of sails and steam, returning to Spithead on the 26th. The Princes now went ashore and accompanied their mother on a short trip to the court of their grandfather, the King of Denmark. Returning to their vessel on the 17th of September, they received further royal visits, their father, especially, spending with them all the time he could snatch from his numerous engagements. On the 18th the vessel steamed round to Portland, and on the following morning the Princes bade good-bye to their father on board the *Osborne*, which had accompanied the *Bacchante*.

At last, in the afternoon of the 25th of September, the corvette passed through 'the hole in the wall,' and the great cruise had really begun. In their diary the brothers jotted down notes concerning such items of interest to boys as the passing of a shoal of porpoises, or a flock of Mother Carey's chickens. They mention also the games in which they took part, the arrangements made for physical exercise, the single-stick play, and boxing with the other youngsters.

The wonder and beauty of sea and sky appealed to them strongly. We find references to calm starlight nights and the deep feelings stirred by quiet contemplation of the works of the Creator.

On October 6 they rose early and saw the sun right ahead at 5.30 a.m. They were heading up for Gibraltar, and passing the historic ocean battle-scene of Trafalgar. Tarifa showed up shortly afterwards, and their anchorage at Gibraltar was reached at 11.30 a.m.

The contemplation of the great rock fortress, more

perhaps than that of any other single object, brings home to a Briton a sense of the power of his motherland.

'As you open the Straits, the rock holds you, dominating all else. The rugged Moorish coast-line sinks to nothingness—there is only the Rock for you, lying in the Channel, crouched with awful menace. That is the one vivid impression it gives to you. Power—not a passive power, or a force merely of resistance, but something active and relentless. You think of the Rock as a being prone to a quick and fierce anger. Grim and weather-scarred, it holds you as the slow miles slip astern. You are filled with an awed wonder; and when the Rock is once more fading into the mists of distance you are still wondering. The town at its foot is wrapped in mystery; the rocky fingers seem reaching to the stars.'¹

The semi-tropical vegetation seen at Gibraltar keenly interested the Princes, the bananas, figs, and pomegranates given them by the senior naval officer from his own garden as much, perhaps, as the palms and aloes. They stayed at Gibraltar only long enough to get the letters and newspapers from England, and then steamed round Europa Point for Port Mahon in Minorca, passing within sight of the snow-capped Sierra Nevada and the mountains of Majorca.

Port Mahon, the finest harbour in the Mediterranean, was for ages a bone of contention amongst the European Powers. In ancient times the island of Minorca was held successively by Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and Romans. General Stanhope captured it for the English in 1708, and we retained it for fifty years, losing it to the French. They held

¹ (By kind permission of Mr Walter Cecil Armour.)

it till 1763, when it was restored to the English. After keeping it for another twenty years we lost it again, but recaptured it in 1798, ceding it finally to Spain in 1802.

The island bears many traces of its long occupation by the British; its Government buildings, its quays, the windows of numerous houses clearly show British workmanship. Many English words are commonly used by the inhabitants.

In this island the Princes had a glorious time. They rode into the interior on horse or donkey-back, or in the rather shaky 'coaches' provided for them, visiting the peculiar T-shaped ancient altars, the 'Golden Farm,' where they had a little—very little—partridge shooting, and the fine monastery on Monte Toro, from the tower of which, nearly five thousand feet above sea-level, they obtained a magnificent view of the whole island and of Majorca, twenty-five miles away to the south-west.

Here they first tasted the prickly pear, for the growth of which the stony soil of Minorca seems peculiarly suited. They speak feelingly of 'the little white and numberless soft thorns' which the incautious find sticking in their lips and fingers on their first acquaintance with this refreshing fruit.

When returning from Monte Toro, some of the middies, playing at being banditti, dismounted and hid among the rocks some distance ahead, rushing out and trying to seize the horses' heads. The others, however, amongst whom were the Princes, whipped the horses on, leaving their disconsolate comrades to walk the rest of the way.

From Port Mahon the *Bacchante* proceeded to Palermo. On the way a sufficiently comical sea-burial took place. Most of the middies had purchased

in Minorca large quantities of turrón, a rock-like sweetmeat made of pressed almonds, sugar, and meal, of which Spaniards are extremely fond. The effects of its consumption on the digestive organs of the middies were both apparent and painful; and several large cakes of it were solemnly cast overboard.

Palermo was reached on October 21. The Princes' diary contains some interesting notes concerning the early history of this ancient city, with its traditions and mementos of Romans and Carthaginians. Among the chief sights are the catacombs under the Capuchin monastery, where the bodies of the dead, strangely preserved by being buried temporarily in dry soil outside, are arranged in every attitude, sitting, standing, lying. Few English visitors miss this exhibition. The Princes found it ghastly.

A truly boyish touch is given amongst the descriptions of churches and crypts and monasteries. Here it is :—

'Before going off to the ship visited the preserved-fruit shop in the centre of the town, where there was a glorious collection; took a box on board and sent another home to England to sisters.'

The memories of disagreeable things are mercifully never very lasting; the turrón had evidently been forgotten.

Passing the active volcano of Stromboli, the *Bacchante* sailed on to Messina, where the Princes landed and took the train for Taormina, the most convenient point from which to reach Monte Venere, with its fine view of Mount Etna. The weather did not permit of the ascent of this mountain, but a visit was paid to the ruins of the splendid Greek and Roman theatre in the vicinity.

From Messina the *Bacchante* returned to Gibraltar.

A note made *en route* shows how thoroughly active a part the brothers took in the diversions of their fellow-midshipmen.

'After evening quarters there was more "slinging the monkey," the secret of success in which, when you are the monkey, appears to be to get well through the slings, otherwise if they are close under the arms you are practically helpless.' 'After dinner much amusement trying to sit on an empty quart bottle on the deck, at the same time holding a candle in each hand, one of which was lighted, and the other to be lighted from it without rolling over.'

This time a fairly long stay was made at Gibraltar, the *Bacchante* drawing up to the New Mole on the 6th of November, and leaving on the 16th. The Princes thoroughly explored the rock, and enjoyed some capital though rather hazardous fox-hunting on Spanish ground.

The 9th of the month, being the birthday of their father, his late Majesty, the vessel was dressed with flags in honour of the occasion. During the stay of the *Bacchante* every one in Gibraltar helped in making things go pleasantly. There were dinners and dances, amateur theatricals, and torchlight tattoos, besides excursions to points of interest. The Princes met here Lord Napier of Magdala and Lady Napier. Lord Napier took part in the hunt of which mention has been made, crossing the river with the rest of the fox-hunters, the water so deep that it reached to their horses' girths.

After describing the scamper up hills, down ravines, and among rocks, the diarists finish characteristically: 'Though the riding was rough, we enjoyed it very much.'

CHAPTER VII

IN THE WAKE OF COLUMBUS

FROM Gibraltar the *Bacchante* sailed southward to the Canaries and thence across the Atlantic to the West Indies, thus following almost directly in the track of the first adventurous expedition to cross the mysterious Western Ocean.

There is always something stimulating and romantic in treading in the steps of any of the world's explorers; and this influence was not lost upon the young Princes. In their journal we find references to the great-hearted Genoese; and we notice that some of their experiences were, as might perhaps have been expected, very similar to his own.

Weather conditions at Madeira were not very propitious. The captain, Lord Charles Scott, had gone ashore with his nephew, together with the paymaster and some of the officers. The captain and his nephew managed to get aboard again at considerable risk from the surf and the high sea; but the officers and the paymaster had to remain ashore, and were taken off the next day.

The brothers seem to have been amused at the captain's disappointment at the weight and clumsiness of the electric-light apparatus he here took on board. He had been expecting something light enough to take easily up a mountain or down into a cave; but the machine sent out from England was too heavy to be lifted by fewer than twelve men. It was worked by hand, by means of cranks and wheels! A very different thing indeed from the elaborate and

complicated engine-driven electric installation on board a modern *Dreadnought* !

Leaving Madeira on November 29, the *Bacchante* sailed for Santa Cruz in the island of Teneriffe, the largest of the Canary Islands. Contrary though the wind continued to be, the captain kept the vessel under sail, preferring to wait for a favourable slant rather than use up the coal he might need in crossing the Atlantic. In sight of the snow-covered peak of Teneriffe the Princes read up the romantic history of the islands, and of their colonisation.

The Canaries were known to both Greeks and Romans. In the time of the Emperor Augustus they were called the Purple Islands, on account of the dye obtained from a kind of lichen growing on the rocks. The inhabitants called themselves 'Guanchinet,' which means 'men of Chinnet'—Chinnet being their name for Teneriffe. They were of several races, the language and customs differing on the various islands; but they had undoubtedly crossed in prehistoric times from the mainland of Africa. 'They lived in caverns in the hills, and were very strong in body and in mind; they painted themselves beautifully in red, green, and yellow.' 'They sang very sweetly, and danced almost as well as Frenchmen; they were gay and merry, and much more civilised than the Spaniards.'

The reading of the above extract from the Hakluyt Society's edition of the Conquest of the Canaries in 1402 must have been very diverting to Prince Victor and Prince George. Without any other evidence it is quite plain to be seen that the explorers were Frenchmen. It was, indeed, a Frenchman, and not a Spaniard, who first planted a colony on these 'Islands of the Blest,' as he called them. A Norman baron—

perhaps, after all, he was more Norse than French—called Bethencourt, with a knight called Gadifer and a company of fifty-three adventurers, landed on Lanzarote, the easternmost of the islands, in May, 1402. Leaving some of his men, he sailed to Spain, as the nearest Christian country to the islands, and offered homage to the king for their possession.

The story of the settlement of the islands reads not unlike that of the West Indies. The natives were compelled to become Christian, and soon disappeared as a distinct race, many being exterminated. The colonists fell out and quarrelled bitterly, in the usual Spanish way; one of the leaders even sold the sovereignty of the islands to the Portuguese, who possibly thought a bad claim better than none at all; but the Spaniards finally established their authority in 1497.

The first place which the young Princes visited was, of course, Santa Cruz, in the abortive attack upon which Nelson lost his arm. They were shown the two flags captured by the Spaniards, which are now carefully preserved in wooden cases in the cathedral. They note in their journal the courteous behaviour of the Spanish commandant, who supplied Nelson's defeated bluejackets with boats to return to their ships, and entrusted to Nelson his despatches to Spain.

On one of their excursions the Princes were interested to see the leaves of certain cactus-plants covered with bags of white calico. There are whole fields of these little cactus bushes, and the sight is most peculiar. The bags serve to keep prisoners the cochineal insects till they have sufficiently fattened on the leaves, when they are gathered and pounded up for the dye.

The great expedition was, of course, that undertaken in order to scale the Peak of Teneriffe. A fairly large party set out from Santa Cruz—four officers and nine middies, drove up to Laguna, and then across the fertile plateau to Orotava, twenty-two miles from their starting-point. They saw here the wonderful dragon-tree, or rather, the fragments of it which remain. The tree is said to be at least ten thousand years old. Later on, they saw some young trees—only four hundred years old!—of the same species, and noted how slim and immature they were when compared with the mighty bulk of the historic dragon-tree, said to have been of great size when Perseus and Herakles came hither in search of the golden apples. For here are the Gardens of the Hesperides, where lived the dread dragon from which the famous tree takes its name.

The Princes thought the thin white shirt and white blanket which are all the wear of the country-people to be the exact counterpart of the tunic and cloak worn by the ancient Greek. Quaint though it is in appearance, it is admirably suited for the great extremes of temperature experienced from dawn to midnight in these islands.

The ascent of the more rugged portion of the mountain was made on pony-back, the party starting at three o'clock on a bitterly cold morning. At about eight o'clock they arrived shivering at the immense crater of the Cañadas, twelve miles across, the biggest on the earth's surface. It is now a circular plain, with the cone of the Peak rising five hundred feet from the southern side.

From the Canaries the *Bacchante* was set on her course for Barbados. The officers expected to pick up the north-east trade-wind, but had instead a rather

wearisome experience of the 'doldrums,' the dread of the ancient mariner. They were, of course, in much better case; for they could get down the screw and defy the calm, 'pounding along at 5.8 knots,' as the journal reports. The screw was by no means popular, however, as the relief of the diarists shows when at last a five-or-six-knot breeze came along. 'It is very pleasant with the thermometer at 76° sailing along between five and six knots, after all the thumping we have had with the screw.'

The *Bacchante* passed each day many ships lying becalmed, waiting for the 'trade.' She was now traversing one of the main ocean highways of those days—a highway much less frequented now that steam propulsion has shortened the route from Spain and Portugal to the West Indies.

Barbados was reached at last; and there the Princes received a royal welcome. At four o'clock the same morning they had seen for the first time the Southern Cross. It was Christmas Day; so there was morning service on the main-deck, and a regular Christmas dinner later in the day.

When the *Bacchante* stopped her engines and came to anchor in Carlisle Bay, the only safe anchorage near the island, she was speedily surrounded by a swarm of shore-boats, full of grinning and chattering negress washerwomen. One of these was Jane Ann Smith, who had washed for Prince Alfred, the Duke of Edinburgh, when he visited the island, and who maintained a proud and reserved demeanour among her noisy, laughing compeers. The Princes were much amused when the negresses waved cotton handkerchiefs adorned with portraits of their Royal visitors, some even producing framed portraits taken at Dartmouth. For the first hour after mooring, the

ship was boarded by crowds of these eager, merry people.

The welcome of the white people, who number about one in ten to the negro population, if more sedate and orderly, was no less genuine and hearty. Dinners, dances, picnics, cricket matches, and other festivities, together with excursions to points of interest in the island, made the time pass swiftly and happily. The Princes tasted for the first time the sugar-cane, with which they were not much impressed, and the fresh juice of the cocoanut, which they liked exceedingly.

The tasting of the cocoanut-milk was quite a little ceremony. Two gigantic negroes sliced the green husk off the nuts, holding them between their knees, and punched a hole through the soft shell, handing them with grave courtesy to their master's guests.

This mention of the size of the Barbadian negroes serves to remind one that they are of altogether different race from the negroes of the other islands, upon whom they look down with great contempt. They are more massive in build, with high foreheads and broad, but well-featured faces. The washer-woman, Jane Ann Smith, was over six feet in height.

Amongst other unusual sights the Princes were shown a turtle which performed tricks for its food, the papaw-tree, the juice of whose leaves makes the toughest meat tender, the land-crabs scuttling about the beach as they did 'when Amyas Leigh walked and sat upon this same beach in 1583'; the Machineel shrub, the juice of which blisters the skin; dried flying-fishes' wings; cassava biscuit and guava jelly, and many other things curious and interesting, and peculiar to the island.

They had some very amusing experiences. They

had noticed that the black people were in evidence by day and the white residents only in the evening; but they could hardly have been prepared for the exuberance of the negro crowd which surrounded the wagonettes in which they and some of their mess-mates were going to visit Codrington College, a famous educational establishment affiliated with Durham University. The crowd of black men, women, and children, wild with delight, clustered round the vehicles. Thinking the Princes were among the mids in the first wagonette, they embraced the wheels, door, steps, splash-board, and anything else upon which they could lay their hands, kissing and hugging them.

On another occasion, when the brothers landed from the *Bacchante's* steam pinnacle and galley on the pier at Bridgetown, the capital of the island, the negroes ran cheering and gesticulating by the side of the carriage. One old lady, wrapping up a spade guinea in a bit of paper bearing the words 'A Souvenir of Barbados,' threw it into the carriage.

Besides visiting Codrington College, the brothers went to see Cole's Cave, a vast subterranean cavern, or rather, series of caverns, in the limestone rock, roofed in places with stalactites and floored with stalagmites, and enclosing weird underground streams.

The pleasure of their stay was marred by one very sad incident. The naval schoolmaster of the *Bacchante*, Mr Sims, died rather suddenly from rheumatic heart-trouble in the hospital ashore, to which he had been conveyed from the ship. He was only twenty-three years of age, and very popular on board; so that his death cast for a time a sombre shadow over the whole crew. Prince George, as the midshipman on duty at the time of the funeral,

marched with the bluejackets and marines after the body as it was taken to the military cemetery for burial.

The visit to Barbados made a very deep impression upon the minds of the royal travellers. It was the first of our colonies, as distinct from possessions of military or naval value chiefly, which they had yet seen. In many ways it was typical; there was a busy and prosperous British population, and a large and apparently happy and comfortable population of alien race. The colony was self-governing, with its own Houses of Legislature, and its own peculiar laws and regulations. It had had a varied and interesting history; and, unlike the British colonies of to-day, it had contributed yearly till 1838 a very large sum to the mother-country.

There was here plenty of food for thought; and we do not wonder when we come across such phrases as this: 'The Colonies paid then, at any rate! and they possessed at the same time free and independent Governments of their own.' The problems connected with the government of colonies and dependencies were making themselves apparent to the young minds; perplexing thoughts were arising as to the duties and responsibilities of mother-country and daughter States; the idea of Imperial union was taking root—that union in which each constituent part of the Empire must bear its fair share of the burden and take its fair share in the shaping of Imperial policy and the working out of the destiny of the British race.

CHAPTER VIII

'GREEN ISLANDS SET IN SMILING SEAS'

It would be tedious to give in detail the record of all that the Princes did while they remained in West Indian waters; we shall do better by mentioning only those occurrences which were significant, amusing, or instructive, and in attempting to trace the effect of their experiences upon the rapidly maturing minds of the royal brothers.

From Barbados the *Bacchante* sailed to Trinidad, that big island—about the area of Lancashire—which lies off the delta of the Orinoco. Its luxuriant and varied vegetation was charming after the sameness of the sugar plantations of Barbados.

The Princes landed at Port of Spain, the capital of the island, on January 7th; and, on the next day, Prince Victor's birthday, they were rated as midshipmen, having up to that day, though acting as middies, been rated as cadets.

In going about the island, they noticed the Indian coolies, who had been imported to supplement the work of the black labourers, and were struck by the contrast of their slenderness with the robust build of the negroes.

The Princes were, of course, fêted and entertained in right royal fashion, and shown many interesting things peculiar to the island. They were greatly interested in the piercing of a balatà tree, and the exudation of the milky gutta-percha, and saw with the pleasure of youthful travellers such tropical

products as the nutmeg tree, the clove-plant, the bread-fruit tree and banana. Darting about at night were the fireflies, 'little puffs of white light flitting here and there all over the room'; and in the daytime the gorgeous humming-birds, 'the souls of dead Indians translated into living jewels,' whirled from flower to flower.

With their friends they had some comical experiences while bathing. In the bath-house attached to Government House, Captain Lord Charles Scott was stung by a huge Jack Spaniard wasp—'a caution to bathers,' say the young diarists humorously. The next day they noticed that the captain's nephew had been stung on the eye by a mosquito, 'to keep his uncle in countenance.'

In the same bath-house they were amused by the dexterity of one of their party, who turned somersaults in the water, and dived to the bottom for shillings. In another place they undressed in a rest-house and ran down to the water in mackintoshes, having great fun in trying to straddle the big logs which were floating in the reach. On another occasion, when they had left their clothes on the bank, a deluge of rain descended suddenly, necessitating heroic measures if they were not to dress in sopping garments. They solved the problem by carrying their clothes in bundles under umbrellas across the lawn to the house, 'as there were no ladies in the party,' they naïvely say.

No visit would have been complete to Trinidad without a sight of the wonderful lake of pitch; and on the 20th January the *Bacchante* steamed round to La Brea, whence the pitch lake was reached after a walk of a mile over a pitch-impregnated road. The lake is half a mile across, and consists of asphalte,

hard round the edges but bubbling and boiling up in the middle. It is possible to wade through the pools of shallow water which here and there cover the surface, though care has to be taken lest a foot slip unwarily into one of the many cracks in the asphalt, and a tumble into the tepid water result. Prince George himself got one such unwelcome bath by the slipping of his pony's foot into one of the crevices.

While in Trinidad the Princes had many proofs afforded them of the love and loyalty of the inhabitants, white, black, brown and red, towards the mother-country. Many of the white inhabitants are of Spanish, French, or Corsican blood; but all are emphatically English in sentiment. The negroes and coolies on the roads where the Princes were expected hung out flags and made triumphal arches, offering them fruit and flowers as they passed. On one occasion a company of aboriginal Indians approached Prince 'Eddy,' to pay their respects, asking permission to touch his feet. On another occasion an Indian coolie stood for two hours with his child in his arms near the rest-house, hoping that the Princes would notice the handsome little fellow. Prince George at last ran out and gave the child a piece of cake. This so filled the father with joy that he ran away to his hut for some crackers, which he let off as some sort of relief to his delighted feelings.

At San Fernando, an old Hindoo woman, unable to keep up with the carriage in which the Princes were riding, drew off a silver bangle and threw it into the vehicle; and a white-headed old negro presented them with a knobbed stick he had treasured for fifty years.

It would take too long to give in detail accounts of the visits paid to sugar-plantations and sugar-mills;

to the mud-volcanoes, where, as their negro guide said, 'De debbil he come out here and walk about'; to the cascade of Marracas Fall, near which one of the Princes had a very narrow escape from a dangerous fall into the abyss through the slipping of his pony, and was only saved by the strength and adroitness of one of the blacks, who flung his arms round him and lifted him back into safety; to the cacao plantations; and to the tropic woods, 'with ferns and orchids and trailing creepers on all sides, dark with thickest shade and stifling with moistest heat.'

The Princes seem to have been struck by the rich possibilities of this island with its salubrious climate, fertile soil, and huge areas as yet untouched by the hand of man. They had passed a very pleasant fortnight on the island, and speak in their journal of the courtesy, hospitality, and kindness of those who had so well entertained them. In characteristic boyish fashion, however, they 'long now for a little quiet at sea.'

Shortly after leaving Port of Spain the Princes were weighed and measured. It was found that Prince 'Eddy' had grown nearly an inch since leaving England, and had increased seven pounds in weight. He was now just over sixteen years of age and weighed eight stone three, while he measured five feet five and one-eighth inches in height. George was much smaller and lighter, as was natural, since he was but fourteen and a half years old. He weighed six stone four, measuring nearly four feet eleven in height. The diary informs us, however, that 'thanks to gymnastics his arm is nearly as thick as his brother's,' and that 'he is nearly an inch taller than the Duke of Edinburgh was at the same age in 1858.'

The next island visited was Grenada, where a delightful week was spent, though a temporary shadow was cast over the pleasure of the ship's company by the death and burial of one of the stokers.

The Princes comment shrewdly upon the folly of absentee landlords who allow their splendid estates to go out of cultivation or to be farmed by agents and ruined by retrogressive blacks. The prevailing impression left upon many who visit the West Indies is that of having seen glorious opportunities thrown away, and decay, ruin, and debauchery rampant. Truly a strong indictment!

From island to island the *Bacchante* proceeded, the royal middies having much to relate concerning the scenery and productions of each, and noting, too, the numerous signs of past prosperity and later decay. The jealousy of one island towards its neighbours filled them with astonishment and misgiving. It was evident to them that the whole question of the government of these valuable and beautiful fragments of the British Empire needed remodelling and quickening up.

They noted, too, that those islands which had imported coolie labour from India were in a much more flourishing state than those which depended solely upon negro labour, particularly so if the cultivation of the cacao had been begun. The negro population seemed to them to be deteriorating in physique, and this they attributed in part to the lack of the healthy stimulus afforded by the need to work hard for a living. In Barbados, where there is no room for squatters, and every one must work if he would eat, there is not only no deterioration, but actual and very evident improvement. In the islands of Grenada, St Lucia, Tobago, St Vincent,

and Jamaica, there is no such stimulus, for the negro can earn a living with the minimum of work.

In the island of St Vincent, for instance, they were informed that the negroes earned four and twopence a week of five days. By getting their own bread-fruit and fish, these fellows can live on a shilling a week; so that their wage seems ample. Yet, in the old days of slavery, the cost of a negro's keep was many times as much. The Princes came to the conclusion that either the slaves were overfed, or that the negro of to-day underfeeds himself.

In St Vincent they saw a negro ascend a cocoanut palm like a four-footed animal. He planted the soles of his feet against the trunk, embraced it with his hands, and literally walked up. While they were in the island they visited the volcano of La Soufrière, an eruption of which, in 1902, caused so many deaths and such terrible destruction of property. The Princes, with their party, climbed to the summit, a height of nearly four thousand feet, and looked down into the twin crater cauldrons filled with sulphurous steam, venturing afterwards along a knife-like edge, seven hundred feet in height, to look down into the tarn which filled another old crater two miles in width.

They saw also the Yambon Pass, 'the best thing of the kind we have seen out of Switzerland,' and were shown over the arrowroot works. In this island they were interested to find a Carib reservation, where about two hundred of the aboriginal inhabitants dwell peaceably under their own king, managing their own affairs, and settling their disputes by laws of their own.

The historic associations of the islands were of the keenest interest to the royal travellers. They noted

every spot near which famous encounters took place in the days of old, when the nations of Europe struggled together for supremacy among these islands of fabulous natural wealth. St Lucia, said by Kingsley to be the most beautiful of all, brought recollections of Sir Ralph Abercrombie and of Sir John Moore, and recalled, too, the advice given to the British Government of the day by Admiral Rodney. St Lucia, he said, should be made a naval station, with dockyard and fortifications. It would then become the Metropolis of the West Indies, and would render useless the French West Indian stations, as it was to the windward of them. The Princes also foresaw the immense importance to Great Britain of this island as a coaling station on the route to Australia, when the Panama canal has been completed.

Sailing from St Lucia they passed Gros Islet Bay, and saw Pigeon Rock, on the summit of which Rodney sat day after day watching, telescope in hand, for the signals from his frigates which should tell him that the French Fleet had put out from Martinique to join the Spaniards and make a clean sweep of all the British possessions in the West Indies. When at last the signal was given, he bore down upon the surprised Frenchmen with the battleships he had kept in hiding behind the Rock—thirty-six of them—and inflicted the staggering blow which brought about the peace of 1783.

‘The air yet even in clearest blaze of sunshine seems full of ghosts—the ghosts of gallant sailors and soldiers. Truly here :—

The spirits of our fathers
Might start from every wave ;
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave.

and ask us, their sons: "What have you done with these islands which we won for you with our precious blood?" And what could we answer? We have misused them, neglected them, till, at the present moment, ashamed of the slavery of the past, and too ignorant and helpless to govern them as a dependency of an overburdened Colonial bureau in London, now slavery is gone, we are half-minded to throw them away again, and "give them up," no matter much to whom. But was it for this that these islands were taken and retaken, till every gully and every foot of the ocean bed holds the skeleton of an Englishman? Was it for this that these seas were reddened with the blood of our own forefathers year after year? Did all those gallant souls go down to Hades in vain, and leave nothing for the Englishman but the sad and proud memory of their useless valour?

Is there not something in this extract from the journal which gives augury of the development of that imperial spirit which rang out in the notable words: 'Wake up, England,' with which Prince George so many years afterwards summed up the message of greater Britain to the Mother Country? The education of the Princes was indeed progressing rapidly along the lines desired by their father; the traditions and ancient glory of the Empire over which in future years one of them was to rule, were being gathered up and knitted into their very being.

CHAPTER IX

A VISIT FROM KING NEPTUNE

BEFORE going on to Jamaica the *Bacchante* paid a visit to the French island of Martinique, where the prosperity and neatness of the estates formed a vivid contrast to much that the Princes had seen in the islands under English rule. This, together with the docility and attention to duty of the negro labourers, they attributed very largely to the fact that the owners of the plantations lived on them, and looked after their interests themselves instead of by means of agents.

One of their notes is of interest in view of the movement among British Imperialists for closer union between the Mother Country and her colonies, and the representation of the Colonies in an Imperial Parliament. They found that Martinique, like all other French colonies, was regarded as politically part of France, sending a member to the Assembly in Paris.

At the island of St Thomas they met their uncle, Prince Waldemar, who was serving as an officer aboard the Danish warship *Dagmar*, and then they proceeded to Jamaica, where every one did his best to give them a good time. From the 'Land of Springs,' they sailed to the Bermudas, and thence back to England.

After a brief holiday ashore, the Royal middies were off again on a training cruise with the combined Channel and Reserve Squadrons, sailing round the south-west of Ireland to Bantry Bay, and then across

the Bay to Vigo, returning to Spithead about the middle of August.

On the 20th of September, exactly one year after their departure for their West Indian cruise, the brothers again left Portland in the *Bacchante*; but this time they were setting out on a much longer voyage. Accompanied by a flying squadron, they were to sail round the world, visiting South America, the Pacific coast of North America, Japan, China, Ceylon, Egypt, and Palestine. This programme was altered very considerably during the course of the cruise. The squadron was to proceed usually by means of the sails with which many of Britain's warships were still at that date provided, in order that the crews might undergo a thorough training in seamanship.

While waiting for the mobilisation of the squadron the *Bacchante* visited Ferrol and Vigo, where the Princes had several enjoyable runs ashore. Amongst other places they explored the valley of the Eumé, and were taken over the old monastery there. To many of these old religious houses some weird story clings; and the monastery of Eumé is not wanting in this respect. It is said that St Rosendo, who once took a leading part in the services of the old chapel, now in ruins, felt such sorrow and remorse for his sins that he had fashioned for himself a terrible iron girdle, closed with a lock to which there was only one key. So determined was he to make his penance adequate to the enormity of his transgressions that, after locking the instrument of torture round his shrinking flesh, he threw the key into the river, praying that it might be restored to him only when his sins had been entirely forgiven.

Years passed on, and Rosendo became a bishop,

bearing always with him the galling reminder of his former wickedness. At last came the miracle which by freeing him assured him of complete pardon. Some of the monks of his old monastery, wishing to show their affection for him, presented him with some fine fish from the river which ran past their ancient walls; and in one of these fish was found the key thrown into the stream so many years before.

This talk of fish reminds one that Prince George was a most enthusiastic fisherman, seizing every opportunity for the exercise of the gentle art. The diary mentions several occasions on which he and his brother pulled out a respectable basket of fish of one kind or another. The brothers, too, began very early to show that sureness of aim with rifle or shot gun which has made King George one of the best shots in his realms.

Good shooting and good luck do not, however, always go together. One morning, while the *Bacchante* was lying in Vigo harbour, the captain, with the Princes, and six other officers, set off for a day's shooting. Being entire strangers to the bit of country where they hoped to find good sport, they took with them as a guide an old man who was said to know all about it. There were also what the diarists call 'smell' dogs to the number of half a dozen.

The day was bright and pleasant, and they very much enjoyed their scamper over the country, but of furred or feathered game they shot hardly any. The 'smell' dogs turned out a hopeless failure, and the partridges and rabbits started by them were usually out of range. Prince Eddy shot two birds, but Prince George had no luck at all. Their account

of the comparative failure of the expedition ends humorously: 'The old man said it was our fault, but we thought it was his.'

The rest of the squadron arrived at last in Vigo Bay, and on the 31st October, 1880, the real start was made, a rainbow, an omen of good fortune, arching directly over their course. They called at Madeira, and at the Cape Verd Islands, and then in delightful weather, and with the trade-wind filling their sails, set their course for the long ocean run of three thousand five hundred miles to Monte Video.

On the morning of November 29, the ship was hailed by King Neptune, who came on board over the port side with his consort Amphitrite. This was shortly before ten o'clock, at which hour the *Bacchante* crossed the line; and during the next two hours the different members of the ship's company, more especially those who had not before sailed across the Equator, were presented to their Marine Majesties.

The part of Neptune was played exceedingly well by the captain of the quarter-deck, a blue-jacket named Goodfellow, and that of Amphitrite by the boat-swain's yeoman. The first part of the ceremony, of very great interest to Neptune's messmates, was the presentation by the captain in the name of the officers who had before had the pleasure of meeting His Majesty, of the regulation tribute. This consisted of pots of jam, tins of sardines, pipes, pickles, and 'cake for the bears to eat.' A throne had been rigged up over the engine-room hatchway, and upon this the 'royal' visitors were seated.

Careful preparations had been made for the due initiation of the neophytes, and consisted of a great bath made of the lower stunsail filled with water to

the depth of five feet, and a platform of gratings, six feet in height, on which the 'shavers' were posted with their lather-brushes and razors.

Those to be presented had in the meantime been kept between-decks, and were now blindfolded, and led up one by one. There was only one wardroom officer among them; but all the middies save two, the Princes among them, and two hundred and thirty men had to pass the ordeal.

The victim was led forward by the senior member of his mess, and introduced to the august presence in a little speech. Neptune received him cordially, welcoming him to his dominions, and then told the 'shavers' which of the four various-sized razors was the most suitable for the next operation. Seated upon a chair on the platform, the blindfolded novice was covered with soapsuds, and suddenly tilted backwards into the bath, through which he was trundled by the six 'bears.' The danger of his turning faint or feeling unwell was provided against by the 'doctor' and his assistant, who had pills and smelling-salts ready for any emergency.

The whole lark was taken and given with the utmost good humour, the Princes saying how refreshing it was to have the hose turned on them, as the temperature was 78°.

'We all had great fun in slushing and squirting each other with these, turning a hose on one officer or man, and now on another as we ran about in more or less light attire all over the decks and climbed up in the rigging. There was ducking in all its forms and under every modification of splashing and immersion; there was the duck courteous, the duck oblique, the duck direct, the duck upright, the duck downright, the shower duck, and the duck and drake. The





Our King and Queen.

O.S.K

gambols and skylarking were concluded by noon, and the usual ship routine resumed.'

The jollity and innocent fun of this day was, however, followed by a day of gloom and sadness. The squadron had several times been halted while from one or other of the ships the body of one of the crew was committed to the deep, but, so far, Death had passed the *Bacchante* and her company by. Now, on the 30th of November, the young Princes were to take part in that most solemn of all rites, a funeral at sea.

Just before noon on that day a promising young able seaman named William Foster, hailing from Blandford, in Dorsetshire, fell from the fore-topsail yard on to the starboard side of the forecastle, receiving such injuries that he died almost immediately. At sunset, his body, covered by the Union Jack, was carried by his messmates along the quarter-deck to the gangway through the double row of marines standing with their arms reversed. Bareheaded the captain and officers followed, standing with bowed heads while the simple but beautiful words of the office for Burial at Sea were spoken by Mr Dalton. The white ensign, half-mast high, told the other vessels of the squadron of the solemn ceremony which was being performed. Three volleys were fired into the air by the marines as the body of their comrade sank to rest, in token that he had died in the service of his Queen and country.

The sad occurrence awakened very solemn thoughts in the hearts of the young Princes—thoughts which they have most beautifully expressed in their account of it. They quote with deep feeling, the lines:—

O mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor,—while thy head is bow'd,
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

Three quiet and uneventful weeks followed, while the squadron held steadily on its course. Study and exercise filled up most of the time, though there were times, too, of relaxation 'when the junior officers, rushing and bounding all over the hatchways and deck, somewhat interfered with the staid and leisurely "constitutionals" of their elders.'

The vessels of the squadron were put by the Admiral—Rear-Admiral the Earl of Clanwilliam, C.B.—through all kinds of manœuvres—columns of divisions in line ahead, chasing the *Cleopatra*, the "dummy-ship" of the squadron, and other naval exercises. The middies of the *Bacchante* hooked a shark by means of the usual lump of pork, and hauled him aboard, struggling still, in spite of the express bullets the captain put into him. They also caught in the captain's bunting bag, lowered overboard as a sort of drag-net, a variety of wonderful and beautiful sea creatures, many of which they examined minutely through a microscope. They passed on the 18th of December several turtle and great numbers of young 'Portuguese men-of-war.'

At five o'clock in the morning of the 21st they got their first glimpse of the coast of South America—the 'long low line of the coast of Uruguay'—and about twenty-four hours later dropped anchor three miles from Monte Video.

CHAPTER X

THE DARK DAYS OF MAJUBA

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1880, was spent at Monte Video. It was a day very unlike the traditional English Christmas, but on the *Bacchante* all was mirth and jollity. To every man on board the Royal brothers had sent a card with his name written on it, and to every boy, a little present. There were decorations of greenery, and a specially good dinner.

On the 29th the Admiral and a party of officers including the Princes, went by rail one hundred and thirty miles to Durazno, a typical Uruguayan ranch. Here they witnessed some fine lassoing and bolasing by the gauchos, and the breaking to saddle and bit of horses never before mounted. After a scamper on pony-back over the wide grassy pampas, they had a real 'camp' dinner of beef roasted in the hide on long iron rods before a roaring camp-fire, and maté, or Paraguayan tea, which they found very refreshing. The head gaucho presented Prince Victor with jaguar, wild-cat, and seal furs, and Prince George with a couple of lassos and bolas.

Returning to Monte Video the next day, they went up to Buenos Ayres in the gunboat *Elk*. On New Year's Day they travelled south one hundred and twenty-five miles to Villa Nueva, riding part of the way on the cow-catcher, to enjoy the wonderful view over the pampas. At a lovely estancia a few miles from this town they stayed for two or three days, visiting the immense droves of horses and herds of cattle, shooting wild-fowl and playing polo.

Leaving Buenos Ayres, after a very pleasant stay, during which they had been fêted most royally, the Princes found themselves *en route* for the Falkland Islands, which the Admiral expected to reach in nine days. The weather, however, began to break up badly; the winds were contrary; and it was only after a very severe buffeting during fifteen days that the squadron came to anchor in Stanley Harbour.

Shortly after noon the next day, the gunboat *Swallow* came in from Monte Video with a telegram for the Admiral which ought to have been delivered many days earlier, as it had been received from home before the squadron was out of sight of the Uruguayan capital. The person, however, to whom it had been delivered had forgotten about it, and had carried it about in his pocket for some days. After reading the message the Admiral at once made the signal:— 'Prepare for sea immediately; Squadron to go to Cape of Good Hope with all despatch.'

All the engagements made with the residents of the Falklands were at once cancelled, the officers on shore were recalled, and before evening closed in the vessels were put on their course for South Africa. Speculation ran high as to the purpose for which they were wanted. All that could be gathered was that they were needed to make a 'demonstration'; but whether against Boers or Zulus no one on board could tell. It seemed to the Princes that the delightful cruise in the Pacific to which they had been looking forward with such anticipatory pleasure was to be abandoned entirely.

They had, however, an experience almost unique in voyaging from the Falklands to the Cape, a course over which very few ships, indeed, have ever sailed. During the voyage the men were practised in forming

landing-parties, and going through other evolutions likely to be useful. Arms were cleaned boots and gaiters, belts and water-bottles, blankets and other accoutrements were inspected. On board the ships every one was as busy as could be; but they were sailing over an entirely deserted waste of water. Throughout the whole four thousand miles from Stanley Harbour to Simon's Bay, they passed not a single sail, nor any sign of life save a few sea-fowl.

'More than once,' the brothers write, 'we felt a strange weird feeling when we looked south, and fancied there was no more land down there, over the liquid hills and valleys of rolling water, but only the icy homes of birds and sprites. As we seemed to be sailing along on "the sloping edge of the globe," we could imagine that if we went far enough down there we should slip off the edge into space.'

On their arrival at Simon's Bay they found that they had been ordered to South Africa because of the rebellion of Transvaal Boers, with whom many of the Cape Dutch openly sympathised, as was shown by their flying the Dutch ensign on their houses as the squadron came up the bay. This was on the 16th of February, and the squadron did not leave again till the 9th of April.

The vessels could have landed a thousand blue-jackets fit and ready for service; but the longed-for order was never received. On the 27th came the news of the defeat of the British at Laing's Nek, and of the disgraceful affair of Majuba Hill. The men were eager to take part in the effort they thought would be made to wipe out this disgrace; but still the squadron remained inactive in Simon's Bay, the crews growling at having been brought on a purposeless errand from

South America. Even the Princes shared the general discontent. Writing on the 9th of March, they say : 'We are patiently waiting orders as to what is to be done next. We have been no use in any way here yet to anybody but the beef-contractors, whatever people in England may think.'

On the 26th the Admiral signalled : 'Boer peace signed; Squadron to proceed to Singapore after the arrival of the next mail from England, expected on April 1st.'

On the 29th, General Roberts landed, having come from England in four days less than the usual time; but he had, of course, his journey for nothing. Most of the troops sent out were despatched home again without ever having landed.

In spite, however, of the general gloom and depression, the Princes had more than one interesting experience in Cape Colony. Perhaps the most interesting was their interview with Ketchwayo, or Cetewayo, the captive Zulu King who was living under guard at a farm a little way out of Cape Town. The Princes were much impressed with the huge size and weight of the ex-warrior. 'He weighs nearly eighteen stone,' they say, 'and is nearly six feet tall, large-boned, but heavy in the haunches, with enormous thighs and legs.' They did not think he looked at all well in the European clothing of which he was so proud, but they were glad to have his photograph in native costume, 'which is almost nothing at all.'

They could not, of course, speak with him directly, as they knew less Zulu than he knew English. By means of an interpreter, however, the King seems to have made them quite a long speech, emphasising it with impressive gestures, leaning the while with his

left hand on the head of a staff nearly as tall as himself. He had a great longing to be set free, and to return to his home; and, mixed with this, was another longing 'to wash his spears in the blood of the Boers of the Transvaal, who were always encroaching on him.'

He warned them that the English had done a foolish thing in protecting the Dutch settlers. 'You see now,' he said, 'that they are as much your enemies as they are mine. Now let me go, and I will walk through the Boers. You delivered them from Sikukuni, too, and you baulked him of his vengeance upon them. He and I would have made an end of them long since, if you had not held us back. Let me go, and I will do it now.'

Strangely enough, he proclaimed himself a loyal son of the Queen of England, whose portrait hung in the hall of his house. He had not rebelled against her, in his own judgment, but against those who, while pretending to act in her name, gave orders which he was sure she would not approve.

To solace his sadness and lighten his captivity, four of his wives had been allowed to accompany him. The Princes went into the bare little room where they squatted on the floor, wrapped in Scotch plaids, and found them, so far as they could judge, fitting mates for their colossal lord. The weight of each of them was between sixteen and seventeen stone—beauty goes with and by weight in Zululand—and 'one in particular had a very intelligent face.'

A man with a head-ring was making Kaffir beer, and outside in the pastures of the farm were the ex-King's cattle. He was inordinately fond of meat, eating an astonishing quantity every day, with the natural result. Together with the lack of exercise

this gluttony was bringing on rheumatism, and as a sort of antidote to this he was allowed each day a double quantity of rum.

Another interesting experience was the climbing of Table Mountain from the Constantia side. The party started at 9 a.m., on foot, following at first a fair path over stones and heather. This soon petered out, and the real work began up a very steep ascent, ending in a long kloof up which they scrambled to the summit. The mountain is about as high as Snowdon, but the top of it is an immense bare plateau. It was fortunately a fine day, so that the Princes had a magnificent view; though they saw some signs of the fluffy white mist which frequently settles over the mountain, and is known as the 'table-cloth.'

The Malays of Cape Town came in procession to Government House, headed by their priests and holy men, and read an address to their royal visitors. These Malays are the descendants of slaves imported by the Dutch from the East Indian islands. They are numerous and do a great part of the work of building; some of them are carpenters or tailors, and many are in domestic service. The majority are sober and well-behaved—but there are exceptions, and the brothers had one rather exciting experience.

Shortly after arriving at Simon's Town they left the *Bacchante* at noon one day to drive over to Cape Town. The Governor had sent over four beautiful white horses, which were harnessed to an American 'spider'—a lightly-built, four-wheeled carriage with an awning to keep off the too fervent heat of the sun. The driver was a Malay, who had evidently been imbibing too freely of strong waters before starting. He turned corners at breakneck speed and with the smallest possible margin, and then, quite unexpectedly,

turned off the road on to the beach, driving within the margin of the sea among the surf, so that the near wheels were half under water.

Returning again to the road he wished to stop for refreshment at Farmer Peck's, a roadside inn about nine miles out from Simon's Town, boasting the sign of 'The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain,' and trying to secure custom by promising in English, Dutch, and Latin, that travellers would find 'Good beds and no fleas, Wholesome food and small fees.'

Finding that his royal passengers would not succumb even to so alluring a temptation, the driver dashed on again as far as Wynberg. Here he pulled up determinedly, pleading that the horses needed a rest, and improving the occasion by slaking his own raging thirst. After this, as the Princes say in their account of the excursion, 'his nerves were strung for greater efforts.' Urging on his horses to their utmost pace, he dashed along the road, and at last came to grief. A great Cape wagon had been drawn up at one side of the wide road, and against this he drove full tilt, smashing the fore-wheel of the carriage. Even this did not cool his ardour, for, whipping on his horses, he bowled along on the broken spokes to Government House at Cape Town, where, the diarists say, 'we arrived all right at 4 p.m.'

Jehu would have raised his helmet to this gentleman.

Visits to ostrich-farms, vineyards, and places of interest in the neighbourhood of Cape Town filled up the time till the 6th of April, when at 11.30 p.m., the welcome signal flashed out from the flagship, 'Squadron will sail on Saturday for Melbourne.' 'Hurrah!' write the Princes in their diary; 'the click-click of the flashing lanterns that have handed on to us

through the darkness that message from England has sent new life into our veins.'

In spite of the efforts of Sir Hercules and Lady Robinson and their friends to make their stay as enjoyable as possible, the Princes could not help being affected by the gloom and depression that had settled upon all British hearts in South Africa, and they were glad to get away.

'We have kept as quiet here as we could,' they say; 'there have been no balls or entertainments of any sort, for neither the people nor ourselves are at all in the humour for such things.'

CHAPTER XI

A ROUGH AND STORMY PASSAGE

THE voyage from South Africa to Australia was destined to be the roughest and most perilous the royal midshipmen had as yet experienced. The broad stretch of the Indian Ocean between the two continents has a bad reputation for tempestuous weather, and was early christened 'the roaring forties,' the usual route lying on or about the fortieth parallel of latitude south of the equator. The distance from Cape Town to Melbourne is about six thousand miles, the only land passed being the rocky islands of St Paul and New Amsterdam about midway.

Expecting that the ships would become separated the Admiral directed them to rendezvous ten miles south of Cape Otway. The *Bacchante* being a slow sailer was gradually left behind, although the other ships slackened speed continually to give her a chance of catching them up. So long were they in reaching

their destination that alarming rumours got about that the corvette had foundered, taking the Princes with her; and when the rest of the squadron arrived at Melbourne without her, the story appeared to be substantiated.

She had, however, arrived at Albany, on King George's Sound, safe, but not altogether sound; and, since there was telegraphic communication between that port and London, the anxiety of those at home was quickly relieved.

The bad weather commenced on the 28th of April, with a sudden shift of the wind into the south-south-west from the north-west. The main-royal-sail was blown into ribbons, two other sails split, and the fore-top-gallant-mast sprung. The sea quickly got up, and the *Bacchante* developed a vicious roll which the ship's company found very trying to the temper, as they could neither read nor write, sit nor stand, with any degree of comfort. The only place where there was comparative steadiness was in a hammock swung from the beams. In one tremendous roll the cutter slung from the davits on the port side touched the water, and at the same instant two of the officers were thrown into the scuppers, one breaking a rib and the other damaging his eye.

Meal-time brought additional discomfort. Nothing would stay on the table; the very chairs had to be lashed to the table-legs; the plate was held in one hand while an attempt was made to spear the food with a fork held in the other. Only three cups remained unsmashed in the gunroom mess.

On May 8, during service on the main-deck, some of the chairs and stools were upset, and members of the congregation found themselves rolling amongst the feet of the others. In spite of the unfavourable

conditions, however, the collection taken after the sermon on behalf of the Seamen and Marines' Orphan Home at Portsmouth was a record one for the fleet, totalling sixpence only short of nineteen pounds.

Four days later the port cutter was filled and carried away by a mighty sea, and the starboard cutter torn away from the davits. The mainsail was split from top to bottom, and had to be replaced; and at 10.30 the same evening a still more serious accident happened. A tremendous gust split the foretopmast staysail and the ship broached to. For a few seconds it seemed that she must capsize and founder, but luckily she came to the wind and lay to, apparently of her own accord.

'It was now,' say the Princes in their diary, 'one of the most magnificent sights we ever gazed on, though we never wish to be in similar circumstances or to see quite the like again. The moon above was breaking in full glory every few minutes through the densest and blackest storm-clouds, which were here and there riven by the blast; the sea beneath was literally one mass of white foam boiling and hissing beneath the gale.'

It was found that the rudder had been damaged, and the ship refused to answer to it; and through the rest of that terrible night, she lay to, rudderless and alone, while wind and sea seemed to strive their utmost to complete her destruction. There was no steam up, and, had there been any, it would have been impossible to ship the propeller, which, as was usual when the corvette was sailing, was drawn up into the well out of the way.

In the black night, every man of the ship's company did his utmost for the safety of the vessel. One of the men aboard at the time speaks of the Royal middies

crawling along the wet deck,—it was impossible to stand or walk without holding on to something—and squeaking out the orders given to them to transmit. Sometimes in the rush of the men they would be overborne completely, and their heads would emerge dripping from the mass of big fellows lying prone on the deck.

Fires were started under the boilers, and, with the first peep of dawn, a resolute and successful effort was made to get the propeller into position. This was not accomplished without great difficulty and peril, the heavy seas breaking continually over the stern. Even then, the ship could not be made to come to her course, but drifted steadily towards the South Pole. At last, however, by altering the wheel-chains of the tiller to suit the twist of the rudder, sufficient helm was obtained to enable the steersman to get her head round, though it took her half an hour to come round eight points. An extemporised steering apparatus was rigged up, and a course was shaped for Albany, the nearest port. Here at last they arrived, safe and thankful.

The Indian Ocean had not yet, however, quite done with the ship's company. During their enforced stay in King George's Sound, while the rudder was being unshipped, repaired, and replaced, two parties of officers had a very narrow escape from drowning. They set off in boats for Breaksea Island, eight or nine miles down the Sound, for a day's rabbit-shooting. The lighthouse on this precipitous island is reached by means of a rope ladder, on the east side, the only place where a landing can be effected, and was then kept by a man and his wife, the only inhabitants.

The officers had a good day's sport, shooting

rabbits, quail, and wallaby; but they found, when the homeward voyage began that the wind was dead against them. One boat, much more seaworthy than her consort, started three-quarters of an hour after her, and passed her apparently making very heavy weather of it. Unable to help her, for their own case was wellnigh desperate, the first boat went on. The seas kept breaking over her bows, sometimes unshipping the oars and all but filling her. To make matters worse, a heavier sea than usual split one of her timbers, and the water poured in so rapidly that one of the crew had to bail continuously, while the others pulled for dear life. For six hours they struggled against wind and tide, the man who was baling becoming so exhausted and so benumbed with the cold that he could hardly be kept awake; but at last, drenched to the skin with the heavy rain, and utterly done up, they reached Oyster Harbour about midnight. They were now five miles from Albany, and there was nothing for it but to walk. Even then their trials were not ended; for they could not find any means of getting aboard the *Bacchante*, which lay in the middle of the harbour. By a happy inspiration they resolved to apply for food and shelter at the police barracks. Here they were given dry clothes and hot coffee; and for the rest of the night they made themselves as comfortable as possible wrapped in blankets round the kitchen fire.

The other boat, however, failed to turn up; and it was feared that she had been overwhelmed. Later on it was found the crew had managed to turn their boat without swamping her, and had run back to Breaksea Island, where, by firing their guns, they had attracted the attention of the lighthouse-keeper,

who had lowered the rope ladder, thus enabling them to climb into safety.

Prince Victor and Prince George had, in the meanwhile, been having a very good time at Marblup, a farm and clearing thirty miles from Albany, occupied by a fine old Scottish settler named Young. Here, with his wife, his two sons and two daughters, he had lived for forty years, clearing and cultivating his four-hundred-acre farm, and renting from the Government another forty thousand acres of 'bush' country as pasturage for his flocks and herds.

The Princes received a real Australian welcome, getting many of their meals in the farm-house and sleeping in a two-roomed shanty in the wood. After the cold and stormy passage from South Africa they appreciated intensely the two great fires of jarrah-wood which blazed in the open fireplaces. Mattresses and rugs were supplied for the night, for they were a party of nine, and the shanty was almost without furniture. They washed and dressed in the open air, using by turns a small wooden trough into which water was poured from a big tank. After their wash and brush up they returned to the farm-house for a tea-supper, finding it exceedingly good and appetising. There was minced kangaroo, fowl, jam, cream, scones, and 'no end of beautiful fresh milk and butter, such as we had not tasted since we left England (for there is none, or very little, of either of these two last in South Africa or South America).'

In the shanty were two iron bedsteads, probably for the princes, though they do not say so, while the rest slept on the mattresses on the floor. So greatly had the fresh milk taken their fancy that they had two pails of it brought up to quench possible thirst during the night. 'Some take (it) neat,' they say in

their journal, 'and others prefer to take (it) mixed with a little whisky before turning in.'

They were kept awake for a long time by the talk and laughter of the Commander and an American doctor who was with them. They were spinning the most wonderful yarns, each trying to go one better than the other.

The Princes had a very jolly time at Marblup, hunting kangaroo and opossum, and shooting tea, diver, crane, mallard, and black swan. Two mounted policemen accompanied them, splendid fellows, West Australian-born, 'strong-limbed' and bronze-faced, with fair hair and beard and bright eye.'

May 24 was the Queen's birthday, the great Australian gala-day. The ship was gaily dressed, and a royal salute of twenty-one guns fired at noon. To a congratulatory telegram from the Town Council of Fremantle, the Princes replied: 'We are very glad to be spending the Queen's birthday amid the loyalty of our fellow-subjects on Australian soil.' Athletic sports on shore were arranged for the men—three-legged races, sack-races, tugs-of-war, jockey races and flat races giving most of them an opportunity of competing.

The next day a rather comical *faux pas* was made by one of the officers of the P. and O. mail steamer which put into Albany on the way to Adelaide. There was an impression on board that the Princes were to sail in her instead of waiting for the *Bacchante*. Prince George, happening to be the midshipman in charge of the guardboat, had to board her, and while he was talking with one of the officers on the deck the man said, quite unaware of his identity, 'What a nuisance it is that the Princes are going to Adelaide with us.'

‘Yes,’ replied Prince George, ‘I quite agree with you, it would be.’

When the officer of the guard came up and introduced them to each other, they both laughed heartily, though the perpetrator of the blunder very possibly wished he had not been quite so outspoken.

While the rudder was being repaired sufficiently to enable the corvette to sail in safety round to Melbourne, the usual practice in gun-drill and torpedo-drill was taken regularly. On June 4, the day after his sixteenth birthday, Prince George was midshipman in charge of the whale-boat towing the spar, which served as a target for the Whitehead torpedoes and in the performance of his duty came within an ace of death or very serious injury.

When the second torpedo that was fired touched the water, it unexpectedly swerved from its course and struck the whale-boat, digging its nose through the side close to the legs of the Prince, and remaining there fast wedged. The boat, of course, filled at once, but being fitted with air-cases, it did not sink, and was towed back to the *Bacchante* with the torpedo sticking in it. The Princes make light of the affair in their journal, but an eye-witness of the incident says that both Prince George and his men owe their escape from a ducking or worse entirely to the Royal midship’s coolness.

After staying for three pleasant weeks in Albany, the Princes took the mail-boat to Adelaide, three days distant, in order to visit South Australia before rejoining their ship at Melbourne. Here they received a rousing welcome, the streets being crowded with people eager to see them and to give them a hearty greeting. The next day was spent in visiting objects of interest in and around the city, but on the following

morning an early start was made for the copper mines of Moonta across the York Peninsula. Here the brothers were provided with flannel shirts and trousers, and descended to the workings, one hundred and fifteen fathoms below the surface. They were much struck by the stalwart appearance of the miners, who were all Cornishmen, 'young, tall, and broad, with a slight South Australian drawl, but of the real English bone and sinew and with a straightforward look about their faces.'

There were at Adelaide no end of balls, dinners, and other entertainments, indoors and out-of-doors, the people vying with each other to show their pleasure at having among them the grandsons of their beloved Queen.

The Princes were keen to appreciate the real meaning of all the cheering and enthusiasm, as is evident from the following entry in their diary. 'The enthusiasm of the people (which means, of course, their attachment to Great Britain, not to us personally;) is most hearty and thorough.'

At the grand ball held in the Town Hall, where the Mayor read an address speaking of the attachment of the people of South Australia to the Queen and to Great Britain, Prince Victor said in his reply, 'Though our stay in South Australia has necessarily been brief, we can assure you it has been a thoroughly enjoyable one. We had often heard of your well-being and of your loyalty; we have now witnessed them both for ourselves.'

On June 20 they left Adelaide at 7.30 a.m. in a four-in-hand drag, to drive the first stage of the six hundred miles overland journey to Melbourne.

CHAPTER XII

AUSTRALIAN EXPERIENCES

THE overland journey from Adelaide to Melbourne was full of interest. Much of it had to be travelled in coach or on horseback, and some of it in the passenger-steamer plying across Lake Alexandrina; the railway linking the two capitals together was not completed till some years later.

In the country round Lake Alexandrina—the estuary of the Murray—the settlers found the enormous number of kangaroos a great nuisance and source of loss, as they ate up the pasturage upon which the flocks and herds were expected to thrive and fatten. On one estate alone, the Princes learnt, four thousand of these marsupials were killed in a single year. The brothers stayed long enough to enjoy a little kangaroo-hunting, both with rifle and on horseback.

While in this part of the country they also learnt how to make bushman's tea, and they give full directions for its preparation in their daily notes. It seems that the water in the 'billy' must first be allowed to boil, then the tea must be dropped into it, and then the sugar, the decoction being well stirred with a stick. The Princes found it very good indeed.

They were lucky enough to be present at a great 'corroboree' of black fellows, where about two hundred of these aborigines, decked with stripes of white and black paint, and bearing spears and bows, danced and shouted and made warlike gestures.

A great feature of the journey, as, indeed, of the whole visit to Australia, was the enthusiasm with

which the Princes were everywhere received. In no place was there a discordant note. Farmers, miners, local volunteers, friendly societies, mayors and corporations, public men of all kinds, private citizens, and school-children, met them with smiling faces and cheering voices; flag-waving, triumphal arches, flower-decked rooms, processions, bands, massed choirs of school-children, were only some of the ways in which our brethren under the Southern Cross tried to express their loyalty to the British Crown, their affection for the Royal Family, and their delight at having among them the two sons of the Prince of Wales.

The enthusiasm seemed to permeate even to infants hardly able to toddle. At Casterton, a few miles over the boundary between South Australia and Victoria, a tiny mite, golden-haired and blue-eyed, found its way of its own accord into the room where lunch was being served, and tripped about lisping softly, 'Welcome to Victoria, welcome to Victoria.'

At almost every place passed through the school-children lined the road and sang the National Anthem. At one place the boys filled one platform of the station and the girls the other, their singing of 'God Save the Queen,' being, in the Princes' words, 'the best we have heard anywhere.'

While they were at Melbourne, the *Bacchante* sailed into Port Phillip; and they rejoined her after fifteen days' absence. She had, however, to unship her rudder that it might be repaired properly, and was not again ready for sea for some time.

Coiners are usually looked upon as dangerous and undesirable members of society; and it may shock some people to know that Prince George and his

brother became coiners in Melbourne, and under the very noses, too, of the highest representatives of law and order in the colony. The Mint at Melbourne was then very much more up-to-date, and fitted with finer machinery, than the Royal Mint in London. The Princes paid it a visit, and were naturally very greatly interested in the manufacture of golden coins of the realm. They watched the melting and rolling of the precious metal, and were then asked to set in motion the great die which stamps upon the plastic, glowing gold the image and superscription of the sovereign. The two pieces thus coined by themselves were afterwards presented to them as souvenirs to be attached to their watch-chains.

An experience still more unique was that of being for a time actual gold-miners. This was at Ballarat, the 'Golden City' of Victoria, the original Australian goldfield, where they had a reception notable for its heartiness even in this colony of warm-hearted subjects of the Queen. The crowds in the streets were enormous, the Mayor and Corporation and the Members of Parliament for the county and the city received the Governor and his Royal guests on the station platform, while the band of the Ballarat Rangers played the National Anthem.

Prince Victor and his brother had been charmed by the crisp directness of the addresses of welcome they had received since landing in Australia, but the address read to them by the Town Clerk of Ballarat they call the 'shortest and pithiest' of them all. 'On behalf of the citizens of Ballarat, and in token of our loyalty to the Throne and sincere regard for the person of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, we give you a hearty welcome.'

The party went to see the quartz-crushing

machinery at the Band of Hope Mine, watching the forty great stampers falling a hundred times a minute into the metal boxes containing the broken-up quartz, pounding it into dust, which is washed away through the gratings on to the long tables of copper. In these are sunk troughs of quicksilver. The gold dust is licked up by the quicksilver, from which it is afterwards recovered.

The noise of the stampers was deafening, and it was quite a relief to go into the comparatively quiet chamber where quicksilver and gold dust were being separated in the retorts. The Princes were given some of the gold, just cooled from the retort, to handle.

Then came perhaps the most interesting experience of the day. Prince Victor and his brother were taken to the mouth of the shaft, and there, with the other distinguished visitors, they put on rough mining dress—thick canvas trousers, oilskin coats and caps, and thick, heavy boots. The cage was made to hold three at a time, each being provided with a candle and a waterproof. Great caution was necessary that no hand or foot protruded beyond the edge of the cage as they descended smoothly and rapidly into the bowels of the earth. Arrived at the workings they were asked to drink in champagne the health of the manager and success to the mine, and were taken to what a miner calls the 'face.' Here, with the water dripping from the roof and walls of the passage, they took picks and knocked off some pieces of quartz with specks of gold clearly visible on their fractured surfaces.

On ascending to the surface they were photographed in their mining rig, and wrote their names in the visitors' book, examining with interest the entry made by their uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh, in 1868.

While they were at Melbourne the armour of that desperado known as Kelly, the Bushranger, whose misdeeds had so short a time before made his name notorious, was brought up for them to see. This criminal had terrorised the district between New South Wales and Victoria, being aided and abetted by many of the residents who, while ostensibly decent squatters, were thoroughly unscrupulous and hand-in-glove with Kelly's gang of bushrangers.

So bold and defiant did the band become, and so serious were the crimes and depredations of which it was guilty, that determined efforts were made by the authorities to stamp it out. Kelly, however, constructed for himself out of ploughshares a helmet and suit of armour which were bullet-proof; and it was only after many poor fellows had been shot by him, while he himself appeared invulnerable, that he was at last brought down by a lucky shot which broke his leg.

The Princes found the suit to consist of four pieces, weighing in all ninety-seven pounds—a prodigious weight for a man to carry about with him. The helmet was like an iron pot without a bottom, with a narrow slit for the eyes. The breast-plate was dented with bullet-marks, but not one had gone through it. The Princes put the suit on and found it very heavy and clumsy. Only the year before had the last of the gang been brought to justice.

A conversation which Prince George had at Sandhurst with a young miner who did not recognise him, showed quite clearly how quickly a national spirit was growing up in Australia.

'Are you English, Scotch, or Irish?' asked the Prince, after a little pleasant talk with the rosy-faced, sturdy young miner.

'Neither one nor the other,' he answered quickly. 'I am colonial-bred.'

It was, indeed, evident to the observant young visitors that a distinct type of Briton was being developed in the southern continent—a well-grown, athletic, quick-witted, and eager race, showing an amount of energy and of activity in all branches of commerce, education, government, and everything that makes a people great, which has never before been surpassed in the whole course of English history.

The luncheons, dinners, garden-parties, balls, and other festivities to which the Princes were invited during their three months' stay in Australia might well have taxed the energy even of active, healthy boys, but, partly with the desire to show their genial hosts how thoroughly their efforts to make the visit one of agreeable experiences and pleasant memories were appreciated, and partly, no doubt, because of their own keen enjoyment, the brothers entered with zest and spirit into everything. King George is well known as a man who believes above everything else in thoroughness. 'Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well,' seems to be the motto upon which he frames his conduct. The modern ballroom dilettante can never expect tolerance from a Prince who wrote in his diary before lying down to sleep after the Governor's ball at Melbourne, 'We danced every one of the nineteen dances and stopped to the very end, at 3.15 a.m. It was a beautiful ball.'

Since the *Bacchante* could not be ready for sea for some time, it was arranged that Prince Victor and Prince George should sail in the *Inconstant*—the flagship—round to Sydney and Brisbane; and on the 8th of July they left the harbour of Melbourne and sailed out through Port Phillip.

While on this short voyage the ship's company had a weird experience. At four o'clock on the morning of the 11th a strange red light shone out ahead, and in the midst of it, outlined quite vividly, were the masts, spars, and sails of a brig coming up on the port bow and not more than two hundred yards distant. She was seen by the look-out man on the forecastle, by the officer on the bridge, by one of the midshipmen, and by ten other persons—thirteen in all. Yet, when the midshipman reached the fore-castle, there was not the slightest trace of her. The night was clear and the sea calm; and it was possible to see right away to the horizon.

That something had passed was evident from the signals flashed from two other vessels of the squadron sailing on the starboard bow. The signals asked if the *Bacchante* had observed the strange red light. No explanation of the phenomenon was forthcoming, and the entry in the Princes' diary reads simply, 'At 4 a.m. the *Flying Dutchman* crossed our bows.'

Oddly enough the disaster which seamen say always follows the appearance of the phantom ship occurred at 10.45 the same morning, the man who had first reported her falling from the foretopmast-cross-trees on to the topgallant-forecastle and being smashed to pieces. In giving their account of this sad accident the young diarists add, 'At the next port we came to the Admiral also was smitten down.'

This next port was, of course, the beautiful city of Sydney on its matchless harbour. The Princes say quite candidly that they find it difficult to write of the freshness and variety of this series of inlets without seeming to exaggerate.

Their stay here was a very pleasant one, though marred towards the end by the sudden and serious

illness of the Admiral, who fainted on deck on the afternoon of the 22nd and remained unconscious for three hours. This postponed the departure of the squadron, which had intended to sail for Auckland in New Zealand on the following day, but did not leave Port Jackson till August 10, going then to Brisbane.

While at Sydney the Princes paid a visit to the Blue Mountains, revelling in the wonderful scenery of that great mountain barrier between the coast-lands and the rich pastures beyond. They lay on the verge of the red sandstone cliff at Govett's leap, and looked into the mighty chasm, the depth of which is not less than two thousand feet, and into which there is no means of descending. Riding on an engine, Prince George was able to appreciate the engineering skill which was directing the construction of the railway designed to open up to settlers the rich country sloping down to the Darling—a railway quite as daring in its conception as that which crosses the Rockies, and showing even greater genius in overcoming colossal difficulties of construction.

One of the most pleasing functions in which they took part was the laying by Prince Victor of the foundation-stone of the pedestal of the statue of Queen Victoria at Sydney. The occasion was a general holiday and fête-day. Quite seventy thousand people lined the streets along which the carriage containing the Princes travelled, cheering and showing every manifestation of pleasure.

After a visit to Botany Bay, farewell was said to the hospitable people of Sydney, and a start was made for Brisbane, the royal middies sailing once more in their old ship, the *Bacchante*, which now, having been cleaned and scraped, while the other vessels remained

foul, was 'the clipper of the fleet instead of the haystack.'

Brisbane accorded as loyal and hearty a welcome to its Royal visitors as had the other cities of the southern continent; and we do not wonder that when, on August 20, the squadron was set on its course for Fiji, the contemplated visit to New Zealand having been abandoned, the Princes felt real sorrow at leaving the many warm friends they had made during their three months' stay. 'After England,' they say, 'Australia will always occupy the warmest corner of our hearts.'

CHAPTER XIII

TO FIJI AND JAPAN

PRINCE VICTOR and Prince George arrived at Fiji on September 3, 1881. Only fifteen years before the Fijians had been cannibals—the most terrible probably, that the world has ever known. The islands were the scene of constant warfare, the vanquished, whether killed or prisoners, being roasted and eaten by their conquerors. Chiefs went in their canoes to collect a tribute of children from their vassals, returning with the bodies of the poor little victims hanging from the masts.

Yet here the Princes found a perfectly orderly, Christian population of most likeable brown-skinned islanders, courteous and refined, and with delightful manners. They learnt that every child in the islands could read and write at an early age, there being in all forty thousand scholars in the schools. On one

occasion, while they were having dinner, all the waiters being tall, straight Fijians, clad in their native kilts of white cloth, they heard a drum beaten outside and then a strange sound as of one reading. They were told, in answer to their inquiries, that it was the officer of the guard repeating the evening prayer with his soldiers, and they learnt that morning and evening prayer is said in every native household in Viti Levu.

The chief Thakombau, at whose request the islands were taken under the protection of Britain, was delighted to see the Queen's blood and sinew,' as he called the two young Princes, and showed them the greatest deference and hospitality while they remained in Fiji. He and his chiefs were received aboard the flagship by the Admiral, whom they presented with a whale's tooth—a gift reserved for the highest chiefs only. The chiefs stood in a semicircle and passed the tooth from hand to hand till it reached the man nearest the Admiral. This man laid the offering at the Admiral's feet, the flag-lieutenant picking it up and handing it to him. The Princes were much impressed by the manly bearing of these magnificently built fellows, whose average height is greater than that of any other race on the earth.

On the Sunday afternoon, they attended the native church and took part in the service, which was very simple and impressive, and performed by the native teacher in the Fijian tongue. The Governor, his wife and children, and the Princes, sat cross-legged on mats, the native worshippers sitting on the ground.

One of the most interesting ceremonies was the drinking of kava, made from the root of the yangona. In the native ceremony the root is chewed by young girls before the drink is made from it, but for the

Princes and their companions it was merely pounded and grated. The kava was brewed in a huge wooden bowl standing on four legs, and was handed to the distinguished guests by the son of Thakombau in a flat bowl made of the sawn-off end of a cocoanut.

After the kava-drinking came an exhibition of meké-dancing, which the Princes describe as vigorous, graceful, and not unlike the corroboree they had seen in Australia, except that it was much more polished and refined.

The electric light astonished and delighted the Fijians as it flashed from the flagship upon the dancers and the groups who sat watching them in the twilight. They were told by a mischievous middy that the English were trying to make a light as bright as the sun, but that they had only succeeded so far in making one brighter than the moon, as indeed appeared to be the case. One of the chiefs remarked that he wished he might live for ever to see more of the wonderful works of the English, and when reminded that his new faith taught him that he would see more wonderful things beyond the grave, declared he could stay very contentedly on this side and see what happened on the earth.

The Fijians seemed pleased and interested in what was shown to them, but apparently thought nothing too marvellous for Englishmen to accomplish. Some attempted to pick coins out of a vessel of water through which an electric current was being passed, and were not a bit alarmed at the strange sensation, though they called to their companions to come and try it.

While the squadron remained in the harbour the natives sent off to the ships all kinds of presents, fruit and vegetables, mats and tappa-cloth of native

manufacture, and curios of many kinds. Each of the Princes, before leaving, was presented with a whale's tooth.

The squadron sailed from Viti on September 10, and arrived at Yokohama on October 21, after a forty-one days' passage through the Pacific Ocean. Little steam was used during the voyage, and owing to the lightness of the winds that wafted them slowly along the vessels reached Japan at a much later date than had been expected.

During the whole voyage the Admiral was seriously ill. He had caught cold while sitting in the moonlight in Viti watching the meké dancing, and the cold had developed into a dangerous attack of pleurisy.

The Princes were astonished at the progress made by the Japanese in copying western fashions and assimilating western ideas during the twenty years that the ports of Japan had been open to foreign vessels. Sometimes the results were pleasing and the changes beneficial; but in other things the Princes were strongly of opinion that the people of Nippon would have done well to cling to their national customs.

Prince George mentions that the lighthouses established round the coasts were superior in every way to many of those in southern Europe; but he thought the Mikado's chamberlains and ministers, who were present at the dinner to which Mutsuhito had invited the Princes, would have looked much better in their native costumes than in the dark blue uniforms, decorated with gold braid, which had been made for them in London.

The Royal brothers were, however, deeply interested in all they saw in Japan. The harbour of Yedo itself, in which the *Bacchante* lay at anchor, was a

perfect dream of loveliness, with the splendid snow-capped cone of Fuji-yama clearly visible in the distance. They met in Yokohama an old friend in Prince Higashi Fushimi, whom they had known in England, where he was at the time being educated. He had been appointed by the Mikado to look after the grandsons of Queen Victoria while they stayed in Japan, and did the honours with a natural ease and grace that quite charmed them.

Obtaining leave of absence from the admiral, the English Princes went by train to Tokio, the capital city, a distance of twenty miles. A palace standing in its own grounds was here placed at their disposal, a guard of honour of thirty men being stationed at the gate and turning out to the sound of a bugle whenever the Princes passed through the entrance. The palace was of one story, and built in Japanese fashion; but inside there was everything that European visitors could desire or need for their comfort.

Prince George and his brother enjoyed being wheeled along in jinrikishas—though they astonished the runners, who trot along at a good six miles an hour, by getting out often to walk up the hills.

On October 25 they went, after lunch, to visit the Mikado. At this time Mutsuhito was not yet thirty years of age—though he looked much older—and was filled with an eager desire to bring his people abreast of western civilisation and progress. His determination to accustom his subjects to things European was at times, the Princes thought, carried to an extreme. The reception-room, for instance, where they were first introduced to him, contained a carpet of rather crude design, a gilt-framed mirror, a time-piece, fireplace, and mantel, all of European manufacture,

and presenting as marked a contrast as possible with the lovely Japanese porcelain, lacquer-work, and wood-carving which had excited their enthusiastic admiration since they had landed in the Island Kingdom.

They were glad to see that the Empress and her ladies dressed in their pretty native costumes—though they were of the opinion that they would have looked even prettier had their faces not been so heavily painted.

The Mikado seemed anxious that the visitors should be pleased with their entertainment, but he was in no way nervous or flurried, conversing with them through one of his ministers, who spoke English perfectly, with admirable ease of manner and genuine friendliness. He expressed great pleasure when told that Queen Victoria was having her portrait painted in oils as a present to him, and asked the Princes to convey to her his thanks, not only for this valued present, but also for her kindness to a Japanese Prince who was a student at the Naval College at Greenwich, and who had been received by Her Majesty at Osborne.

Prince Victor had already made a reply to the Mikado's inquiry as to the health of the Queen and of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Prince George now assured their host that the Queen was always glad to welcome in England the members of other reigning families. He said that he hoped that the visit of his brother and himself to Japan would deepen the friendly feeling between the two countries.

Prince Victor delighted the Empress by presenting to her two wallabies, which had been brought from Australia on the *Bacchante* and had become great pets. They were the first ever seen in Japan.

After dinner the same evening the guests were entertained by a wonderful top-spinner, and by the



Photo. by E. Brooks.

The Royal Children.



graceful dancing of the wives and children of the Japanese gentlemen who had also been invited.

These rather formal functions were, however, by no means so much to the taste of the healthy youngsters as was the review to which they were invited by the Mikado on the following day. Here they had some real fun in watching the equestrian performances of several English naval officers, whose acquaintance with horse-flesh was either slight or wellnigh forgotten. The wiry little ponies provided to enable them to ride round with Mutsuhito and his suite were full of corn and mischief; and the brothers noted with secret amusement the anxiety of many naval officers who, encumbered with cocked hats and swords, found much difficulty in keeping their seats.

One medical officer seemed very eager to secure a mount, but as soon as he was up found himself on the back of a perfect sky-rocket. The pony's first act was to send his heels against the stomach of the Japanese gentleman who had assisted the doctor to mount; then, 'without waiting to prescribe,' the disciple of Æsculapius careered away to the other side of the field, where he found himself obliged to cling to the neck and mane of his mettlesome steed.

The pony seemed to be enjoying the sensation, and apparently attempted to cannon against several important Japanese officials, who skipped nimbly out of the way, but formed a ring of interested spectators, wondering what would happen next. They had not long to wait. Sidling up to the horse upon which one of the naval captains was seated, the pony lashed out again, leaving the impression of its hoofs on the captain's trousers, and nearly breaking his leg.

The reins had long since slipped from the doctor's

grasp, but he held on manfully to the pommel of his saddle, and, as Prince George rather wickedly says, 'with his cocked hat over his nose was like nothing so much as a rat looking out through a bunch of scarlet geraniums, and with his sword waving up in the air, like the stiffened tail of a tawny lion, continued his equestrian exercises until it was time to dismount.'

Coolly lighting a cigar, the doctor strolled over to his countrymen with apparent self-satisfaction, remarking that he did not remember a ride he had enjoyed so much.

English audiences, accustomed by this time to the wonderful feats performed by Japanese acrobats, have ceased to wonder at the marvellous physical strength developed by this short, thick-set race on a diet principally of fish and rice; but to the young English visitors the strength and skill of those commanded to perform before them appeared little short of miraculous. One man in particular balanced on the soles of his feet as he lay on his back a bronze water-jar so heavy that two men were needed to lift it into position. This jar he spun and turned, threw into the air and caught again, a little lad sitting in it all the time quite unconcernedly. A pile of shallow tubs was now inserted between the jar and the man's feet, till the boy in his bronze receptacle was seven or eight feet in the air. He then crawled out and performed some clever tricks on his own account. As soon as he had withdrawn again into his huge shell, his master suddenly sent the tubs flying in all directions, leaving the heavy jar to fall on his feet, where it was caught with the greatest apparent ease.

This apparent ease distinguished all that the Princes saw done in Japan. Artists, workmen, jugglers, acrobats, seemed one and all to perform

their work of whatever kind with enjoyment and zest.

One thing the brothers did would certainly be productive of mixed feelings when their parents heard of it. They employed a professional tattooer to prick into their arms in vivid colours the representation of a dragon, 'writhing all down the arm.' Many of the other middies submitted to the same process, and there was possibly keen discussion as to which could show the most artistic design on the satin smoothness of his skin. As tattooing is indelible, our King must carry about with him a picturesque memento of his visit to the realms of the Mikado.

After receiving a state visit from Mutsuhito, the squadron sailed to Kobé, where the Princes visited Osaka and Kyoto. They stayed altogether three weeks in Japan, delighted with the wonderfully beautiful scenery, the temples with their priceless art-treasures, the strange old books, of which they were able to purchase some fine specimens, and the mighty images of Buddha.

They were interested spectators of old-fashioned fighting in quaint, cumbrous armour, as well as of fine shooting with modern guns. They heard a band of musicians play on instruments at least fifteen hundred years old, witnessed the painting of pictures by artists whose quick, sure strokes filled them with the liveliest admiration, netted wild-fowl in Japanese fashion, descended rapids in flexible boats, and took part in a ceremonious Japanese dinner, where the plain boiled rice was the only dish they really enjoyed.

In one Buddhist temple they met a priest who was an Oxford man, speaking English with purity and distinction; and from him they learnt a great deal about the Buddhistic philosophy.

In entering Japanese houses, the floors of which were covered with the delicate native matting, the Princes had the forethought and kindness to remove their boots, the solid soles and heels of which would have ruined the matting. Even in so comparatively small a thing as this Prince George showed that true courtesy and consideration which still distinguish him, following closely in this as in many other things the example of his father, the most tactful and considerate of men.

From Kobé the squadron proceeded towards Shanghai, passing through the beautiful Inland Sea with its numerous rocky wooded islands, and its romantic shores with their quaint old temples—‘a perpetual panorama of loveliness.’

On November 17 they had their last look at the Land of the Rising Sun, and shaped their course across the mouth of the Yellow Sea towards the Celestial Empire.

CHAPTER XIV

FROM CHINA TO CEYLON

It had been intended that the *Bacchante* should go up to Tien-tsin, so that the Princes might pay a visit to Peking, but this it was found impossible to accomplish. Shanghai, Amoy, Hong-Kong, and Canton were, however, visited; so that the life and customs of the people of four of the maritime provinces of China came under the Princes' observation.

Leaving the *Bacchante*, the brothers, having been granted five days' leave of absence, ascended the *Wusung* to Shanghai, and then proceeded to the Grand

Canal, which, where they saw it, was as wide as the Thames at Kew. The Tai-ping rebellion was still quite recent; and the Princes saw various traces of the terrible ruin and havoc wrought by it—wide tracts of country almost depopulated, towns and villages in ruins, public works devastated.

The general impression left on their minds concerning the Chinese were, however, in the main very favourable. They found the people industrious, happy and peaceable. Sometimes a crowd would gather round them as they halted for lunch, and remarks would be made, not all of which seemed to be complimentary; but the royal visitors were never molested in any way. They state, indeed, that whereas Englishmen usually like the Japanese at first and grow to dislike them thoroughly, they generally dislike the Chinese upon first acquaintance, and like and trust them when they come to know them well.

Some of their informal visitors were extremely curious, carrying their inquiries to the extent of feeling and examining the tweed cloth of which the foreigners' suits were made; while they watched with keen interest the progress of the steam-launch—the 'puffing-inside-walkee-devil-boat'—through the canals and rivers.

Some very good shooting can be had in China, though, as Prince George says, 'it is ticklish work, as you are scarcely able to bring your gun to your shoulder without covering a Chinaman.' The men were at this time of the year, in the country outside Shanghai, out in the grounds and orchards, picking the berries from the tallow trees. They did not seem to mind the crossing of their fields by the Englishmen, even appearing pleased to see them and to be amused quietly by their dress and manners.

A doctor who was with the party had the misfortune to lodge three pellets of No 5 shot in one old fellow. The shot had not penetrated very deeply, however, and he was able to cut them out with an old knife. The Chinaman submitted to the operation without a murmur, and departed quite happy and smiling with the ten cents given him as compensation for his pain and inconvenience.

Prince George had altogether very fair sport in China. One day he brought down a pheasant with his right barrel and a deer with his left, a feat outside the record of most sportsmen. There were pheasant, quail, wood-pigeon, and teal in satisfactory numbers, the birds being strong and plump through feeding in the paddy-fields. During the five days they covered three hundred miles and made a considerable bag, Captain Fitzgerald having the best score, and Prince George coming next.

To one feature of Chinese life the Princes could not become accustomed—the 'awful stinks,' as they term them, met with in the streets of towns and villages. The town of Ning-po, up the Min River, was especially offensive. Its narrow streets with their smells, the hurrying Chinamen, carrying their packages on long poles over their shoulders, who jostled the travellers at the corners, and the unpleasantness of the badly-kept pavement, made them glad to leave the city and ascend the river in house-boats hauled along by a tow-rope. They found the ascent of the inclined planes, which are the Chinese substitutes for locks, an interesting but rather disturbing experience. The boats were fastened in the bight of a gigantic hawser, and hauled bodily up a muddy slope by means of windlasses turned by numbers of naked Chinamen, and then allowed to run down the

other side into the higher water of the next reach. Everything in the cabin not made fast slid or rolled over the floor.

At one place the brothers had dinner on the bank at about seven o'clock, and, as it was quite dusk, they hung a number of paper lanterns on the trees round about. The light cast by the lanterns was, however, extremely feeble, and one of the party had a very disagreeable experience in consequence. Behind him was a deep hole, upon the very edge of which he had unwittingly set his chair; and while he was eating his soup, the others were astonished and alarmed to see him suddenly disappear, heels over head, chair and all, like Mr Smith into the Well of Truth in *The Arcadians*.

At Hong-Kong letters were received from the King of Siam, each sealed with a golden stamp, asking the Princes to call upon him, if their arrangements would allow of it, at Bangkok. Of this invitation they were unable to avail themselves, though they had the pleasure of meeting at Singapore a Siamese Prince whom King Chulalongcorn had sent there to greet them.

Happening to be at Hong-Kong on Christmas Eve, they were able to witness the enthusiasm with which the Chinese celebrate the birthday of Confucius. Among other representations of animals and birds and reptiles, the Chinamen had the figure of a dragon, three hundred feet in length, made of bamboo frames covered with coloured silk, through which the lanterns carried by the men whose legs appeared beneath it, like those of a giant centipede, shone rosily, showing the painting of scales on its sides. The lanterns large and small numbered thousands, some beautifully coloured, carved and gilded. They were made of

paper, silk, cotton, glass, horn, basketwork and bamboo, many being fifteen feet in diameter. The vast crowd was most orderly and well-behaved.

Earlier in the day there had been a regatta, in which the *Bacchante's* officers' boat, steered by Prince George, came in first out of the six competing in that particular race; and in the evening a very enjoyable dance, to which the Princes were invited, took place, on board the French flagship *Themis*.

Christmas Day—the third in succession which the young Princes had spent away from England—brought the usual festivities on board the vessels of the squadron. Every man aboard the *Bacchante* again received a card from his Royal shipmates, the Princes having had the cards sent out from England in readiness.

Leaving the *Bacchante* at Hong-Kong the brothers ascended the river to Canton, their vessel—the *Vigilant*—being piloted by the same Chinaman who had taken up the British forces in 1857. They were delighted to find the streets of Canton without any smell to speak of. Here they visited Howqua's garden, and saw the little bridge over the ornamental water to the summer-house, from which the design known as the 'willow pattern' is believed to have been drawn.

It was in Canton that the Royal middies tasted some of the favourite Chinese edibles. Birds'-nest soup they found excellent, though they did not think it nearly as good as the sea-slug soup they had tasted in Queensland. Curried white frog they considered delicate and toothsome; but salted ducks' eggs they do not seem to have found to their liking, speaking of the flavour as 'odd.' They do not say how the eggs kept for five hundred years until in a pungent and

powdery state appealed to them, but they allow that the Chinese gourmets considered these ancient delicacies fit food for the gods.

Clearing from Hong-Kong for Singapore, they felt that they were at last homeward-bound. The squadron divided here, some of the vessels accompanying the *Bacchante* and the others setting out on the longer voyage by the Cape of Good Hope.

The visit to China had been paid in the depths of winter, and the brothers had experienced some very cold weather, the decks of the *Bacchante* being covered with ice on the morning of Christmas Eve. Now, however, as they again approached the Equator, the temperature rose steadily. On January 6, Prince George found the heat so oppressive that he said skulls of wood were needed to remain on deck under such a sun without a scrap of awning. There seems to have been some little dissatisfaction among the middies at the lack of measures to mitigate the fierceness of the sun's rays; for on January 9, when they came to anchor in Singapore Roads, the Princes made another reference to it in their journal, hoping that on the following day they would be allowed to put on white clothing instead of the regulation blue, and mentioning appreciatively the fact that H.M.S. *Comus* had her awnings spread from bow to stern.

They met with an enthusiastic reception at Singapore, the Chinese residents alone spending four thousand pounds in decorations and illuminations. The curious cosmopolitan crowd in the streets of Singapore interested them strongly. Malays and Chinese, Hindoo coolies and Sikh policemen, Klings and Arabs, Armenians and Jews, vied with the English residents in welcoming them to the 'Lion City.' The Address read by Mr Read, the oldest

inhabitant of the colony, was submitted in the name and on behalf of the various races 'to typify the unity which pervaded the whole community.'

At Singapore the Princes stayed for six days, part of the time being taken up by a visit to the palace of the Maharajah of Johore on the mainland, a curious blend of Oriental magnificence and European comfort and convenience. On their return, after being rowed across the strait by the Maharajah's scarlet-coated boatmen, they were tooled across the island in that potentate's four-in-hand, the Maharajah himself driving in masterly fashion. In the afternoon they accompanied him with the Governor to the race-course, where the eastern ruler's luck was clearly in the ascendant, for his horses won four out of the five races, his best horse being an importation from Australia. Regattas, receptions, dances, and excursions into the jungle occupied the remainder of the time, and then the *Bacchante* weighed anchor and sailed away on the next stage of her homeward journey—to Colombo in Ceylon.

Thoughts of home seemed to be uppermost in the hearts of the sailors too, for the Princes heard them singing 'Love at Home' while the vessel sailed along through the clear starlight across the Bay of Bengal, the men's voices 'rising and falling in one great billow of sound—and there are many good voices among them, as there are many good men and true also.'

The simple beauty of the incident seems to have impressed very deeply the unspoilt natures of the young Princes. They felt anew their fundamental kinship with these sturdy, honest, reliable fellows, ready at any moment to risk even life itself for country and home. 'Some of these sailors' songs,'

they write, 'reflect the finer aspects of English nature—patriotism, good humour, self-reliance, constancy in love and friendship, good-fellowship, and brotherly kindness.'

The reception accorded to their Royal visitors by the people of Ceylon, both native and English, exceeded in heartiness even that of the residents of Singapore. The Cingalese thronged the sides of the streets and roads, cheering like English people; while at Kandy forty young planters took the horses from the carriage and pulled it along, cheering lustily.

At Colombo the brothers saw several exhibitions of snake-charming and conjuring, which quite put into the shade what they had seen in Japan. One of the snake-charmers showed them how to render the bite of the cobra innocuous for a time by previously causing the reptile to bite on a knife-blade and so squeeze all the poison out of the bags at the roots of its fangs. Though the Princes did not doubt his word they advise those who wish to play with cobras to clean the serpents' teeth very carefully every morning.

Lighting a fire on the head of a man wrapped in a cloak, and running a sword through and through a basket in which a young girl had been placed, without injuring her at all, were tricks for which the Royal middies could find no explanation, as they were performed in the middle of a lawn, without stage or covering of any kind.

Prince George rode part of the way to Kandy on the engine, that he might observe without obstruction the wonderful way in which the engineers had triumphed over the natural difficulties of the route, winding round precipices, tunnelling through solid rock, and throwing girder bridges over mighty chasms.

At Kandy they were serenaded by a quaint procession from the Great Temple of the Tooth. There were about fifty elephants, and a crowd of torch-bearers, tom-tom-players, acrobats, Kandian chiefs, devil-dancers, and umbrella-and fan-bearers. The Princes somewhat disorganised the procession by feeding the elephants with sugar-cane and applauding the antics of the devil-dancers, many of whom performed before them, thus staying the progress of the whole procession.

An hour before midnight they visited the octagon temple of Dalada Maligawa, held by Buddhists to be especially holy because of its possession of a tooth of Gautama Buddha. They examined the unique library of manuscript books, many of which have never been published, and saw the tooth itself—'a piece of ivory brown with age.' To preserve this sacred relic—which, by the way, is acknowledged by Buddhists themselves not to be the original tooth, but said miraculously to have been endowed with all its holy properties—it is kept in a sevenfold cover, each portion fitting over another, all of them being most beautifully ornamented with jewels and gold.

Driving out next morning the Princes were diverted by the oddity of the Cingalese salute, which consists in uncovering the shoulders and moving the umbrella so that the sun shines down upon the unprotected head of the holder. This, however, was not so embarrassing as the well-meant attentions of the Moormen, who sprinkled them with scented water from narrow-necked bottles as their carriage drove past.

The Princes stayed in Ceylon for nearly a fortnight, and in that time contrived to see a good deal of the island, which is only a little smaller than Ireland.

Amongst other interesting experiences was a visit to an elephant-kraal, thirty-five miles from Colombo and in the midst of a dense jungle. It was hoped that two herds of wild elephants, which had been gradually rounded up by native beaters working for weeks in the forest-covered country, would be kraaled in time for the brothers to witness the beginning of the work of taming them; but the very haste with which the later stages of the round-up were undertaken defeated its own purpose, the wild creatures breaking again and again through the first line of beaters. Though they could not stay to see the end, however, the Princes witnessed the corralling of seven of the elephants, and the systematic clearing of the ground by four tame elephants, who tore down with their trunks the slighter trees and smashed the others by leaning their foreheads against them.

Hunting the sambur, visiting coffee-plantations and tea-gardens, together with the usual balls and dinner-parties, made the days and evenings pass rapidly and pleasantly; so that it was not without some regret that the Princes bade farewell to the friends they had made in Ceylon, and went aboard the *Bacchante* to begin the next stage of their homeward run.

CHAPTER XV

IN THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS

AFTER a pleasant but uneventful voyage across the Sea of Arabia, and through the Red Sea, the *Bacchante* entered the Suez Canal. The people of Suez were on the look-out for the now famous corvette, and

viewed with satisfaction her weather-beaten appearance, her scarred paintwork, and general air of having had a pretty rough time of it. The canal had been kept clear for the passage of the *Bacchante* by M. de Lesseps, as it had been for the *Osborne* when the Prince of Wales was aboard. M. de Lesseps himself met the Royal visitors at Ismailia, where they landed as guests of the Khedive.

At Cairo they were received by the Khedive with true Egyptian ceremony. Each was handed a pipe five feet in length, but ending in a tiny bowl of red clay filled with Turkish tobacco, the smoke from which they inhaled through mouthpieces of amber big enough to fill the mouth. They sat on the divans with the bowls of their pipes resting in little brass ash-trays on the carpet in front of them, chatting with the Khedive, who, however, did not smoke.

Coffee was then brought in ceremoniously, and served in cups of porcelain without handles. These were placed in little stands of filigree work studded with diamonds.

The streets and mosques of Cairo were full of interest to the Princes, but still more enthralling was their excursion to the Pyramids and the Sphinx. They very characteristically climbed to the summit of the Great Pyramid in almost record time—fifteen minutes. The four-foot steps made their knees ache somewhat before they stood erect on the top, four hundred and fifty-six feet above the pavement of the platform upon which the pyramid stands, and looked out over the desolate sandy waste stretching illimitably to the west. Just under the south-west corner they found the initials 'A.E.,' placed there by their father in 1868, and underneath them inscribed their own.

After exploring the passages and recesses of the pyramid by the aid of magnesium strips, they rode on their donkeys across the sand to the Sphinx, gazing with awe upon that mighty relic of an ancient civilisation. They were astonished to find traces still remaining of bright blue enamel on the eyes which for five thousand years and more have gazed unblinkingly eastward over the Land of the Pharaohs.

Another visit full of interest was that paid to the Boolak Museum, where are gathered together many of the treasures removed from the tombs of long-dead kings and queens of Egypt, together with the mummies and mummy-cases which an inquisitive, irreverent age has permitted to be snatched from the sepulchres where they had rested in peace for thousands of years. Here were the amulets, the paint-pots, scent-bottles, and trinkets of ladies whose shrivelled remains now repose utterly indifferent to the curious eyes which gaze upon them; here are to be seen bracelets of gold delicately chased and set with lapis-lazuli, necklaces, daggers, chains of gold—'a whole goldsmith's shop of valuable jewels.'

The life-like colouring and natural postures of the statues of wood and stone filled the English Princes with amazement. 'Few things,' they say, 'more than looking at these world-old statues, still instinct with a vivacious individuality, make you feel so completely how Egypt obliterates time, and brings the present and past together as by magic art.'

Before setting off on their intended journey up the Nile, a visit was paid by the Princes to the ancient city of Memphis, once as renowned as Thebes itself, but for many centuries used as a quarry by successive conquerors of Egypt. As Memphis is ten miles south of Cairo, the journey was made by train and on

donkey-back. Prince George speaks of these donkeys as large, powerful, and well-kept, trotting fairly and galloping splendidly. He found that the easiest way to ride them was in native fashion, without stirrups. Throughout their stay in Egypt the Princes had often to use these animals in getting from place to place, and evidently thoroughly enjoyed their rides. Sometimes they had to whip them up to outrun the crowd of importunate though quite informal attendants who persisted in accompanying them, often trotting in front in a particularly aggravating way.

Prince George tells of one merry brown donkey-boy who ran by the side of his white donkey, and kept asking in broken English for all sorts of things. 'You give me half loaf of white bread at lunch.' 'You give me leather whip from Assouan.' 'You give me plenty backsheesh to-day.' 'You give me book with plenty writing in it.' Some of the things asked for he got; but the refusal of the others did not worry him at all; he remained throughout quite happy and cheerful.

In the necropolis of Memphis the Princes walked along rocky passages among the tombs of kings and bulls, the funeral of one of the latter costing sometimes a sum equivalent to twenty thousand pounds. Here they saw the famous mural pictures illustrating the life of Ti, architect, priest, and privy-councillor. 'Ranged in horizontal parallel lines, row above row, each about a foot and a half in depth, over every inch of wall space from floor to ceiling, are the beautifully-engraved and coloured pictures. Ti, with his wife, their sons, and servants, each figure measuring on an average twelve inches, moves amid the various scenes of his daily life, on his farm amid his birds and beasts; sowing and reaping and gathering into barns; sailing

on the Nile; or shooting in the marshes at the wild-fowl, using decoy ducks and a sort of boomerang; hooking hippopotami and crocodiles; or again out fishing in his boat.'

These experiences, however delightful and instructive as they were to the Princes, were but a foretaste of what was still to come. A renowned Egyptologist, Emil Brugsch Bey, had been deputed by the Khedive to accompany them in visiting the vast temples and massive relics of extinct civilisations higher up the Nile; and under his expert guidance they saw more in the few weeks at their disposal than ordinary tourists would have seen in as many months, while his encyclopædic knowledge of everything appertaining to Egypt was placed unreservedly at their disposal.

The two hundred and thirty miles' run in the train to Siout, through sugar plantations and cotton fields, was hot, dusty, and uncomfortable; but at Siout the Khedive's yacht was waiting, aboard which everything was comfortable, clean, and convenient. For the next fortnight this well-appointed boat was the floating home of the royal visitors, who speak enthusiastically of the happy, sunny days they spent on the Nile. From one place of interest to another they were conveyed in the easiest and pleasantest manner possible, Brugsch Bey being their living guide-book, ready at any moment to give the history of temple or statue, of tomb or city, or to read, as only he could, the hieroglyphics in which for so many centuries were hidden the records of Egypt and her kings and people.

The temples of Sethi at Abydos, of Athor at Denderah, of Amen at Karnak, the wonders of Luxor, of Thebes, of Esneh and Edfoo, spoke to them of the

grandeur and magnificence which had passed away for ever, and compelled a sorrowful contrast with the mud-huts, the decadence, and shiftlessness of the descendants of those who planned and built on so colossal a scale.

The startling resemblance between the Egyptians of long ago and those of the present day frequently forced itself upon their notice. Once, on leaving the temple of el-Goornah, at Thebes, they were met by a group of Egyptian maidens, whose slim figures, long black hair, and flashing black eyes, snow-white teeth, and coral lips, clear yellow skins, and flowing blue robes, reminded them forcibly of the pictured beauties of an age buried beneath the dust of five thousand years. These girls had each a porous brown water-jar balanced on her head and held by one hand. These beautifully-shaped jars of ancient fashion held not less than a gallon of water, water and jar together weighing twelve or thirteen pounds. Yet the girls ran easily and gracefully with their bare feet on the stony road, keeping pace with the riders on their donkeys, and holding up their jars to the lips of any of the party who wished for a drink.

At Philæ they were struck afresh by the close resemblance of the shaven Nubians who were swimming the rapids to the pictured priests in the Egyptian sculptures. They had the same broad chests, strong limbs, and narrow hips, the broad cheek bones, projecting lips, and wide nostrils.

This swimming of the rapids at Philæ is now, of course, a thing of the past; for the great dam at Assouan has piled up the water round the island upon which the temple stands. The Nubians seemed to do it quite easily, either swimming down or floating down on logs of wood. Good swimmers, however, though

the Princes were, they did not attempt to emulate the daring of these huge swarthy fellows. Later on they visited the grave of a young Englishman who, after succeeding once in emerging from the turmoil of waters with his life, tried it again and perished.

Both men and women in this region seem to be expert swimmers. At one place the tourists came upon a girl swimming across the Nile, carrying on her head not only her own clothes rolled into a bundle, but also a meal for her father, who was working on the other side. The boys, in their eager pursuit of backsheesh, swim and dive round the boats, catching the coins thrown to them long before they reach the bottom. Since they are without even a rag of clothing, they put their prizes into their cheeks as a monkey pouches nuts.

The brothers speak warmly of the shocking mutilation of priceless inscriptions and pictures on the walls of the tombs and temple chambers—inscriptions and tableaux of which the meaning has often not yet been fully deciphered. They felt both shame and sympathy when Brugsch Bey showed them with almost tragic gesture the irreparable damage done to the unique representation in the chamber of the cow in the tomb of Sethi at Thebes of the destruction of the corrupt human race by Ra. They also deplore the senseless greed of tourists for antiques of which they do not know the meaning. They heard that the English people in one Nile boat alone had spent five hundred pounds on such relics at Thebes. To supply this demand the natives rifle the tombs, often selling to those who can never read them, but value them only as a curiosity, the most important records, thus practically lost for ever to the world.

The properly authorised explorers of the tombs,

however, are not always so careful or reverent as they might be. The Princes came, for instance, upon a small gang of excavators, employed by the Egyptian Government, opening a new tomb. Dismounting from their donkeys they approached the mouth of the sepulchre; and in order that they might look inside, the workmen pulled out the trunks of two mummies that had been used to close the entrance, throwing them with a heavy thud upon the pile of debris.

In the course of their travels the Princes had partaken of many strange kinds of food, and of food cooked in many bizarre ways; but their lunch in the Ramesseum—the tomb of Ozymandias—was probably as strange as any. A whole lamb, head, legs, and all, was thrust through lengthways with the walking-stick of one of the natives and roasted whole over a fire of hot ashes, the stick being turned like a spit. While they were discussing this dainty fare a small gray snake, the bite of which would have been fatal, crawled from under one of the stones, but was despatched before it had time to do any damage.

It is in this Ramesseum that the colossal statue lies which inspired Shelley's beautiful sonnet:—

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings;
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

On their way back to Cairo the yacht ran aground more than once, remaining stranded on one occasion throughout the night. With the aid of anchor and hawser and windlass, and that of a crowd of willing helpers splashing in the water alongside and pushing with all their might, she was at last floated. At the second grounding quite seventy men, strong, thick-set, and stalwart, worked and pushed from three o'clock in the afternoon till midnight, crying incessantly, 'May God help us in our efforts,' and at last succeeded in pushing her off.

The Princes went to look at the school where the Khedive's two sons were being educated. They found the boys—fifty or sixty of them—all in uniform, and learning English, French, Turkish, and Arabic, geography and mathematics. The physical appearance of the lads did not altogether please them; they thought the young Egyptians needed physical exercise, fresh air and exercise. 'If they rode to school on their ponies,' they say in their diary, 'it would be something, and if they had a swimming-bath in the Nile it would be something more; but now they drive there of a morning, are crammed with a heterogeneous mixture of knowledge, and drive away again in the evening, and so become flaccid and pale-faced.'

For the cry, 'Egypt for the Egyptians,' they saw nothing to excite their sympathy. They saw that the real Egyptian race—the fellaheen—would have no share whatever in the work of government, which would be carried on by the same self-serving gang of Turks, Circassians, and Europeans who, before the capable hand of Britain closed on the reins of management, brought the country to ruin and dishonour.

Arriving at Alexandria, they went off to the *Bacchante* in two tremendous state barges. One of

these vessels had a silk canopy, under which was a blue velvet and gold sofa.

Rambling about the port and exploring the remains of its ancient grandeur, together with visits and sports, passed the time pleasantly till March 26, when the *Bacchante* cleared for Jaffa in the Holy Land.

CHAPTER XVI

PRINCE GEORGE VISITS THE HOLY PLACES

A VISIT to the Holy Land is to a Christian an experience the anticipation of which brings feelings of awe and exaltation. To tread where the feet of the Saviour of mankind passed nearly two thousand years ago, to gaze upon the scenes upon which His eyes rested in holy meditation, to traverse the narrow streets of the city over which He wept, and where He suffered His awful humiliation, to stand upon the mound where His final agony was consummated, to peer with beating hearts into the tomb from which He rose in triumph, brings home to heart and mind the wonder of the Incarnation of the Son of God as no representation whether of story or of picture can ever do.

Deep and solemn thoughts stirred the hearts of the young Princes as the *Bacchante* passed the historic opening of Aboukir Bay, and headed across the gleaming Levant to the shore of the Land of the Philistines of old. They were to see the places, unchanged as only the unchanging East can preserve them, made familiar to their imagination by the

words of Holy Writ and by many a tender lesson of their childhood.

At Jaffa or Joppa they left the *Bacchante*, which was under orders to proceed at once to Malta to be overhauled, and went ashore under the charge of Mr Noel Temple Moore, British Consul at Jerusalem. Joppa itself is a city of many memories. Here it was that Perseus rescued Andromeda from the sea monster, turning it by virtue of the Gorgon's head into the long black rock still to be seen one hundred and fifty yards from the shore. Saladin during the Crusades, and Napoleon at the end of the eighteenth century, stormed and took it. Here it was that to Peter on the roof of the house of Simon the Tanner came the vision of the cloth let down by the four corners.

The Princes walked to the traditional site of this house, and climbed to the flat roof of the house now standing there, looking out as Peter doubtless did over the shining waters of the Mediterranean, and over the rocks where men of his own craft hauled in their wet and slippery nets.

It had been arranged, however, that they should pass their first night in Palestine in the tents pitched ready for them near Lydda; and, on descending from the roof, they mounted their donkeys and rode through a country of wide hedgeless fields of barley and pasture, in places wonderfully English in character, larks singing overhead and wild flowers blooming by the wayside.

The camp was made up of eleven tents, one for each two persons of the party, and was supplied by Mr Cook, of tourist agency fame, who himself paid the Princes a visit to see that all was right, and left his son to look after all arrangements concerning food, camp equipage, and means of conveyance. It was arranged that the

whole party should rise at half-past five each morning, breakfast at six, begin their day's journey at six-thirty, lunch at twelve, dine at six in the evening, and turn in at half-past nine.

The first visit was paid to the shrine of St George, the patron saint of England; and, as the Princes stood in the dim old crypt, taper in hand, and looked into the tomb where the head of the saint was laid after his martyrdom, their thoughts flew away over sea and mountain to that other Chapel of St George at home at Windsor. Away again over the flower-decked Plain of Sharon to the 'heights and passes of Benjamin,' went the cavalcade, threading the pass of Beth-horon, down which Joshua pursued the fleeing Amorites, and so reaching Gibeon, near which the party was to camp for the night. Before settling down the Princes ascended the hill, nearly three thousand feet in height, upon which stood the watch-tower of Mizpeh. From the summit they could look across the whole central portion of Palestine, up to Mount Carmel and Mount Gerizim, while the hills of Moab across the Jordan were clearly distinguishable to the east, and a glimpse was to be had of Jerusalem to the south. Riding easily on, they reached their camp outside the walls of Jerusalem on the 31st of March—they had landed at Joppa on the 28th. On the way they passed many places mentioned in sacred and profane history, and caught glimpses of the Dead Sea, lying sullen and glassy amid its bare, twisted surrounding hills.

On the way they had met many interesting groups of the people of the country, and had been struck by the persistence of the ancient fashion of dress and adornment. The women, with their head-dress of ten large silver coins, brought to remembrance the

parable of the women with the ten pieces of silver, worn, possibly, in exactly the same way. A Syrian shepherd boy, playing on a reed pipe, recalled the story of David; while the handsome and graceful village sheikhs, who came out to talk with them and to peer through their field-glasses, might have been patriarchs from the pages of the Book of Genesis.

The tents were pitched under the same olive trees as were those of the Prince of Wales in 1862, when he, too, had visited the Holy City; and the royal visitors were here called upon by the Turkish Governor-General of Syria and the Governor of Jerusalem.

The next morning Prince George and his brother entered Jerusalem by the Damascus Gate, and threaded their way through the crowd of Mohammedans and Christian pilgrims which thronged the narrow and dirty streets towards the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This church is visited by hundreds of Russian pilgrims, its rites being those of the Greek Church. The Princes met some of these devotees, and were struck by their reverential bearing as they walked bareheaded about the city.

The Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem was himself too old and weak to show the Royal visitors over the sacred edifice, but awaiting them were his representatives and two Greek priests bearing great wax tapers. Passing the 'Stone of Unction' and the 'Station of the Virgin,' they crossed the wide space under the dome and entered the Holy Tomb, now lined with marble, but still showing the recessed shelf upon which the Body was laid. The cavity was just large enough to permit the Princes and one of the candle-bearers to stand inside.

The party visited also the rock-hewn tombs said to be those of Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus—

though Captain Conder, a great authority upon everything in the Holy Land, told the Princes that he believed them to be the royal tombs of the Kings of Judah. 'This,' he said, 'is the one in which Solomon reposed.'

They were shown by a Franciscan monk the sword and spurs of Godfrey de Bouillon, the first Latin King of Jerusalem, or, as he called himself, 'Defender and Baron of the Holy Sepulchre.' They saw also the 'Chapel of the Stocks,' with the three little round holes in the pavement into two of which Christ's feet are said to have been thrust, and were led past other places of sacred association to the Church of Modestus, where they sat in the stone chair of St Helena beside the altar and looked down, as she had done, into the dark cave where the Cross was found by her people.

From this church they ascended the steps to Golgotha and the beautiful Chapel of the Crucifixion, second only in impressiveness, they thought, to the Tomb itself, the life-size figures of Our Lord upon the Cross and of St John and the Virgin bringing vividly before them the tragedy enacted, it is believed, on this very spot which, though within the walls of the modern city, was outside the wall of ancient Jerusalem.

The curious 'rent in the rock' which runs from the right side of the altar in this chapel to the back of the altar of the Chapel of Adam far below, and down which the blood of the Saviour is said to have flowed, was examined by the Princes, as were many sacred reliquaries and beautiful service books.

Many other points of interest in the city were visited during the day; then, passing without the walls, the party proceeded by way of the British Cemetery, the

Pool of Siloam, and the Valley of Hinnom to the passage where, only two years before, a Jewish boy at play had found the oldest inscription in or about Jerusalem. Wading in through the shallow water, Prince George saw, by means of a magnesium light, the letters of this inscription, cut by the workmen of Hezekiah as he prepared for the siege by Sennacherib by making a tunnel to convey water to the city from Gihon.

The Japanese tattooer had evidently not covered with his dragons all the space available upon the arms of the Princes, for while they rested quietly in camp after their fatiguing round of sight-seeing, they were tattooed with the five crosses and three crowns of Jerusalem.

The orders to the *Bacchante* to proceed to Malta had been countermanded, and parties of blue-jackets, under the care of Messrs Cook, visited the Holy City. On this evening, after having submitted to the process of tattooing, the Princes went to see a party of thirty-five of their old shipmates encamped outside the city at the north-west corner, and looked in at the hotel to greet the five officers, who had also obtained leave of absence.

During the night a violent storm arose, blowing from the west; and the muleteers had a lively time of it, hammering in the tent-pegs and backing them up with whatever they could find in the dark, so that the tents should not be blown away. The blue-jackets were not so lucky, as their tents were completely capsized.

The next morning was wet and stormy, and the pouring rain turned the filthy streets of Jerusalem into muddy water-courses, through which the Princes made their way to the English Church and school,

where the children sang a hymn of welcome specially composed by the incumbent. It was Palm Sunday, and the streets were full of Russian pilgrims carrying branches of palm. The Princes' party attended service in the English Church, where the Bishop of Ballarat and the Bishop of Nelson officiated.

In the afternoon they went down the Via Dolorosa, through St Stephen's Gate, and across the Kedron Valley on their way to the village of Bethany, passing the Garden of Gethsemane, the gate of which was unfortunately locked. They were walking now along the very road Our Saviour traversed on that Palm Sunday so many years before as he approached Jerusalem from Bethany, and they paused on the slope of Olivet where he had halted and wept over the city whose doom he foresaw.

At Bethany they saw the convent which for centuries has covered the site whereon stood the house of Mary and Martha, and descended into the cave where, it is said, the body of Lazarus lay till Jesus called it forth. Climbing the back of Olivet, they turned on reaching the summit, and gazed with delight upon the scene spread out below them to the east, across Bethany and the green valley of Jordan to the hills of Moab beyond, with the blue of the Dead Sea just showing above the flat hill of the Temptation. They were standing now, amongst the fig-trees and spring crops, upon the very spot from which Jesus ascended. 'This,' they say, 'the spot His eyes last looked upon, remains still almost unaltered; and here, if anywhere, we realise the spirit of His parting words, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."'

The next day, with a numerous party, including the officers from the *Bacchante*, the Princes explored

the Haram, that mighty enclosure, equal to one-sixth the area of Jerusalem, which covers the site of the Temple, afterwards descending into the subterranean parts of the Convent of the Sisters of Sion to see the pavement of the old Roman street, with the lines drawn where the Roman soldiers played draughts while waiting in the guard-room.

While in Jerusalem Prince George and his brother were allowed to be present at the celebration of the Feast of the Passover in a Jewish household. The ceremony was most impressive, and yet a true family feeling of kindliness and ease ran through it. In many ways it was an almost exact picture of that Last Supper after which Jesus and His disciples went out to Gethsemane. The Princes were offered and accepted a portion of the unleavened bread and bitter herbs, as well as of the haroseth of figs, dates, raisins, and vinegar, and listened with attention—though they could not, of course, understand the Hebrew tongue in which it was uttered—to the explanation of the meaning of the feast given by the venerable chief rabbi, the head of the family, to the younger members.

When they got up to go, at the end of two hours, the chief rabbi chanted a prayer, blessing them, their father and mother, and Queen Victoria. Outside, the full Paschal moon was shining, just as in all probability it shone on that other night so long ago.

On April 4 the Princes left Jerusalem, on a bitterly cold morning, and rode south to Hebron, pausing at the Russian convent of the Well of the Star, where they were given light refreshments, and passing the tomb of Rachel and Solomon's Pools. Climbing through Scotch-like scenery under a dark and lowering sky, and chilled to the bone by the cutting wind,

passing numberless parties of peasants, 'with their bare legs and feet in the mud and stones,' they traversed the hill country of Judæa, keeping to the Roman road, and at about half-past four arrived at Hebron, where they were met by all the Jews of the town in gala dress. These people are Polish Jews, and are under British protection.

There had been some difficulty in obtaining permission for the Princes to visit the mosque and cave at Hebron, though, by desire of the Queen, application had been made to the Sultan at Constantinople. It was urged that the road from Jerusalem to Hebron was unsafe, and that the pasha at Jerusalem had not a force big enough to guard the visitors from attack by fanatics or other disturbers of the public peace. At last, however, all difficulties had been smoothed away; and, under the care of Raouf Pasha, Prince Victor and Prince George had a much pleasanter and vastly more instructive time in Hebron than their father had in 1862.

It was found impossible to gain access to the cave under the church—the burial place of Abraham, Isaac, Sarah, and Jacob: the Cave of Machpelah mentioned in Genesis—without breaking the stonework by which the entrances had been closed. This would have been regarded as sacrilege, and could not be thought of. Some interesting discoveries were, however, made by the party, and descriptions written of objects of interest never before seen by Christian eyes. The Princes were the first Christians ever allowed to ascend the minaret at the north-west corner of the Haram.

The party now rode on with their Turkish guard of twenty soldiers to Bethlehem, visiting on the way the tomb of Esau. At Bethlehem they entered the

great Basilica of Constantine, and were taken to the grotto where it is believed Christ was born. The site of this great church is the oldest Christian site in Palestine. Here St Jerome studied and wrote four hundred years after the birth of Jesus.

Intense jealousy exists between the Latin and Greek priests concerning the right of either to the site of the manger and of the altar of the Magi, and there was some little jostling between them even while the Princes were present.

‘One’s religious feelings there are rather confused by finding that the Turkish guard have always to be kept under arms in the very grotto itself to prevent squabbles and worse between two branches of the Catholic Church over the birthplace of the Prince of Peace.’

CHAPTER XVII

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE PATRIARCHS

In the Holy Land almost every hill, every valley, stone and river has a story to tell. The associations persist through so many generations—some of them even prior to the record of Holy Writ—that often they seem almost incongruous with the simple relics pointed out by guide and native.

Travelling in these sacred places, the Princes seemed to be living over again the life of many ages, breathing the air of long-dead centuries, hearing in imagination the shouts of victorious hosts and the wails of the vanquished.

Striking over the hills from Bethlehem to the Dead Sea, they looked into the reputed Cave of Adullam,

where David hid from his enemy Saul, and sat in the shade of the juniper-tree, said—though this is, of course, unlikely—to be that under which the prophet Elijah slept during his flight from the wrath of Jezebel.

Proofs were not wanting that the ferocity of later days had more than equalled that of the time of the prophet. In the Church of St Saba they were shown the ghastly pile of the skulls of fourteen hundred monks massacred by the fierce Saracens. Yet they were told that here, at Mar Saba, amongst the hills of Judæa, there had also been times of halcyon peace, when, in holy contemplation, imperishable words of worship and comfort had been written. Here were those beautiful hymns composed: 'The Day of Resurrection! Earth tell it out abroad'; 'Come, ye faithful, raise the strain of triumphant gladness'; 'Art thou weary, art thou languid?' which have become so well known to Christian worshippers.

The Princes were shown the tiny loaves, not half so big as a man's fist, one of which is the Lenten daily fare of each of the monks of this monastery; and they comment in their diary upon the emaciated pale faces of those they met.

The party descended the Kedron valley to the Dead Sea, lying so many hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and the Princes were almost astonished to find the beach pebbly and dry like that of the ocean outside, and perhaps still more astonished to see shrubs growing to the very edge of the water, and herons strutting on the strand.

It was oppressively hot—eighty-three degrees in the shade, so that they found it very refreshing to bathe in the salt waters of this inland sea. They had difficulty in keeping their feet on the bottom, owing to the buoyancy of the water; but, though a drop

accidentally allowed to get into the eye stung smartly, they did not feel the tingling of the skin spoken of by some travellers as the result of immersion in this natural concentrated brine. They took the precaution, however, of sluicing their bodies with fresh water before rubbing down.

They saw unmistakable traces of beaches at a much higher level than that upon which they were standing, and quite definite proof that the present sea is at the bottom of a much larger ancient sea, possibly connected with the Gulf of Akabah.

They were favourably impressed with most of the Bedawin whom they met, though they found the complexion of these people much darker than they had expected; in some cases they were almost black. Their courtesy and kindliness, their dignified and stately bearing, their anxiety to place everything they had at the disposal of the royal visitors were in strong contrast to the stories the Princes had heard of their hostility to European strangers.

On the east side of the Jordan a sheikh went constantly at the head of the cavalcade to ensure the safety and comfort of the travellers; and though, by order of the Sultan of Turkey, a guard of seventy Turkish foot-soldiers, riding on mules, accompanied them—or, rather, followed at a distance of two or three miles—frolicking with each other and making mimic charges, lance in hand, their presence was entirely unnecessary. The customary salutation from Bedawin they met was, 'Our people, our plains,' meaning that the country with everything in it was at the disposal of the visitors.

The visit of Prince Victor and Prince George to Moab and Gilead was the first paid to those countries by European princes for more than six hundred years;

and, when he left them at the Jordan ferry, the Sheikh Falah marked the occasion by presenting Prince Victor with a Crusader's cross of iron, of twelfth-century workmanship, which had been found at Heshbon.

Only once did they meet with discourtesy. This was on the eastern shore of the Sea of Galilee—possibly almost at the very spot where Christ was met by the Gadarenes and entreated to leave their country. The party had been warned that the Arabs living here were wild and unruly; and when they attempted to land from their boat they were jeered at by a hostile and contemptuous crowd, who, when asked, professed not to know the name of the ruins just behind them at the mouth of the valley. Seeing that nothing was to be gained by trying to pacify this dangerous mob, they turned back to their boat and re-embarked amid taunting cries that they were afraid. Captain Conder attempted to shame the Arabs into more seemly behaviour by telling them it was impossible to stay with people who were so rude and ill-mannered, and so ignorant that they did not know the name of their own town; but they were unrepentant—one of them even climbed into the boat and attempted to steal one of the articles in it. As the boat moved away from the shore a youth, who was tending cattle on the hillside threw stones after it.

Captain Conder told the Princes how he had once shamed an Arab who insolently demanded back-sheesh for watering his horse, by reminding him that to give drink to the thirsty is one of the strictest injunctions of the Prophet.

This, however, was the one unpleasant incident in an otherwise very enjoyable and deeply interesting expedition.

While staying at what used to be Jericho, they received their mail from Jerusalem, and found amongst other letters one from the Mikado of Japan, and another telling them of the death of the poet Longfellow, of whose poem, *Blind Bartimeus*, they had only just been speaking. In the evening some of the villagers came up and danced and sang in the twilight. They were, the Princes say, very dirty, and the tattooed faces of the women were hideous, blue marks covering chin and forehead. They saw a great similarity between their performance and that of the Fijians, except that it was not nearly so good.

The travellers had bathed that morning in a pool they had made by damming up the mouth of the Wady Kelt with stones—though later on they bathed in Jordan itself, as well as in the Sea of Galilee.

One thing pleased and astonished the brothers, whose thoughts were now naturally enough turning constantly to the homeland and the dear ones they had not seen for so many months. This was the wonderfully English, home-like character of much of the country. There were wide, grassy downs and meadows, woods of oak and pine, thickets of hawthorn, wild rose, myrtle and acacia, and countless familiar wild-flowers, including ox-eyed daisies, tulips, buttercups, narcissi, wild geranium, pimpernel, lupin, cornflower, convolvulus, and May-blossom, besides others, such as the wild rose of Sharon, the scarlet anemone and the asphodel, peculiar to the country.

The lanes leading from Carmel to Nazareth they found marvellously like those of Devonshire, winding, deep, and shady, with hedges of dwarf oak and hawthorn, the scent of which recalled an English spring.

The Jordan itself was something of a disappointment. They found it a swift, muddy, and turbid stream about thirty yards across; but its valley struck them as fertile and beautiful. Climbing from its bed to the wild, magnificent country of Gilead, they ascended from a depth twelve hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean to a height two thousand five hundred feet above it, experiencing the natural great difference of temperature.

One lovely night they sat in the twilight high up on this plateau, waiting for the baggage-mules with the camp equipment, while the Sheikh Falah told them old Arab stories. One was about a beautiful princess, the daughter of an Emir, with whom a black slave was in love, and for whom he was building the castle the ruins of which were lying before them in the dusk. The father had gone on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and the slave toiled hard to finish his castle so that he might enclose his love before his master's return; but the father appeared on horseback over the eastern hills, and burnt the slave, so that the castle was never completed. This story the Princes thought was probably a sun-myth, the sun chasing night from the dawn.

Their nights were not all so pleasant as this. One in particular, when they encamped on swampy ground in the valley of the Jordan, was wild and stormy, with torrents of rain. Mules and tents and baggage were soaked and muddy, but the Princes themselves slept quite snugly in their iron camp-beds beneath their rugs of Australian kangaroo skins.

From the Dead Sea northward, far past the ancient boundaries of Canaan—went the Princes and their party. They gazed into the clear depths of Elisha's Pool, drank from Jacob's Well, stood on Mount

Gerizim beside the sacrificial slab upon which Abraham laid Isaac bound for sacrifice; their feet pressed the spot outside the walls of Jezreel upon which fell the body of Israel's wickedest queen; they were shown in Nablus, close to the ancient Samaria, the oldest and most sacred of the three copies of the Samaritan Pentateuch.

From Carmel they, too, looked out over the Western Sea and down upon the broad plateau where the Israelites gathered at the summons of Elijah to witness the triumph of God over Baal. On Carmel they met some of the Druse peasantry, who received them courteously, and gave them coffee and leban—artificially-soured milk. They speak of the camp on the slopes of Carmel as the jolliest of all their camping-grounds. They had to cut away the grass, growing to a height of fully two feet, before they could pitch their tents. They found the whole ridge of Carmel seamed with glades shaded by oaks and pines and made bright by countless wild-flowers.

At Nazareth they visited the Franciscan monastery built over the reputed site of the Virgin's house, being shown over the sacred places by a 'half-mocking urchin,' whose attitude of contemptuous indifference struck them unpleasantly.

In the chapel at St Mary's Well they happened accidentally upon the funeral of a child, 'the little body lying in an open coffin in front of the screen, and the Greek priest beside it intoning amid the incense-burners and the sorrowing friends.'

A happier function at which they were present was the baptising as a Christian of a little native girl at Nablus. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Gibraltar, and the name given to the child was Wadya—the amiable.

At Baalbek, where are the ruins of the mighty Temple of Baal, as they entered the village they were greeted by the strains of 'God Save the Queen,' sung in English by the native children of Mrs Mentor Mott's school. This is one of the British Syrian schools, several of which are doing splendid work in educating Syrian children and training native teachers. At Beyrout the Princes visited another of these schools, which their father had seen exactly twenty years before.

At several places they were accorded an enthusiastic welcome. At Baalbek the Kaimakam met them with a troop of fifty horse; while at Ain-Jurfa on the slope of Hermon the Druse chieftains and their sons, handsomely mounted, met and conducted them in state to Hasbeiya, one of the sacred places of these independent tribesmen.

Prince George had often heard and read of the snow of Hermon, and he and his brother now had the pleasure of walking over it to the summit of the range, nine thousand and fifty-three feet above sea-level, and glissading over it on their descent.

Throughout their journey they met with curious and interesting illustrations of Bible stories and incidents. A shepherd coming down the mountain side had his white sheep on the right and his black goats on the left; the black 'tents of Kedar' were visible from the hills of Judah; the boat in which they crossed the Sea of Galilee might have been the identical vessel in which Jesus slept during the tempest.

To English eyes this boat looked clumsy and unhandy. It was twenty-two feet in length, with an eight-foot beam, a low gunwale, and a badly-set lateen sail. There was just room in the after-part of

the sternsheets over the locker for one man to lie asleep. The sweeps by which it was moved were long and heavy poles with very narrow blades, not nearly so effective as British oars. After they had left the ill-mannered Arabs already mentioned the travellers were glad to pull into the shelter of a rocky headland close by where Capernaum used to stand upon the northern shore, for the wind rose suddenly and the sea quickly became very rough, some of the waves breaking into the boat.

They had the pleasure of tasting fish caught in the Sea of Galilee, liking best a kind of flat-fish with firm, rich flesh. There are three other varieties; and each kind is called by the name of one of the Apostles.

There is not space to describe in detail all that the Princes saw—the ruins of Roman towns; the streets of Damascus; the scenes of ancient battles; their ascent of the Mount of the Transfiguration, and many other experiences, the memory of which will remain with King George as long as he lives. They were altogether but forty days in the Holy Land; but they were forty days of deeply formative influence upon their plastic minds, giving to their thoughts of the great Master an objectiveness to which only those can attain whose eyes have lingered upon the Holy scenes, and whose feet have trodden the Holy places.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOME AGAIN

WHEN Prince Victor and Prince George left Beyrout on the 7th of May, 1882, they felt that at last they were really homeward-bound. Though they had keenly enjoyed their splendid tour, and had benefited from it in numerous ways, it was not unnatural that they should now, after so many months of absence, feel a keen longing to see once more their native land and those who were eagerly looking forward to their return. In their diary we find here and there traces of *heimweh*, such as might be expected from healthy-minded, vigorous lads.

Their first port of call was the Piræus, where they expected to see their uncle, the King of Greece, his wife, and their cousins. It will perhaps be remembered that after the resignation of King Otho in 1862 the crown of Greece was first offered to Queen Victoria's second son, Prince Alfred, and on his refusal was accepted by Prince George, the second son of the King of Denmark, and the brother of Queen Alexandra, then Princess of Wales.

When, however, the *Bacchante* arrived at the Piræus, Prince George was confined to his cot, not seriously ill, but suffering from general feverishness and headache, the result, possibly, of cold caught during his camping-out in Syria. He had complained first of headache the day after they left Beyrout, and had been excused from afternoon duty. The next day, the feverish symptoms persisting, it was thought advisable to keep him warm and dose him with

quinine. The illness, the first which had troubled him since he had left home, was of only a few days' duration, and on the 14th he was allowed to leave the ship and go up to Athens. While still confined to his cot, however, he was visited by the King and Queen of the Hellenes and his young cousins.

At the Piræus the *Bacchante* was anchored alongside the French ironclad *La Gallissonière*, which had just taken part in the bombardment of Sphax and the annexation of Tunis. In their diary the Princes comment upon the ambitious policy of France in seeking to include the whole of North Africa under the sway of the Republic. They little thought in how short a time British warships would be compelled to bombard another African fortress—that of Alexandria; though news was already reaching them of the unrest in Egypt and of the flight of the Europeans from that country.

While at Athens the brothers visited most of the places and scenes of classic renown. Coming straight from the mighty ruins of Syria, they were astonished at the apparent smallness of those of Greece; but they admired the elegance and majestic severity of the buildings of white marble, with their just proportions and perfect workmanship. The beauty of the country about Athens appealed to them strongly, particularly when in the evening that peculiar violet hue, seen nowhere else, descended upon the encircling hills.

One of their pleasantest excursions was that to the King's country house at Tattoi, small but comfortable, with lovely grounds and a magnificent prospect. Here they tasted the famous 'Resinato,' the wine of the country. Its peculiar flavour of resin did not altogether take their fancy; they acknowledged that it might be a very useful tonic, but thought a

little of it would with strangers go a very long way.

The King's Greek cowherds struck them as a handsome lot; but they were not altogether charmed by the modern Greek. To them he seemed to belong to as mixed a race as our own island breed, with more of the Slav and the Hun in him than of his classic forefathers, both in character and physique.

That there is good blood in some modern Greeks, however, the Princes were ready to acknowledge, especially after seeing at Palermo, farther on their homeward route, the statue erected to the two Greeks who, in the War of Independence, floated down with a torpedo and blew up a Turkish warship, going, as they well knew, to certain death.

On May 21 they left the Phalerum Roads, to which the *Bacchante* had been taken round, and on the 22nd arrived in Suda Bay, Crete, where they found the Mediterranean Fleet assembled, together with warships of other nations.

The routine of the daily work was here pleasantly varied by the Fleet Regatta, in which the *Bacchante's* boats did very well, her launch, pulling twenty oars, double-banked, coming in first in the three miles race open to all-comers, a feat of which the Princes, with the rest of their shipmates, were exceedingly proud.

Bad news continued to come in from Egypt; and on the 31st three British warships cleared for Alexandria, being ordered to approach 'ready for action.' The national unrest, caused partly by the resentment of the Egyptians at the taking over of the finances of the country by England and France to save it from complete bankruptcy, had found vent

in open rebellion under Arabi Pasha. Europeans and Jews were fleeing from the country; the Princes mention in their journal that the hotels of Greece were full of these refugees.

The midshipmen of the *Bacchante* were now preparing for their usual half-yearly examination, a period of steady application to their studies succeeding the pleasant holidays they had enjoyed. The examination was completed before the vessel arrived in England, but the results were not announced till afterwards, the papers having to be forwarded to the President of the Naval College at Greenwich to be marked. The report, issued in March, 1883, was most satisfactory; and an extract from it may not be out of place as showing that in spite of all the sight-seeing and visiting, the studies of the Princes and their messmates had in no way suffered.

'The *Bacchante* now stands first in order of merit of the ships of the Navy; she was third in 1881. Her complement of eight midshipmen included two or three who had highly distinguished themselves in the *Britannia*. The sum of her percentages (913 out of a possible 1400) is unusually high, and the results gained in certain subjects, particularly in geometry and trigonometry, very satisfactory. Three out of the five midshipmen who head the list of the 195 midshipmen of the Fleet belong to this ship; and the whole of her eight midshipmen are in the first thirty-four. Mr J. W. Lawless was her naval instructor during the whole of her commission.'

Long before the issue of this report, however, while, indeed, the vessel was in the harbour of Cagliari, in Sardinia, it was announced that Prince George had done exceedingly well in his seamanship examination.

It is curious to find the Princes stating in their

journal their conviction, gathered from their experience of naval manœuvres, that no great naval battle could ever again be fought with heavy guns, because of the danger of firing into a friend instead of into an enemy, owing to the rapidity of evolutions under steam, and the dense cloud of smoke arising from the discharge of the guns. The invention of smokeless explosives has, of course, obviated this danger.

After leaving Crete the *Bacchante* visited the Ionian Islands, ceded by Britain to the Greeks in accordance with the condition exacted by Prince George of Denmark before accepting the crown of Greece. The millions of pounds spent by the British in fortifying and developing the islands were thus absolutely flung away, and the Princes found melancholy symptoms of decay and retrogression during their visit.

Their stay at Corfu was, however, thoroughly interesting and enjoyable. They went up to the seat of the King of Greece on the island, a very pretty country house called Mon Repos, where they saw the room occupied by their father when he was here with the Princess of Wales. The room which the King of Greece occupied before his marriage contains a wardrobe, unique in bearing on its glass door the autographs of all the members of his family—Olga (Queen of Greece), Dagmar (Empress of Russia), Thyra (Duchess of Cumberland), etc.

What might have been another fatal accident occurred on board the *Bacchante* during the morning of the 12th of June. While at sail-drill, one of the bluejackets fell from under the maintop, nearly forty feet above the deck, upon which he would inevitably have crashed with fatal result had not his leg providentially caught in a couple of crossed side ropes,

which held him suspended only a few feet from the deck.

The nimbleness of the barefooted sailors, and the smartness with which their work aloft was accomplished always won the admiration and perhaps the envy of those who witnessed their dexterity; but, in their eagerness to perform the task in record time, the men sometimes took too great a risk. This custom of going barefoot, necessary as it was, perhaps, on the smooth white wooden decks of the ships of the time, had its disadvantages. Prince George mentions that after the small-arm companies and marines who had been landed on Vido Island for drill had spent an hour marching and countermarching, many men returned to the ship quite lame through the unaccustomed wearing of boots.

While the *Bacchante* lay at Corfu several Austrian Lloyd steamers called in on their way from Trieste to Alexandria to bring away the fugitives. The number of refugees was astonishing; the Princes saw a multitude of women and children landed for whom it was difficult to find lodgings. They reported that two hundred and fifty Europeans had been massacred by the Egyptian rebels.

On June 17 Prince George crossed with the commander to the coast of Albania, eight miles away, in the hope of getting a shot at a wild boar; but though the bluejackets beat out a wood two miles broad, they caught a glimpse of only one boar, so effectively covered in the thick bush that it was impossible to put a bullet into him.

On June 19 they left Corfu and set a course for Palermo. A gruesome incident marked their departure. On the esplanade one boy shot another, the Princes hearing the pistol-shot and the shriek that

followed it, and seeing the crowd rushing towards the spot where the young murderer stood with the weapon in his hand.

The boys of Corfu not only carried pistols but used them; but at Palermo the citizens usually carried revolvers in their pockets because of the boldness of the brigands, without the faintest intention of being foolish enough to use them. Every man, says Prince George, had a certain value put upon him by these impudent scoundrels, with whom the country people were often in league; and, if he ventured too far outside the city he was seized and held till his ransom was paid. The Princes regarded Sicilian brigandage as a local institution, in which one half of the people preyed upon the other half.

There were, however, apparent signs of improvement in other ways, even in so short a time as had elapsed since the *Bacchante's* last visit. Amongst other things the Princes noticed that the whole place looked cleaner—especially the priests; 'they have now quite new and glossy coats and hats; their ways and manners are like those of English clergymen past middle age.' Can it be that the Royal middies were poking fun at some middle-aged English clergyman of their acquaintance?

Palermo struck them afresh with its perfect loveliness. They had seen many lands and many beautiful places since last they had touched here; but they had seen no place anywhere that could approach it in beauty. While staying in the harbour most of the officers and the ship's company bathed in the sea. Prince George gives a very pretty description of the scene that took place as soon as the bugle sounded 'Hands to bathe.' Almost at once the forecastle and all the forepart of the ship was swarming with

naked men and boys who plunged headlong into the sea, climbing back by means of a lowered boom or the gangway ladder and plunging in again and again, swimming round the vessel and playing all sorts of pranks till the bugle sounded 'Hands on board.'

At Cagliari in Sardinia they heard that twenty thousand British soldiers were being sent to Egypt; and while passing through the Straits they met the troopship *Malabar*, carrying the 46th Regiment, the band of which played 'God Save the Queen' and 'God Bless the Prince of Wales' as they passed. At Gibraltar they first learnt that Alexandria had been bombarded by the British warships.

The longing for home now grew very keen. 'We are all eagerly looking forward to and longing for home,' they say in their diary; and all delays are regarded as vexatious. On July 25 they at last started from Gibraltar, intending to make a sailing passage home; but the wind was dead against them. In his diary Prince George wrote an amusing parody of the verse of a well-known song,—

Oh! there's a fair wind that blows, would it blow from the west:

And of all the winds that blow 'tis the one we love the best:
For it would blow at our backs and shake the pennon free,
And it would soon blow us home to the North Countree.

And it's home, mother, home! it's home I want to be,
For the oak and the ash and the bonny birchen tree,
They're all a-growing green in the North Countree.

Off Cape Finisterre they experienced very rough weather; 'our bookcases emptied themselves in a way they had not done since we were between the Cape of Good Hope and Australia.'

They stood into Ferrol to fill up bunkers, as it was probable that they would have to abandon the

attempt to accomplish the passage by sail alone. The wind had now shifted to the east. 'There is more of a feel of England about the air than we have been accustomed to for the last two years, and there is a dash of haziness about this east wind that seems natural enough.'

Off Ushant they experienced 'a sensation of nearing England at the end of a cruise which, considering the amount we have seen and done, appears far longer than two years.'

On August 4, 'the sight of the Devon cornfields, grass-lawns, and woods sloping to the sea makes every heart on board beat more quickly.' They even exulted in getting some 'English' fish from a Brixham trawler, and a paper a week old.

Off Swanage Bay they were met by the *Osborne*, which the *Bacchante* saluted with twenty-one guns, the crews of both vessels cheering as the Prince and Princess of Wales and their three daughters came aboard the corvette, and after congratulating Captain Lord Charles Scott on the safe completion of his cruise of over forty-five thousand miles, took Prince Victor and Prince George back with them aboard the *Osborne*.

On the 7th of August, Captain Lord Charles Scott dined with the Queen at Osborne House, and received the decoration of the civil C.B.

The next morning the Princes were taken by their father and mother to Osborne House, where they were examined before Archbishop Tait. Later in the day they were confirmed in Whippingham Church, in the presence of Queen Victoria, officers from the *Bacchante*, together with a party of marines and blue-jacket petty-officers, being present by the Queen's desire.

The Prince of Wales personally thanked those of the officers of the *Bacchante* who had taken any personal part in the instruction of his sons, and presented each of them with a small souvenir.

From this time, the life of the two brothers, which had so far been wonderfully identical, was to diverge. Prince Victor was now to commence his formal training for the high position to which he was expected to succeed, while Prince George was to complete his training as a naval officer.

CHAPTER XIX

FURTHER EDUCATION AND PREPARATION

PRINCE GEORGE left the *Bacchante* on August 31, 1882. He did not know at the time that vessels of her class and character would soon be quite obsolete; but a radical change in the construction of warships had already commenced to show itself. The masts and yards upon which the crew of the *Bacchante* had performed such prodigies of sail-drill were soon to pass away for ever; never again would it be possible to cruise round the world in a wind-propelled British warship. The bombardment of Alexandria, which occurred while the *Bacchante* was in the Mediterranean Sea, marks a definite epoch in naval construction.

For a time, however, Prince George was withdrawn from actual naval training. On board the *Bacchante* he and his brother had studied, among other subjects, the language of France; and it was thought well that he should now perfect his knowledge

of the language of courts and of diplomats by residence amongst those who spoke it in their daily intercourse. The next six months, therefore, he spent in picturesque Lausanne, perched on its three steep hills near the northern shore of Lake Geneva.

Here, in the intervals between lessons, Prince George visited the house of the historian Gibbon, and walked often along the Berne road past another *Mon Repos*—the house where Voltaire lived at one time. The beautiful lake itself afforded the opportunity for many a delightful excursion.

After these peaceful months of rest and study, he was appointed on May 1, 1883, a midshipman on board the *Canada*, and spent rather more than a year in service on the North American and West Indian stations.

About this time, when Princess May was sixteen years of age, her parents left Kensington Palace and went to live in the Villa I Cedri, in Florence. At the beautiful city on the Arno they stayed for about two years, while the education of the future Queen was being completed. She has always loved the Italian language for its beauty and its musical qualities, and at Florence she studied it assiduously, learning to speak the tongue of Dante with purity of accent and fluency, reading at the same time the cream of Italian literature.

A love of the beautiful in art as well as in nature has always been one of the Queen's most striking characteristics; and at Florence she devoted herself with enthusiasm to the study of every form of art, bringing home with her on her return to England many sketch-books full of exquisite drawings of the scenery in and around Florence, besides developing that love of beauty in form and colour which has

since expressed itself in her passion for delicate old porcelain and silverware.

Italian was not, of course, the only foreign tongue in which the future Queen became proficient. French and German were mastered with an ease which delighted her teachers; and at the present day Her Majesty can converse easily and fluently in four languages, and has a not inconsiderable acquaintance with the literary masterpieces of the four peoples.

A friend of the Queen's once said of her, when she was a girl, 'You will find no uncut and dusty books on her shelves, but neatly cut edges and well-turned pages. Her favourite authors were Tennyson, Carlyle, Emerson, and George Eliot. As Princess she was very fond of well-bound books, and valued highly all presentation copies. The works of Macaulay, Froude, Lamb, John Morley, Motley, Molière, Goethe, Dante, occupied prominent positions on her bookshelves at White Lodge. Her method was to read something every day, even if it were only a page, and then to discuss what she had read. With her companion-governess she talked French and German, and, according to arrangement, the discussion took place in either one language or the other.'

It was at Florence that Princess May went to her first ball, though she did not come out into general society until after her return to England.

Amongst other natural gifts, the Queen possesses a very sweet and true soprano voice, though she does not nowadays find very much time for its exercise. As a girl, however, she was fond of singing old ballads and dainty little snatches from operettas, her musical taste and development being guided by Signor Paolo Tosti.

Shortly after her return from Italy, Princess Mary was confirmed. The Bishop of Peterborough, who prepared her, was struck by the earnestness of her character and the depth of her religious convictions. She became now of the very greatest possible assistance to her mother in her works of charity, taking upon herself the greater part of the necessary correspondence, and showing much acumen and discernment in dealing with the constant stream of appeals from persons and institutions in need of help.

With King Edward, then Prince of Wales, she was a particular favourite, and on more than one occasion he expressed his appreciation of her character and ability.

Prince George was, in the meantime, gaining the approval of his superior officers by his close attention to duty, and his entire devotion to his profession. Many years afterwards, in speaking to the boys on the *Conway* training-ship at Liverpool, he said: 'I think that I am entitled, from a personal experience of twenty years at sea, to impress upon you three simple qualities, which I am sure, if conscientiously acted up to, will go a long way towards ensuring your success. The qualities to which I would refer are truthfulness, obedience, and zeal. Truthfulness will give those placed under you confidence in you; obedience will give those placed over you confidence in you; and although I have mentioned zeal last, it is by no means the least important, for without zeal no sailor can ever be worth his salt.'

As Prince George taught, so he practised. Every officer who ever served with him speaks of him in the most enthusiastic way as one who never put on 'side' and never shirked, but did his simple duty according to the best traditions of the British Navy, thinking

always of the comfort of his men, and showing consideration for the convenience of others. He possesses above everything else the faculty of taking pains. Throughout his life he has kept up the custom of making a nightly entry in his private journal, jotting down in greater or less detail the events and experiences of the day, together with any fact, political, professional, social, or commercial, likely to be useful or worthy of more than passing notice.

While on the North American station Prince George had a very agreeable time at the court of his aunt, the Princess Louise, whose husband was Governor-General. Here he became acquainted with Sir Francis de Winton, who afterwards became controller and treasurer of the Duke of York's household.

Prince George also revisited the West Indies, renewing the vivid impressions they had made upon him when he and his brother had first gazed upon their loveliness. On his nineteenth birthday, the 3rd of June, 1884, he received the gratifying intelligence that he had passed his examination for sub-lieutenant, gaining a first-class in seamanship. Shortly after this he returned home to enter the Naval College at Greenwich to undergo a thorough training for full lieutenancy. After studying for rather more than a year he passed his examination, gaining a first-class in four out of the five subjects—seamanship, navigation, torpedo management, gunnery, and pilotage; and on the 8th of October, 1885, he was promoted to lieutenant's rank.

In January, 1886, he was appointed lieutenant on board H.M.S. *Thunderer*, under the command of Captain Stephenson, on the Mediterranean station; and in August of the same year he was transferred to

H.M.S. *Dreadnought*, being classed as one of the ship's regular lieutenants.

On this vessel he remained for about nine months, and was then transferred to H.M.S. *Alexandra*, the flagship of his uncle H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, at that time Admiral Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean.

An amusing story is told of a visit paid to the *Dreadnought*, at Port Said, by Tewfik Pasha, the Khedive of Egypt, while Prince George was serving on that vessel. Hearing of her arrival and that Prince George was aboard, the Khedive arrayed himself in his scintillating Egyptian uniform, and had himself conveyed in state to the quay where the warship was coaling. As soon as his presence was made known to the captain, the august visitor was received aboard with due state and ceremony. He conversed for some time affably with the captain, and then expressed a wish to see Prince George, saying that he had come aboard mainly for that purpose. Now, it so happened that Prince George was at the time superintending the coaling of the ship, that being his especial duty; and the Khedive had hardly finished expressing his wish when the royal lieutenant came on deck, his face and hands encrusted with coal-dust.

To say that the Khedive was surprised and shocked gives but a faint impression of that potentate's state of mind. He simply could not believe that a Prince would condescend to undertake work which would so begrime his person; it dawned upon his touchy Eastern mind that a joke was being played upon him. Prince George, seeing his looks of anger and mortification, hastened to assure him that he had got into the mess in which he was in the performance of his duty,

adding that he was expected, while holding the rank of lieutenant on a British warship, to take part in the work like the rest of her crew. It was, however, of no use; the Khedive simply could not believe it. He left the ship hurriedly and almost ungraciously, convinced that he had been made the butt of a practical joke.

After serving for three years on the *Alexandra*, Prince George went for a course of gunner-training on H.M.S. *Excellent*, at Portsmouth, and upon its conclusion was appointed, on February 1, 1889, to the *Northumberland*, the flagship of the Channel Squadron.

While serving on the *Northumberland* he received his first independent command, being appointed to Torpedo-boat 79, one of the finest vessels of that type in the fleet.

During the naval manœuvres of the summer of this year—1889—one of the torpedo squadron disabled her screw off the coast of Ireland. There was a strong wind blowing on shore, and a high sea running, so that the vessel was in considerable danger. Prince George was sent with Torpedo-boat 79 to the assistance of the disabled vessel, and set about her rescue with judgment, courage, and perseverance. There was immense risk in the task, owing to the frail nature of the boats and the difficulty of getting aboard the disabled craft the steel hawser by which she could be towed away from the shore. Several hours passed before the task was accomplished and the helpless vessel towed into safety; but skill, nerve, and judgment at last accomplished it. Those who witnessed the feat were loud in their praises of the Prince's masterly handling of his own vessel under such conditions. Only those who have been aboard a torpedo-boat in a

rough sea can have any idea of the fearful buffeting to which officers and men are subjected, making even hardened seamen undergo all the miseries of seasickness.

So appreciative were the reports upon this incident made by the Prince's commanding officers, that the Admiralty recognised his fitness for a higher command, appointing him commander of the gunboat *Thrush*.

CHAPTER XX

PRINCE GEORGE AS A NAVAL COMMANDER, AND THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF CLARENCE

ON his twenty-fifth birthday Prince George was promoted to the command of H.M.S. *Thrush*, just as his nineteenth birthday had seen his elevation to the rank of sub-lieutenant.

The *Thrush* was, of course, only a very small vessel—a little over eight hundred tons burden—but it was an independent command, in which it was possible for a man to distinguish himself or to fail in the performance of his duty—to make or to mar a reputation as an efficient officer. The gunboat was ordered to the North American and West Indian station, where Prince George soon became well known and exceedingly popular, both ashore and afloat.

For the third time the Prince landed at Kingston, Jamaica, this time as representative of Queen Victoria, and received a most enthusiastic welcome. It had been arranged that he should open, in the name of the Queen, the great Industrial Exhibition held in Kingston during that year—1890; and his dignified

yet courteous and affable bearing and his eloquent speech impressed his hearers most favourably.

The *Thrush* carried no chaplain; but, in accordance with the regulations of the Admiralty, morning prayers had to be read every morning after divisions by the commander, who had also to conduct the Sunday service. Prince George always prepared most carefully for his Sunday duty, practising on the Saturday evening, with such of the officers and men as cared to join in, the chants and hymns he wished to use the next day.

His favourite hymns appear to have been 'Nearer my God to thee,' 'O God, our help in ages past,' 'I heard the voice of Jesus say,' 'Jesu, meek and lowly,' 'Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty,' and Keble's morning and evening hymns.

These hymns were without doubt those he had been used to sing as a boy at home with his brother and sisters, while his mother accompanied them on the piano; so that they would bring to him, as possibly they did to his men, thoughts of home and the dear ones there. The Sunday morning service Prince George always took on board; but when in harbour he usually attended church with some of his friends.

The taking of service is, of course, the usual routine to which every other commander of a warship not carrying a chaplain is bound to adhere; but that it was not a matter of mere routine to Prince George may be judged by a little-known story told of him in later years. He was a guest at an English country house; and on the Saturday evening he drew his hostess aside and asked her to excuse him if he retired rather earlier than usual. He did not want to disturb the others at all, he said, but would just slip away quietly. He explained that the next morning was that

upon which he usually went to Communion, and that he liked to have some little time to prepare for it.

Another story has been related of him while he was in command of the *Thrush*, which shows that, though punctilious in his observance of regulations, and expecting every man under him to render efficient service, he yet had nothing of the martinet or unsympathetic taskmaster about him.

A young bluejacket was transferred as a prisoner from one of the other vessels to the *Thrush*. He was looked upon as an incorrigible offender, and had been continually on the black list. Prince George observed the man's demeanour and behaviour very closely, and at last came to the conclusion that there was still hope for him if he were handled with care and judgment.

When the prisoner's term was completed, and he should have returned to his own ship, Prince George obtained permission to transfer him to the *Thrush*, and had him brought before him on the quarter-deck. Speaking kindly to the man, the Royal commander told him that he would henceforward be one of the crew of the *Thrush*; that his past offences were wiped completely out, and that he was put into the first class for leave.

'I do not ask you to make me any promise of your future behaviour,' the Prince said, looking keenly into the man's flushed and eager face; 'I trust to your honour and good feeling alone. But remember that, by the rules of the service, if you offend again in any way, or break your leave, I have no option, but am bound to put you back again to that class from which I now remove you. Your future is in your own hands. You have had no leave for twelve months. Go ashore now with the other special leave

men. Your pay has been stopped, and no money is due to you. Here is a sovereign; I trust you not to mispend it. You know as well as I do what you may do and may not do. God help you to do the right and keep you from wrong.'

The man's heart was touched by this generous forgiveness and reinstatement, and with every sign of emotion he saluted before being led forward again.

Nothing wearied Prince George more than the effusiveness or sycophancy of those who could not forget that he was the grandson of Queen Victoria, and wished to curry favour with him. He liked to be treated as an ordinary mortal, and, except upon State occasions, to receive no more deference and attention than was due to him as an officer of Her Majesty's navy.

On one occasion, while in command of the *Thrush*, he was present at a ball given in Halifax, Nova Scotia, by the officers of the garrison. The affair was very enjoyable; but the Prince's appreciation of it was somewhat marred by the persistent and rather gushing attentions of the hostess. Her sycophancy was made all the more obvious by her autocratic tone to one of the subalterns of her husband's regiment. Turning to this young gentleman, who was at the time engaged in a deeply interesting conversation with a lady, she called out imperatively: 'Mr —, fetch His Royal Highness some oysters, at once. Sharp!'

The subaltern bowed to the lady with whom he had been talking, and, turning to a waiter, said with marked politeness: 'Waiter, will you kindly take some oysters to His Royal Highness?'

The difference of tone in the two requests was so marked that the lady could not but feel deservedly rebuked, and retired in considerable discomfiture,

while the Prince's face showed that his sympathies were rather with the subaltern than with her.

Prince George returned to England after rather more than a year's service in western waters, and had his acting rank as commander confirmed by the Admiralty. On August 24, 1891, he was appointed commander of H.M.S. *Melampus*, and two months later visited Dublin, where his brother, Prince Victor, was stationed with his regiment. Here he was so unfortunate as to contract typhoid fever; and Queen Alexandra and her daughters, who were visiting the Czar of Russia in Livadia, were sent for in haste. Prince George had returned from Dublin to Sandringham before the disease showed itself; but he was at once removed to London, and there nursed back to health—though at one time it seemed hardly likely that he would recover. The general public hardly knew until the danger was past how very serious the Prince's illness had been; but a remarkable degree of sympathy was evinced with the Royal family in their trouble.

Earlier in the year the ancient dukedom of York had been revived in Prince George's favour, and for several years after he was known officially as the Duke of York. This same year, 1891, saw the betrothal of Prince Victor, the Duke of Clarence, and Princess May. Both Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales were of opinion that no princess could more worthily fulfil the duties of the high station to which eventually she would be called; and the match was equally pleasing to the Queen's subjects, who were delighted at the thought that an English princess, brought up amongst them, with English traditions and English sympathies, would one day share the throne of the realm.

The young people were sincerely attached to each other, and made a vow to devote their married life to the cause of philanthropy, following in this the examples set by the Prince's grandfather, Prince Albert, and by the Princess's mother.

The public career of Prince Victor had already given extreme satisfaction to the nation. At Cambridge he had won for himself general approval and a host of sincere friends; and in his regiment, the 10th Hussars, his comrades were no less loyal. He showed himself to be modest and unpretending, and possessed of many lovable characteristics.

The year 1892 seemed to open with every prospect of happiness for the Royal family and for the nation. Prince George was by this time slowly but surely winning back to health and strength, and had been pronounced out of danger. On January 9, however, the Duke of Clarence was attacked with influenza, having, it is thought, caught cold while attending the funeral of Prince Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenbourg.

Everything that skill could devise or the tenderest care provide was employed in the effort to combat the disease, but it was of no avail. After an illness lasting only five days, the Prince passed away, amid the sorrow and dismay of the whole nation.

The bereavement of the Royal parents brought to them expressions of deepest sympathy from every part of the world. Even the Zulu chiefs in captivity at St Helena asked Miss Colenso to convey to the Prince of Wales their sincere sympathy.

'We have heard,' they said, 'of the death of Prince Edward, the son of the Prince of Wales. We lament sincerely. Pray you present our lamentation to them all—to his grandmother, to his father and his mother, and his brother.'

The Prince and Princess of Wales were deeply touched by the sympathy expressed so spontaneously by so many different people in so widely-differing stations of life, and published in answer the message given below :—

‘WINDSOR CASTLE,

January 20, 1892.

‘The Prince and Princess of Wales are anxious to express to Her Majesty’s subjects, whether in the United Kingdom, in the Colonies, or in India, the sense of their deep gratitude for the universal feeling of sympathy manifested towards them at a time when they are overwhelmed by the terrible calamity which they have sustained in the loss of their beloved eldest son. If sympathy at such a moment is of any avail, the remembrance that their grief has been shared by all classes will be a lasting consolation to their sorrowing hearts, and if possible will make them more than ever attached to their dear country.’

To the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was away from England at the time, but who expressed in his telegram of condolence his resolve to return at once, the Prince of Wales sent a reply asking him on no account to curtail his holiday. In the letter which followed the telegram the Prince said :—

‘It has pleased God to inflict a heavy, crushing blow upon us—that we can hardly realise the terrible loss we have sustained. We have had the good fortune of receiving you here in our country home on more than one occasion, and you know what a happy family party we have always been, so that the wrenching away of our first-born son under such peculiarly sad circumstances is a sorrow, the shadow of

which can never leave us during the rest of our lives.

'He was just twenty-eight; on this day month he was to have married a charming and gifted young lady, so that the prospect of a life of happiness and usefulness lay before them. Alas! that is all over. His bride has become his widow without ever having been his wife.

'The ways of the Almighty are inscrutable, and it is not for us to murmur, as He does all for the best, and our beloved son is happier now than if he were exposed to the miseries and temptations of this world. We have also a consolation in the sympathy not only of our kind friends but of all classes.

'God's will be done!'

According to his father's earnest desire, the Duke of Clarence was given a simple military funeral, the coffin being taken from Sandringham to Windsor upon a gun-carriage, with officers of the 10th Hussars in attendance. Over the coffin was spread the Union Jack, and on this was laid the Prince's busby. The pall-bearers were brother-officers of the dead Prince.

From happiness into gloom and sadness Royal family and nation had passed. To Prince George, still weak from his recent illness, the shock was especially severe. A tie closer than that between many brothers had united the two Royal princes; and their long companionship on strange waters and in strange lands had drawn the bond still tighter.

On Princess May the blow fell with crushing force. 'For many months,' says one who knew her well, 'though she was busier than ever with her labours of love, no ray of sunlight seemed to be able to pierce the gloom that had fallen upon the life of Princess

May. All her endeavours were to help others, to make the lives of others brighter; but her own burden—so those around her saw with aching hearts—her own burden was, and remained, very heavy.'

CHAPTER XXI

MARRIAGE OF PRINCE GEORGE AND PRINCESS MAY

THE death of his brother, the Duke of Clarence, changed the whole career of Prince George. It had been his ambition to follow in the steps of his uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh, rising step by step to the highest rank in the profession he had chosen; but by the inscrutable decree of Providence, he now found himself, in his twenty-seventh year, heir apparent to the throne of the greatest nation in the world.

A description of the King as he then appeared to those who knew him best has been given by one who at this time saw him very frequently. 'He is a bright, lively, quick-witted young man,' says this writer, 'with a keen sense of public dutifulness, and an easy, tolerant, joyous nature, which has endeared him to many friends in many lands. Prince George is the silent member of the Royal family. He has not yet made a speech which has been extensively reported, and none of his sayings have gained currency.' But he is reputed to be a gay conversationalist, in whose talk there is a distinct flavour of Guelphic humour. He is highly popular among young men and women of his own age, who are fitted by their station to associate intimately with him.'

During his convalescence he was naturally a great



Photo. by W. Downey.

A Royal Group.



deal with his father and mother, who had retired into the deepest privacy after the death of their elder son; and it was not until August that he resumed his duties as an officer of Her Majesty's fleet, commissioning the *Melampus* and taking part in the autumn manœuvres. In the meantime he travelled with his mother and sisters on the Continent, showing himself a devoted and unselfish son and brother.

The intense sympathy of the nation with Princess May showed itself sometimes in tactless and wellnigh impertinent hints that Prince George, now that in all probability he would become King of England, should secure as his future Queen the lovable Princess to whom the people had unreservedly given their hearts. They knew that the young people were attached to each other, and they were perhaps not unreasonably anxious that their future Queen should be English of the English, in accord and sympathy with her people by training and tradition.

To the high-spirited girl, who had suffered a bitter loss, these suggestions, urged upon her by many most serious persons from the very highest motives, were exceedingly distasteful. On one occasion her wonderful self-control deserted her.

'It is too cruel—too cruel!' she sobbed. Why may I not have the privilege of privacy at such a time as this, which every other girl in private life may have?'

The passage of time, however, and the genuine devotion of Prince George, assuaged her grief, and turned her heart to one in every way worthy of a true woman's lasting affection; but it was not until nearly a year and a half had passed that Prince George proposed and was accepted, to the joy of the nation, and especially of the Royal family.

The general mass of the people had by this time almost given up all hope of seeing the Princess married to their sailor Prince; and when it became quite evident that the marriage would be a love match, their satisfaction was complete.

The Princess of Teck gave her consent without any hesitation. She had known her future son-in-law from his birth up, and had no qualms in committing to his keeping the daughter of whom she was so justly proud. Her own proudest boast was that she was a Princess of England—she had, indeed, refused to mate with an Emperor because it would necessitate her leaving her native land; and she had brought her daughter up with the same love of all that was best in English character, English traditions and English home-life.

King Edward, then Prince of Wales, made no secret of his pleasure at the happy turn of events. He had always shown a great affection for the bright and capable daughter of the 'Princess of the People,' and his sorrow over his son's death had been made still more poignant by the thought of the shadowed life of her to whom Prince Victor was so shortly to have been married.

By the death of his brother, Prince George came into possession of many titles usually held by the heir apparent. Amongst others was that of Duke of Cornwall, the oldest dukedom in the kingdom; and at the time of his engagement and marriage he was usually known as the Duke of Cornwall and York. He was also created by Letters Patent Earl of Inverness and Baron Killarney.

In ordering her trousseau Princess May showed a gratifying predilection for materials of English manufacture and for the work of English hands.

Her wedding-gown itself was woven in Spitalfields. She has always taken a keen interest in the continuance or revival of British industries, going in person to the East London Silk Mills to confer with those who were actively engaged in the manufacture. The Duchess of Teck had always shown the same fondness for articles turned out from British mills and workshops. A lady visiting her once at White Lodge commented upon the comfort of the chair she was sitting in; and the Duchess remarked: 'Yes, my dear; British industry—that is why it is such a nice chair.'

Poplin from Dublin and lace from Honiton, Buckinghamshire, and Ireland, were amongst the materials used in making the wedding outfit of this truly British Princess.

Prince George naturally, as a man, wished the marriage to be as quiet as possible, and selected the Chapel Royal of St James's Palace for the celebration of the nuptials of himself and his bride. The enthusiasm of the people had, however, grown day by day; and on the evening of July 5, 1893, the day before that fixed for the wedding, the most careful preparations were made by those responsible to ensure the safety and order of the expected crowd along the line of route of the wedding procession.

Queen Victoria apparently as enthusiastic as the other members of her family, started out for the church considerably before the time appointed for the ceremony, actually arriving there before the officers of State. Driving along in her carriage, drawn by her famous cream ponies, the aged monarch was received by the excited crowd with every sign of affection and regard, and descending at the church door, she walked quietly into the chapel, which was

decorated entirely in white, and ascended the dais at the side of the altar.

Representatives were present from every court in Europe; and the effect of their brilliant uniforms, together with the beautiful dresses of the ladies, against the pure white of the decorations, was most striking and picturesque.

Amongst those present were the King and Queen of Denmark, who never ceased to take a most affectionate interest in all that concerned the happiness and welfare of their dear daughter and the country of her adoption.

There were ten bridesmaids, the Duke of Edinburgh supporting his nephew; and the whole scene was one which for splendour and magnificence has rarely been equalled. The day itself was brilliantly fine; and, as the newly-married couple drove away, *en route* for York Lodge, their new home at Sandringham, the vast crowd assembled to do them honour rent the air with their cheers and loudly expressed wishes for the happiness of the union.

London, was, indeed, *en fête* throughout the whole day; and the illuminations at night were on a scale of magnificence never before equalled. Some of the rejoicing crowd made their way in the evening to the front of St James's Palace, and cheered till the Prince of Wales appeared at the window. Then the cheers wellnigh rent the welkin—for no more popular man than the Prince of Wales was to be found in the kingdom—ay, or in the world. It had been to him a day of unalloyed happiness, and the sight of this enthusiastic crowd of loyal friends and well-wishers went straight to his heart. It was, of course, impossible to make his voice heard in the roar of cheering, so he seized a light chair standing near and waved

it round his head to show his sympathy with the rejoicing of the crowd. Some of the wilder spirits instantly shouted out: 'Throw it down to us!' Laughing heartily, the Prince seemed about to comply with their request, when the Princess of Wales put her hand on his arm and smilingly shook her head.

That the married life of King George and Queen Mary has been a very happy one scarcely needs demonstration. The King has shown himself a devoted husband and an affectionate father, spending with his family every moment he has been able to spare from his numerous duties.

After his marriage he was much more than before associated with his father in the performance of public duties, the deep affection existing between himself and the Prince of Wales showing itself in a hundred little ways. He was made a captain in the Navy in 1893; but it was not till June, 1898, when he was appointed to the command of the first-class cruiser *Crescent*, that he was able to resume active service. Taking part in the autumn manœuvres and visiting many English and Irish ports occupied about three months, at the end of which Prince George ceased definitely to take an active part in the work of the Navy.

The births of her five children have been the only events worthy of chronicling in the home-life of Queen Mary. Secure in the love of her husband and the affection of the people over whom he would in time be called to rule, she has devoted herself to the education and training of her children and the efficient management of her household, still carrying on the work of benevolence and discriminating charity that had made her dear to those to whom the Duchess of Teck and she herself had for so long seemed like ministering angels.

CHAPTER XXII

QUIET HOME LIFE OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF
CORNWALL AND YORK

IN an earlier chapter references have been made to the happy home life of Prince George and Princess May, and to the loving care they have devoted to the rearing and training of the healthy and beautiful children born to them; but it may be interesting to look rather more closely into the hobbies and predilections which enlivened their leisure, scanty though it was, during the first few years of their married life.

It must have been somewhat of a wrench for Prince George practically to sever his active connection with the profession which he loved and for which he was so well fitted by nature and training; but he seems to have settled down readily to the life of a country gentleman. With his love of thoroughness, he took a keen interest in all that pertained to country life, very rapidly becoming expert in matters relating to farming and the management of stock. He has never had his father's love of the racecourse; but he is fond of a good horse, and is an accomplished horseman. He was often to be seen riding about Sandringham; and as soon as his boys were able to sit a pony, they were frequently taken by their father to accompany him on his morning rides. People living on or near the estate frequently saw the three riding by, the Prince laughing and talking with the sturdy little fellows on their diminutive steeds.

The early proficiency with rifle and shot-gun which distinguished Prince George had matured into an

almost unerring accuracy, which made him one of the best shots in the kingdom. He developed into a keen sportsman, studying most carefully and systematically everything connected with the preservation of game, and the best methods to be followed to ensure a satisfactory result.

The memory of his remarkable tour round the world in the *Bacchante* was to a certain extent kept green by the keen interest he took in the collection of postage-stamps. He had commenced this hobby while quite a young boy, and had now a collection remarkable for its size and value, some of the specimens possessed by the Prince being almost if not quite unique. The collection in the possession of His Majesty is said to be one of the most complete in the world.

The hobbies of the Duchess were of a sufficiently different character to give to their intercourse and to their excursions that variety of interest which is so potent an antidote against ennui and disillusion. Her art training during her girlhood, and especially during her Italian sojourn, had given her an interest in every form of art expression. She loved to spend a quiet afternoon in picture gallery or museum of antiquities, showing herself a discerning critic of drawing and painting, and fearlessly forming her own judgment upon what she saw. She has always exhibited a preference for finished painting rather than for the work of the impressionist school; and she can appreciate the beauty of the work of the old masters.

She is especially fond of studying historic architecture. Wherever she has gone she has always found time to examine the old houses, churches, castles, and other buildings of any antiquity.

Her collection of porcelain and silver has already been mentioned; but it is not so generally known that she has encouraged the making by English firms of exquisite copies of some of the best work of foreign manufacturers. This is especially the case with regard to furniture and china, some of the most beautiful furniture at Marlborough House having been produced in this way to her orders.

The one outstanding interest of her life has always, however, been the cause of the poor and needy. She has been from very early years a member of and subscriber to numerous organisations for the amelioration of the lot of the unfortunate. As a young girl she took a serious interest in such questions as that of the sweating system, mastering the details laid before the House of Lords on this terrible subject, and expressing the deepest sympathy for the chain-makers, the seamstresses, and others who work almost interminably for a miserable pittance.

In this wide field her mother had long been an enthusiastic worker, furnishing a cottage at Coombe Wood to which six poor working women from the East End of London might go at a time to recuperate. When her mother died, Princess May extended this good work by founding at Bognor a Home of Rest for Working Women of London. She has also founded in Surrey a Holiday Home for Governesses, and frequently motors down to converse with the ladies staying there for rest and change.

To the Needlework Guild, commenced by her mother, the Duchess of Cornwall and York gave freely of time and labour, helping in gathering together the articles of clothing and in distributing them where most they were needed. Since her mother's death she has herself been the head of the Guild, going every

year to the Imperial Institute, to which the parcels are directed, and superintending the unpacking and sorting of the gifts.

It was in connection with the work of this Guild that Princess May simply and entirely without premeditation gave a beautiful picture of the harmony of the home-life at York Cottage. She was never one to be content with gathering and distributing the work of others; she makes every year with her own hands not less than sixty crotchet woollen garments for poor children. She was once asked how she found time to make so many. 'I have always one of the little petticoats on hand in each of my sitting-rooms,' she replied, 'and I take it up whenever I have a few spare minutes; then, in the evenings, my husband reads to me, and I work and get through a great deal.'

No finer picture of domestic felicity has ever been drawn.

The simple piety inculcated by the Duchess of Teck has been characteristic of Queen Mary throughout her life; and since a household generally takes its tone from the habits and convictions of its mistress, the daily life at York Cottage formed an ideal training for Prince George's children. Some years later a writer gave an appreciative account of the religious atmosphere of the home of the future King and Queen.

'The principles of self-control and unselfishness the Queen has carefully inculcated in the minds of the little ones, with, above all, the higher Christian duties which were so much a part of her own training. Wherever the King and Queen may be, they are strict in attendance at divine service on Sunday. When at Frogmore they were always to be seen at the Parish Church at Windsor, or at the military service at Holy Trinity, accompanied by their children.

They avoided ceremony, taking part in the service as ordinary members of the congregation, and mingling with their fellow-worshippers as they left the church.'

Queen Mary's religion is essentially practical; she is much more concerned with conduct than with beliefs. She reads her Bible regularly and systematically, and loves to be present at a musical service—though she is not attracted by either extreme Ritualism or extreme Low Church.

Her consideration for others extends to her own servants. She is kindly and gracious in her manner to them, and their comfort and well-being are matters of real concern to their Royal mistress. She never willingly allows their attendance upon her to interfere with their legitimate leisure, or to compel them to break engagements.

Like most sailor-men, King George has always had a fondness for children, and his own boys and girl have from the first been a source of affectionate delight to him. Whenever he could steal away from his duties, he would slip into the nursery, often bringing with him a mechanical toy, into the mysteries of whose motion he and the eager youngsters would make investigation. One of their favourite games was to build mimic fortifications, defending and attacking them with toy soldiers. One of his boys was once asked which of his parents he liked best. 'I like them both the same,' he replied; then after a moment's consideration, he added: 'I think dada spoils me most.'

From this domestic happiness the Prince was called away in 1894 to accompany his father to Russia, to attend the funeral obsequies of the Czar, and was present at the quiet wedding of the young Czar and

Princess Alix of Hesse, which followed a few days later.

The tragically sudden death of the Duchess of Teck on October 27, 1897, was a severe blow to her daughter, by whom she was very dearly loved. The Prince and Princess of Wales hastened to show their sympathy by hurrying up from Sandringham to convey to their daughter-in-law the comfort of their presence and support in her bereavement; and at the funeral the Prince of Wales represented Queen Victoria. The death of this good and charitable woman was felt as a deep personal loss by all who had been privileged to know her.

Earlier in this same year—that of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria—the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York had visited Ireland, where they received a much heartier welcome than the gloomy forebodings of some people might have led them to expect.

On July 18, 1898, the Prince of Wales sustained a severe injury to his knee in descending the spiral staircase at Waddesdon Manor; and for some time it was feared that a permanent weakness and lameness might result. This danger, however, was averted, and the Prince was able to be removed on board the Royal yacht *Osborne* so that he might attend the Cowes Regatta. With him were the Duke and Duchess of York and the two little Princes Edward and Albert, of whom their grandfather was extremely fond. He once said that grandchildren were a greater pleasure than children, for one could enjoy their artless affection and take delight in their company without having the responsibility of bringing them up and training them.

On New Year's Day, 1901, Prince George was

promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral, and shortly afterwards made Colonel-in-Chief of the Marine Forces. His promotion had, of course, been well earned by his former efficient service; but it was probably conferred upon him at this time in anticipation of his projected visit to Australia to inaugurate the Federal Parliament.

Only three weeks afterwards, on January 22, 1901, Queen Victoria passed peacefully away, with her children and grandchildren around her. Her last days had been embittered by the protracted war in South Africa; her heart had been wrung by the stories of disaster and of the suffering on both sides which could not be withheld from her. There is little doubt that the sight of his mother's distress had much to do with King Edward's devotion to the interests of international peace.

It may be interesting to insert here a portion of the speech made by the new King to his first Council in St James's Palace, since, in a later chapter, the first speech of King George after his accession will also be quoted.

'In undertaking the heavy load which now devolves upon me,' said King Edward, 'I am fully determined to be a Constitutional Sovereign in the strictest sense of the word, and, as long as there is breath in my body, to work for the good and amelioration of my people.'

The King's anxieties were at this time very greatly increased by the illness of Prince George, who was attacked by German measles, and was unable to attend Queen Victoria's funeral. Happily the disease took a favourable turn, and the Prince, speedily recovering, was able to start on March 16 in the *Ophir*, on a great historical tour of the British Dominions.

CHAPTER XXIII

AN HISTORIC TOUR

THE rapid development of the vast resources of the Australian continent by men of British race, and her wonderful advance into the forefront of progressive nations, is one of the most telling refutations of the heresy that Britain is a dying power and that her children are decadent.

Under the Southern Cross Britons have shown an energy, an initiative, and an amount of enterprise at which the whole world has wondered. Sites but a few decades ago covered with virgin bush, the haunt of the aborigine and the dingo, are to-day adorned with busy streets and palatial buildings; the myriad voices of industry have banished for ever the silence of countless unfruitful ages.

Yet at so great distances from each other were the first centres of population in the vast unclaimed areas, that intercourse was difficult and community of interests almost impossible. Each group of settlements was concerned at first principally in its own strenuous wrestle with the difficulties which confront man's effort to make a permanent home in what has hitherto been a wilderness; and as each grew in strength, and its increasing population embarked upon industrial ventures, a rivalry ensued which brought in its train the bitterness of tariff walls and conflicting fiscal systems.

The six divisions of New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, Tasmania, and West Australia, which common interests should have bound

firmly together, were in danger of becoming mutually antagonistic states, exhausting their strength in striving each to secure its own advantage at the expense of the others.

From this fratricidal folly they were saved by the far-sighted wisdom and eminent common sense of the statesmen to whose unceasing and patriotic labours was due the final acceptance by all the six colonies of the scheme for uniting them in a Federal Commonwealth.

When the Bill, the provisions of which had already been approved by the six colonial governments, was finally passed by the Parliament of the mother-country, a Royal proclamation was issued on September 18, 1900, setting out that 'on and after January 1st next the people of New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Queensland, Tasmania, and Western Australia shall be united in a Federal Commonwealth under the name of the Commonwealth of Australia.'

The formation of this second great federation of colonies within the British Empire was the source of the keenest satisfaction to Queen Victoria; and she immediately decided that the Duke of Cornwall should be sent as her representative to open the first Federal Parliament at Melbourne.

The lamented death of the Queen was not permitted to interfere with this arrangement. It is, indeed, a tradition of the British Royal Family that private grief must stand aside for business of the State and public duty; and in the midst of his very real sorrow for his beloved mother King Edward made the necessary arrangements for the carrying out of her wish.

To part with his only son for the greater part of

a year—for the scope of the tour had been extended to take in most of the English-speaking dominions across the sea—must have been a severe wrench to King Edward; while to the Duke and Duchess of York it must have been hard indeed to leave their children for such a lengthy period. Who knew what might happen while they were away, or if ever again their arms should enfold their loved ones? Gracious and smiling and responsive as the Duchess showed herself to the kindly, loyal folk who cheered and welcomed her wherever the *Ophir* brought her and her husband, she carried about with her the anxious, aching heart of a mother separated from her children.

The importance of their journey to the British race; its message to the nations of the world, friendly or envious; the definite result it had in drawing more closely together the separated units of the Empire; the assurance it carried to loyal colonists that their assistance had been gratefully accepted by the mother-country in her need; the proof it afforded that the heart of the Empire was not indifferent to the interests and concerns of its remote members, were only some of the benefits accruing from this remarkable tour. The effect upon those at home who followed it closely and learnt from the accounts of it something of the vast energy and enthusiasm of their brethren beyond the sea, was not less than its effect upon the colonists themselves. For many people in England it rediscovered Greater Britain, opening their eyes to the magnitude of the work accomplished by Britons in far-off lands, and quickening their imagination—lifting them out of the rut of Little Englandism.

King George and Queen Mary have the inestimable advantage over their predecessors of being personally

known to thousands of their colonial subjects—of having talked with them and judged of their difficulties and triumphs on the spot and not merely from hearsay. Their eyes have beheld the wider vision; the mistake of parochialism can never be theirs. For nearly eight months they went from country to country, from city to city, touching in all their journey at only one spot—Port Said—where the British flag flies not—and, even here, finding themselves under the ægis of British rule and British protection. In their journey of nearly forty-seven thousand miles they visited seventeen British possessions in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australasia and America, with an area of seven and a quarter million square miles and a population of nineteen million, eleven millions of these people being of European birth or origin, the great majority of our own British race.

Embarking on the *Ophir* at Portsmouth on March 16, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York sailed first to Gibraltar, H.M.S. *Diadem* and *Niobe* escorting them to the mouth of the Straits, and there delivering over their charge to the *Andromeda* and *Diana*. The town of Gibraltar was *en fête*; triumphal arches had been erected, and everything possible done to show honour to the representatives of His Majesty.

From Gibraltar the *Ophir* steamed eastward to Malta, and thence to Port Said. An impressive sight she must have been, especially at night-time, when with her two attendant warships she glided like a mighty glow-worm across the dark waters of the Mediterranean. Her deck houses were of two stories, and lighted throughout by electricity, and the ports below them, large and square, gave out also in fine weather a flood of radiance. In the daytime her white paintwork and gleaming brass glittering and

winking in the sunshine made her a picture delightful to gaze upon, especially in contrast with the grim, black-hulled warships which followed, one upon the port quarter and the other on the starboard, at a distance of half-a-mile or so.

The welcome given to the Royal tourists at Malta was distinguished not only by its enthusiasm but its many unique features. Sir John Fisher and the officers of his fleet had invented, and their artificers had contrived, a remarkable marine menagerie of sea-monsters, including a mighty sea-serpent and a dolphin at least forty feet in length. The natives of the island came in their hundreds to welcome the Duke and Duchess at Verdala Palace; and the civil and military dignities did their utmost to make the occasion memorable in the annals of the historic island.

The voyage through the Suez Canal and down the Red Sea was uneventful, and Aden was reached at seven o'clock on the morning of April 7, which happened to be Good Friday. Here the *Juno* and the *St George*, which were to accompany her to Australia, were awaiting the Royal yacht, and they and the guardship *Raccoon* were manned and dressed to welcome her, thundering out in company with the shore batteries a salute of thirty-one guns.

The town of Aden itself cannot be seen from the harbour, spreading as it does over a broad plateau shut in by steep and rugged cliffs of volcanic rock, gray and brown and green, and surrounded by evidences of fiery upheavals in the distant past. Landing is usually effected at Steamer Point; and here the landing-stage had been converted into a palm-shaded pavilion, whose roof was made up of British flags and whose floor was covered with beautiful Eastern

carpets. Stretching away from this for five miles to the Crater and the Tanks were triumphal arches and decorations—the palm-branches, maize and millet stalks and ears for which had been brought on camel-back from the interior of Yemen. Along the beach and on either side of the streets in the settlement at Steamer Point and Aden were festoons and scrolls and brightly-coloured lanterns; while the groups of gaily-clad Arabs, Hindoos, and Somalis, with their beaming, welcoming faces, added not a little to the picturesque effect.

On board the *Ophir*, as she lay off Steamer Point, an impressive ceremony took place before the landing of their Royal Highnesses. Lined up on the deck were those blue-jackets and marines of the *Juno* and *St George* who had served in the South African War, receiving from the Prince the medals which expressed to them their country's appreciation of their valour and steadfastness.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the boat conveying the Duke and Duchess to the landing-stage was seen leaving the side of the *Ophir*, and there broke out to the accompaniment of the saluting guns such cheering from warships and shore as the sun-baked rocks of Aden had never before heard. European and native seemed to vie with each other in voicing their delight at this visit of the son of the Emperor of India and his gracious consort. On either side of the pavilion were enclosures filled with European and Asiatic officers and notables and ladies, while drawn up as a guard of honour were the white-uniformed men of the West Kent Regiment, dipping their shot-riddled colours as the Royal visitors passed. Beyond them and around, rising in tiers among the heat-scorched rocks between the settlement and the town, were

hundreds of excited Africans and Asiatics, adding their shrill tones to the general hubbub.

Awaiting their Royal Highnesses in the pavilion was the Parsee merchant to whom had been delegated the duty of reading the address of welcome. His father it was who had performed a like function in 1875 when King Edward, then Prince of Wales, landed on the shores of the peninsula. Standing near him were the Sultans of Lahej and Abdali, magnificently clad and attended by their swarthy escort of fierce-looking Arabs.

In a few well-chosen words, spoken in a clear, sonorous voice, the Duke acknowledged and replied to the address; and then, entering the carriages provided, he and the Duchess drove off to the Tanks, attended by the tall, lithe Bombay Cavalry, and saluted as they passed by the troops guarding the route.

The roads of Aden are splendidly engineered and exceedingly well kept; and the Royal party rolled along swiftly and pleasantly to the gap in the crags that commands a view of the Crater beyond, with the white-walled town lying in the midst of its grim and forbidding desolation. Driving through the crowded streets, they arrived at those mighty, walled-up chasms, fifty in number, in which the precious water falling on the bare and rugged hills is stored for the use of townspeople and garrison. As the evening shadows were falling they returned once more aboard the *Ophir*, where a brilliant reception was held, the people ashore keeping up their rejoicing in the brightly-illuminated streets till the sailing of the *Ophir* just before midnight.

CHAPTER XXIV

ACROSS THE INDIAN OCEAN

LEAVING Aden at midnight on the 7th of April, the *Ophir* reached Colombo on the morning of the 12th, and did not leave again until the 18th. The voyage across the Arabian Sea had been most trying through the moist heat of the atmosphere; and it was arranged that during the greater part of their stay in Ceylon the Duke and Duchess should reside in the King's Pavilion near Kandy, used by the Governor, Sir J. West Ridgeway, as a country house. Here, amongst the hills, it was thought that the temperature would be somewhat lower than at Colombo.

Brief, however, as was the stay of the Royal party to be in their beautiful town, the people of Colombo had spared no pains to show how sincere was their welcome. The four warships lying within the great breakwater were covered with bunting; and on the beach beyond were crowds of natives—Tamils, Cingalese, Moormen, Hindoos, and Malays, wearing their brightest holiday attire of red or white or blue, pink or brown or purple—waiting to witness the landing of the Prince, whom some of them had seen as a merry sailor lad so many years before.

But, though the loyalty and delight of these men and women of Asiatic race were keenly appreciated by him who was to be in the future Emperor of a great Asiatic state, it was not principally to them that the Royal visit was paid. Ceylon, in spite of its myriad native population, is essentially a British colony; at least six thousand men of British origin

have settled in its fertile valleys and on its breezy uplands; and during the Boer War had sent to the front a very fine body of volunteers, whose smartness and courage had won praise from general and correspondent on more than one occasion. It was to convey to these brave men the thanks of the people of the Old Country that Prince George landed at Colombo.

On the landing jetty was a pavilion or pandal of light and graceful structure, adorned with the flowers and leaves and fruits of the island—cocoanut, plantain, orchid, and lotus. Beneath it, on a raised dais, were set the seats for their Highnesses, behind each of which stood a native boy with a long golden fan. The heat was intense; but the Duke and Duchess seemed not to be inconvenienced by it as they sat listening to the addresses of the Municipal and Legislative Councils, and of the Chamber of Commerce. The gathering of European residents and native dignitaries surrounding the dais listened with evident pleasure to the well-chosen words in which the Duke expressed his thanks; and then, through the lovely, garden-fringed streets, with their tasteful decorations and cheering crowds, the Royal party took its way to the station, escorted by the stalwart representatives of the Ceylon Mounted Infantry.

At the station were more decorations—most of them of native design and construction—and as weird a collection of Buddhist masks, devil-dancers, and yellow-wigged, magnificently robed personages with painted faces, representing the ancient Kandian monarchs, as could be found in the two hemispheres. The Duke and Duchess walked to their saloon over grains of burnt rice strewn in their path by the two little daughters of the station-master, who also

scattered their luck-bringing particles over the line in front of the engine.

Prince George was travelling over ground familiar to him as the train ascended to Kandy; but to his wife the beautiful valleys, with their wealth of blossoming trees, the deep gorges into whose shadows poured many a sparkling stream, the emerald-green mountains with their cloud-capped summits, seemed a veritable Fairy-land. Once during the journey the Prince descended from the train to receive the address of some Cingalese chiefs, and at the station when they reached Kandy more addresses were presented, after which their Royal Highnesses drove through the verdant lanes of this ancient capital to the Pavilion, set in the midst of one of the loveliest gardens in the world.

Later in the evening Prince George witnessed once again that impressive spectacle entirely peculiar to Kandy—the procession of elephants. Forty of these majestic animals, headed by a white elephant standing on a cart drawn by a powerful ox, paced slowly through the Pavilion grounds, preceded and accompanied by torch-bearers, stately chiefs and fantastic devil-dancers. Before the Pavilion the procession drew up in line, the devil-dancers throwing into their contortions an amount of energy that caused the sweat to course down their dusky skins, and here they were thanked by Prince George for the honour done to him.

Duke and Duchess alike had charmed every one by their unwearied courtesy and the apparent freshness of their interest in all these ceremonies; but the members of their suite were utterly fatigued by the long day, the numerous functions, and the sweltering heat. The next day was even more fully taken up

by receptions and ceremonies. On this day, the 13th of April, the Duke presented to the Ceylon Mounted Infantry the King's colours, and distributed the South African medals to the officers and men who had served in the war.

On the lawn in front of the beautiful, white-columned Pavilion were drawn up in khaki uniform, a company of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, the Ceylon Mounted Infantry, and the Planters' Rifle Corps, the men forming three sides of a hollow square, into which the Prince advanced to the table whereon were laid in readiness the medals to be presented.

Speaking in a clear and resonant voice Prince George thanked the men, in the name of his father, the King, for their gallant and patriotic services, mentioning particularly the devotion of one family in sending three of its sons to uphold the cause of Britain in South Africa.

A guard of honour now brought up and unfolded the new colours, which were solemnly blessed by the Bishop of Colombo. Presenting them to Major Gordon Reeves, to whose initiative the corps owed its inception, the Duke said: 'I confide these colours to your trust. May they ever be an incentive to everything that can conduce to the honour of your regiment!'

Rising from his knee, Major Reeves thanked the Duke in a few manly words, promising to defend the colours with his blood and his life. The troops then saluted the colours, and the band struck up the National Anthem, the echoes of the inspiring strains being flung back by the distant purple mountains, among whose rugged crests dark thunder clouds were rolling, vivid flashes of lightning alternating with the low rumble of thunder.

The medals were then presented, the Duke shaking the hand of each of the recipients. The whole ceremony, amid the tropical beauty of the scene, was most impressive.

In the evening a durbar was held in the old Audience Hall. The hall is the same in which the kings of Kandy used to receive by night the ambassadors of foreign nations, and had a very finely carved timber roof, supported by carved pillars of teak. At the inner end was the dais for the Royal party, and a passage covered with an Indian carpet led to it between tiers of seats where a brilliant throng of spectators, British and native, were gathered to witness the ceremony. The Kandyan chiefs who were to be presented lined up along this passage-way.

The gleaming of the jewels worn by the native princes and their women-folk, the lovely dresses of the European ladies, and the uniforms of the British officers made, under the brilliant electric light, a most gorgeous spectacle as their Royal Highnesses advanced towards the dais. Here were awaiting them native chairs draped in scarlet—that set for the Prince being the state-chair of the last king of Kandy, specially brought for the purpose from the neighbouring temple—and behind the chairs stood the sons of native chieftains, dressed as pages and bearing long fans. So that nothing might be lacking in the semi-barbaric, Eastern character of the occasion, several magnificent elephant tusks had been lent by the Buddhist priests for the decoration of the platform.

The Kandyan chiefs between whom the Duke and Duchess advanced to the dais were themselves a remarkable sight. Their state robes were such as their ancestors had worn on like occasions, made of

rich stuffs stiff with embroidery; and on their heads they carried great square-topped hats richly decorated with gold and jewels. Round their waists were wound cummerbunds of white silk worked with crimson and gold, sixty yards at least in length, the multiplicity of folds making them look rather more than comfortably portly.

The chieftains were presented in order of precedence; and then two native ladies were presented to the Duchess, whose gracious bow and smile filled them with unconcealed delight.

Among the spectators was the Egyptian rebel leader, Arabi Pasha, not yet permitted to return to his native country, but evidently fairly content, and to judge from appearances, in excellent health.

After the durbar the Duke and Duchess went to see the famous tooth in the rock-hewn shrine of the Dalada Maligawa, the yellow-robed, shaven priests chanting as they lighted the way.

It was yet early for Kandy when the Royal party left the temple, though it was now well past midnight; and their Royal Highnesses drove round the lake and through the streets to see the wonderful illuminations and fireworks, cheered as they went by enormous crowds of happy and enthusiastic natives.

Leaving Kandy on the 15th, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall returned to Colombo, where there were more receptions, illuminations, and rejoicings. The last night of their stay was especially remarkable. Harbour and breakwater burst into vivid light and colour at midnight, after the grand reception, at which were presented the *élite* of the British residents. The streets, packed with a seething crowd of many races, were bright as day with torches and lanterns and flares, and the glare of rockets and fireworks.

The warships flung back an electric radiance to the illuminated breakwater and quays as their Royal Highnesses and their suite drove down to the harbour, there to embark once more upon the Royal yacht, and commence another stage of their journey.

Through sweltering heat, varied by occasional thunderstorms, the *Ophir* and her attendant guardships steamed on to the Straits of Malacca and Singapore. At the Lion City they met with a reception quite as spontaneous and gratifying as those at Aden and Colombo. Chinaman, Malay, Kling, and Hindoo vied with the German, Dutch, and British residents in showing by every means in their power their appreciation of the honour done to them by the Heir to the British Throne. The decoration of the Chinese quarter was especially effective. Whole streets were roofed with brightly-coloured silk; festoons of lanterns and of flowers mingled with grotesque cartoons and monstrous figures, triumphal arches, and trophies of flags. Singapore is above everything else a Chinese town, where a preponderant Chinese population lives happily and thrives hugely under the firm and benevolent rule of Britain. The Chinese residents had already shown their loyalty by sending large contributions to the fund for the sick and wounded in the South African War; but they now had a further chance of personal homage, of which they were not slow to take advantage. Of all the residents they were foremost in their expressions of loyalty; their lantern procession on the Monday night, with its dragons, serpents, mighty fishes, junks, elephants of paper, and nameless gaudy monsters, was the most wondrous spectacle seen by the Duke and Duchess on their travels; the casket containing their loyal address was by far the richest and most costly.

In loyalty, however, the native princes of the Malay Peninsula vied with Chinaman or German; and at the durbar held in the Town Hall the Sultans of Perak, Pahang, and Selangor, and the Yam Tuan of Negri Sembilan were presented to their Royal Highnesses. An interesting part of the ceremony was the investiture by the Duke of the Sultan of Perak with the order of a Knight of Michael and George, the proud and sensitive face of the Sultan glowing with pride and pleasure as the Duke placed the red and blue ribbon of the order over his shoulders.

In spite of the oppressive heat, the Duke and Duchess thoroughly enjoyed their brief stay in this busy Eastern mart, riding through the native quarters in rickshaws and visiting the lake and the Botanical Gardens.

As they returned from the latter excursion, they were met by a procession of five thousand school children—Malay, Chinese, Eurasian, and Hindoo. A little girl advancing from the ranks presented to the Duchess a beautiful bouquet, and then the whole five thousand struck up 'God Save the King' in the quaintest English, but in perfect time and tune.

But Asia and the loyal Asiatic subjects of King Edward were now to be left behind, and the *Ophir* was to point her prow towards that great southern continent where a vigorous young nation awaited the opening of her first Federal Parliament by the representative of King Edward.

CHAPTER XXV

A MAGNIFICENT RECEPTION AND AN IMPOSING CEREMONY

PAST the forest-covered shores of Sumatra the *Ophir* pursued her way to the Straits of Sunda, the picturesque channel between Sumatra and Java which forms the gateway between the Java Sea and the eastern waters of the Indian Ocean.

The equator had, of course, been crossed two days before, just to the south of Singapore; but it was not till the vessels were clear of the narrow seas that King Neptune came aboard. This slight delay was not unexpected; for, while the three ships were steaming from Colombo to Singapore, the *Ophir* had signalled to her two consorts: 'His Royal Highness received a telegram while at Colombo from Mr and Mrs Neptune expressing their intention of visiting the ships of the squadron on April 25. His Royal Highness hopes that you will permit this visit, and as there must be many young men on board your ships who have not yet had the honour of a personal introduction to this old Sea Dog, he trusts that you will allow the ancient custom of the service to be carried out for the entertainment and amusement of the ship's company.'

On the 25th, therefore, as the vessels cleared the Straits of Sunda and headed for the shores of Western Australia, they were hailed in the time-honoured way, and the sea-king and his consort came aboard. Although the Duke had undergone his initiation many years before, and had crossed the line several times

since, at his own wish he was once more shaved, doctored, and ducked, joining in the fun with a zest and spirit that recalled to some of those on board the merry sailor lad of the *Bacchante*.

As the ceremony of initiation was drawing to a close, and the last novice was crawling amid cheers and laughter from his involuntary salt-water bath, the *Juno* signalled: 'From Father Neptune to His Royal Highness the Duke of Cornwall and York. In compliance with your wish I have to-day mustered the officers and ship's company, and all those who have not previously crossed the line have been duly made freemen of the sea. The only thing of importance I noticed was that the main-brace of the *Juno* requires splicing.'

After consultation with the Duke, the captain of the *Ophir* signalled in reply: 'His Royal Highness noticed that the main-braces of the *Ophir*, *Juno*, and *St George* require splicing, and hopes this may be done this evening.'

The day's frolic ended in an excellent concert given by the bluejackets on the quarter-deck, at which both the Duke and Duchess were present.

Nothing else of moment occurred on board the *Ophir* during the passage to Melbourne. The *Juno* and *St George* put into Albany to coal; but it had been arranged that the Royal yacht should proceed direct to the capital of Victoria, so that the first landing of the Duke and Duchess in Australia should be made there.

The receptions accorded to the representatives of King Edward at Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, Colombo, and Singapore, impressive though they had been, were cast entirely into the shade by the enthusiastic welcome accorded to the Prince and Princess by the

people gathered together in the great southern city. People had for days been hurrying from all parts of the colony to take part in the opening of a new epoch for Australia; tens of thousands of excursionists arrived in Melbourne on the morning of May 6 itself, the day fixed for the entry of their Royal Highnesses, the railway officials estimating the total number at not less than three hundred and seventy-five thousand. Adding this number to the five hundred thousand residents and the one hundred thousand visitors already lodged in the city, gives an aggregate of nearly a million loyal and enthusiastic colonists, each and all eager to demonstrate by popular acclaim their appreciation of the Royal visit and all that it meant, their unswerving devotion to the Mother-land, and their satisfaction at the political union of the Australian States, which the ceremony of May 9 was to confirm and make effective.

The arrangements had been made with consummate ability by those responsible for them; and along the whole eight miles from St Kilda's Pier through the main streets of the city Australian troops lined the route and kept perfect order. The broad straight streets of the southern metropolis were magnificently decorated, on a scale of grandeur surpassing anything ever attempted even in London; and at each side were elevated stands crammed with hundreds of thousands of spectators. To the Duke and Duchess the thought that nearly every unit of the cheering crowds was of British race must have been heart-stirring and inspiring. Here, under the Southern Cross, was a new and Greater Britain of infinite possibilities, of almost boundless potentialities!

Some prophetic foreshadowing of what the Australia of the future might be seemed to dawn upon

the minds of the representatives of foreign powers as they watched the passing of the splendidly-mounted stalwart troopers, who, squadron after squadron, and company after company, preceded and followed the carriages containing the Duke and Duchess and their suite. From Victoria, New South Wales, South Australia, West Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, these splendid fellows had come together, forming in themselves an army to which any enemy of the Empire would have to give earnest consideration.

As the Royal carriage passed the Domain—the great public park of Melbourne—thirty-five thousand school children, massed on the slopes on either side of the route, burst into the opening bars of 'God Save the King,' singing the National Anthem with a vigour, tunefulness, and precision which delighted those privileged to hear them.

This Royal progress was, however, but a beginning of festivities, processions, receptions, and other public ceremonies filling the ten days of their Royal Highnesses' stay in the city. The notable day was, of course, that of the formal opening of the Federal Parliament, which took place on the 9th. The stands were crammed once more with hundreds of thousands of eager sight-seers as the Royal procession went past to the Exhibition Building, in which the Federal Parliament was to be inaugurated. Here at least twelve thousand people waited the coming of the son of their King to put the final seal to the work of Australia's statesmen. A splendidly representative assembly it was, comprising the cream of the six Australian States—the majority of the men with a record behind them of patriotic labour nobly achieved.

The impressive silence of the waiting crowd was at length broken by an eager murmur. The cheering of the multitudes outside grew ever nearer. The trumpeters stationed on either side of the platform under the dome raised their instruments to their lips and blew a fanfare as the Duke and his consort advanced into the building. Then the orchestra and choir voiced the loyalty and devotion of the assembly in a magnificent rendering of the National Anthem.

The Duke and Duchess took their appointed places on the platform facing the senators of the Parliament about to be called into being, who sat in a compact body immediately in front of the dais. Behind their Royal Highnesses were the Governors of the six States; to their right were the naval and military officers and the civil dignitaries of the Commonwealth.

As in our own British Parliament, Black Rod summoned the Lower House to attend, so that the members might hear the Royal Commission read by Prince George. As he stepped back the whole vast assembly stood up and sang 'All people that on earth do dwell,' the representatives meanwhile filing into their places behind the senators. The Governor-General, Lord Hopetoun, now read the prayers—for Australia has no State Church—and the Clerk the Royal Patent, according the Prince full power from His Majesty, King Edward VII., to hold a Parliament of the Commonwealth of Australia.

Stepping forward with covered head, Prince George, in a clear, distinct, and impressive voice, read the King's message, concluding: 'I now, in his name, and on his behalf, declare this Parliament open.'

A mighty cheer rose and rose again from the assembled thousands, the trumpeters sounded a triumphal

fanfare, and the guns of the Field Artillery outside thundered forth a Royal salute. At the same instant the Duchess pressed a button which sent an electric message to every school in Victoria, giving the signal for the unfurling of the Union Jack, and also for the despatch of the Prince's cablegram to the King announcing the accomplishment of the task with which he had been charged.

Stepping forward again, the Prince read the words of the cablegram he had received from King Edward: 'My thoughts are with you on the day of this important event. Most fervently do I wish the Commonwealth of Australia prosperity and great happiness.'

The cheers broke out again at these gracious words—words which showed that the Federation of the Australian States met with the hearty approval of their Sovereign; and then came the routine work of swearing in the members of the Senate and of the House of Representatives by Lord Hopetoun, and the signing of the roll. As they left the hall to elect their President and Speaker, the band played the opening bars of the 'Hallelujah Chorus,' and then 'Rule Britannia,' the people joining in heartily.

A new nation had been born; a country almost as large in area as Europe, and with resources as yet hardly tapped, had been brought under one Government; a tremendous impetus had been given to the forces of progress in the southern continent. Never did Prince and Princess play a leading rôle in a more impressive or more pregnant ceremony!

CHAPTER XXVI

AN IMPERIAL COMMONWEALTH

Two outstanding impressions were left upon the mind of Prince George by his second visit to Australia—the marvellously rapid development and opening up of the country, and the enthusiastic loyalty of its people. The dignity and importance of the new nation at whose birth he had so ably officiated was borne in upon him with startling force during the next day's review of the colonial troops at Flemington, four miles out of the city of Melbourne.

On May 8 the Duke had presented to the Victorian soldiers who had fought in the Boer War the medals by which the Mother-Country showed her appreciation of their services. There were altogether five hundred of these tokens to be presented; and all but three of the men marched up to the Duke in soldierly fashion, their faces beaming with pride and pleasure. The remaining three men were unable, by reason of their severe injuries, to leave the bench upon which they sat watching the ceremony; but as the last of their comrades marched away with his medal, the Duke and Duchess crossed over to the bench and talked earnestly and sympathetically with the wounded men, the Duke presenting them with the medals so thoroughly well deserved.

In this ceremony the Duke bore to the Australians a message of thanks from the people of Great Britain; but two days later he was charged by the Australian nation with a message of loyalty and encouragement to the Homeland.

No Briton could look upon the fifteen thousand picked representatives of the Australian forces drawn up for review on Flemington racecourse without a deep indrawing of the breath, as the thought came home to him that in any future trouble Great Britain will not stand alone—that the children whose infancy she has guarded are ready and able to march shoulder to shoulder with her as she progresses towards the goal of her imperial destiny.

At two o'clock the Duke, attended by Prince Alexander of Teck, Major-General French, and the members of His Royal Highness's staff, rode on to the course in the uniform of a colonel of the 7th Royal Fusiliers, the guns of the Field Artillery thundering out a Royal salute.

Fronting the grand stand, where, in the Royal pavilion draped with scarlet and purple, the Duchess of Cornwall and York (with the Duchess of Hopetoun and the ladies of her suite) sat as an interested spectator, were the cadets of whom Victoria is so justly proud. Nearly five thousand of these well-built, finely trained lads, in their khaki suits and felt hats, saluted the Duke as he rode slowly past their lines, their smartness and soldierly appearance gaining the unstinted admiration of those who now beheld them for the first time.

Besides the infantry, cavalry, and artillery from the States of the Commonwealth, there had been drawn up for the Prince's inspection a body of bare-footed Fijian native constabulary, and a troop of Maoris from New Zealand—men of military bearing and fine physique.

After the inspection came a grand march past to the music of the massed artillery bands, a body of marines and bluejackets from the warships at

Melbourne drawing hearty cheers from the thousands of spectators, to whom the imperial significance of the occasion seemed of vastly greater importance than the preserving of their holiday raiment from the soaking showers blown across the racecourse by a keen Antarctic wind.

The patriotic loyalty of the Australians was well expressed by Dr Morrison, Principal of the Melbourne Presbyterian College, in his address to the Duke on May 15.

'We have striven,' he said, 'to send forth from our schools good and true men, loyal and patriotic citizens, who will not only do their work well in every social, civil, and religious capacity, but will fight if need be for their King and country, as so many of our old boys recently have fought. Patriotism and loyalty are natural products of Victorian soil, and we humbly pray your Royal Highness to tell our King and Queen that throughout His Majesty's wide dominions there is no spot where the sentiments of loyalty and devotion to His Majesty's person and Government are stronger and more genuine than in this distant corner of the Empire, which is proud of bearing the ever-honoured name of Victoria.'

Dr Morrison might well have said that 'patriotism and loyalty are natural products of Australian soil'; for, wherever the Royal party stayed or halted there was shown the same whole-hearted enthusiasm and earnest wish to give the pleasantest possible time to the Duke and Duchess, and to assure the Old Country through them of the unswerving faithfulness of her children under southern skies.

It might, of course, have been expected that the older colonists, many of whom had been born in Britain, would show strong affection for the land

of their nativity; but the demonstrations were not by any means confined to them. Throughout the length and breadth of the continent the children took a most active part in the ceremonies of welcome. Sometimes only in scores or hundreds, sometimes in massed choirs of thousands of bright-faced boys and girls, they sang sweetly and with evident feeling the National Anthem, 'Rule Britannia,' and other patriotic songs.

The Prince and Princess were deeply impressed by the sturdy, English appearance of the children, a majority of whom seemed to be blue-eyed and fair-haired like their own youngsters at home.

A magnificent opportunity of seeing Eastern Australia in many of its varying aspects was afforded their Royal Highnesses in the thirteen hundred miles' train journey from Melbourne to Brisbane. It had been arranged that the *Ophir* should carry them to the Queensland capital by sea; but the report that bubonic plague was suspected there made it possible that the Royal yacht would not afterwards be permitted to land her passengers at Sydney until after a period of quarantine, which would have upset the arrangements made with regard to the visits to follow to other colonies. Brisbane was therefore approached overland, the route passing through some of Australia's fairest scenery, and through some, also, of her wildest bush and uncleared wilderness.

The arrangements made by the railway companies were altogether admirable; and, except for the fact that a transference to another train had twice to be made because of the difference of gauge of the railways of the three States, the journey was perfectly smooth and uninterrupted.

At Brisbane the Duke and Duchess stayed for five

busy and very pleasant days, going through the usual routine of addresses, receptions, reviews, presentations, and processions, appreciating to the full the affection and loyalty to the Homeland expressed in the hearty welcome of the warm-hearted Queenslanders.

Two of the triumphal arches are worthy of notice, as nothing quite like them was seen again by their Royal Highnesses during their tour. One was called the 'Aboriginal Arch,' and was constructed of brown and fibrous ti-tree bark, decorated with ferns, palm-leaves, kangaroo skins, and weapons of native design and manufacture. On the step-like ledges models of native huts were perched; and round them were grouped sixty black fellows with some of their gins and piccaninnies. The men were painted after the native fashion in white and red stripes, and carried spears and boomerangs.

The other arch set out quite as graphically the triumph of civilisation over savagery. Under a golden crown were grouped picturesquely specimens of the numerous products due to the energy and labour of the white settlers. Snow-white wool, huge horns and heads of cattle, sheaves of wheat and trophies of maize, opalescent pearl-shells and gilded nuggets, pine-apples and sugar-cane, spoke eloquently of the vast changes made in the sub-tropical State within only a few decades.

As a matter of fact, the finances of Brisbane and of Queensland were not a little strained at this time through the six years' drought from which the colony was just emerging; but no symptom of depression or even of serious discouragement was in any way observable. The townsmen and settlers alike seemed to take the matter philosophically, learning from their experience valuable lessons for the future.

The railway journey from Brisbane to Sydney was agreeably broken so that a 'bush-picnic' might be held on the fringe of the Darling Downs. There was a typical bushman's tent and camp-fire, a 'billy' in which to boil water and make tea, and a 'damper'—perhaps of finer materials and of richer flavour than that usually enjoyed in the Australian bush.

The Prince and Princess first watched with interest a 'round-up' of bullocks, and the 'cutting-out' of selected animals by the stock-riders. In this sport Lord Lamington, Sir Arthur Bigge, and Viscount Crichton joined with zest and success; and then an adjournment was made to the camp, where billy-tea and damper were partaken of with keen appetite amid much fun and laughter.

Another interesting stop was made at Newcastle, the centre of the New South Wales coalfield. Here the Royal party met with a most enthusiastic reception, men, women, and children crowding the station platform and filling the air with ringing cheers.

Sunday, the 26th of May, was passed amid the beautiful, peaceful scenery of the Hawksbury River, in the broad estuary of which the *Ophir* and the *Juno* lay at anchor, waiting to convey the Duke and Duchess round to Sydney on the Monday morning.

The entry of the Royal yacht, attended by her two companion warships, and followed by the vessels of the Australian squadron, and by the yacht *Victoria* with the ministers, members of Parliament, and State officials who had come to welcome the Duke and Duchess to Sydney, was the signal for the commencement of such a ten days' holiday as the people of New South Wales will probably never again experience. Not to be outdone by the rival city of Melbourne, the citizens of Sydney had spared neither time nor

money in the wonderfully harmonious and tasteful decoration of their beautiful city; while so full and so varied was the programme of naval and military reviews, concerts, levées, presentations of addresses, dinners, University commemorations, and other important functions, that the Duke had hardly a moment to himself, hastening from ceremony to ceremony, winning all hearts by his unaffected appreciation of the spirit which prompted so elaborate a display, presenting medals to veterans, replying in his usual happy and tactful manner to the loyal speeches and addresses, and yet, with it all, maintaining the dignity and courtliness expected from a son of the King of England.

The receptions held by their Royal Highnesses in the cities of Australia were, however, much less formal than similar functions at home. Prince George evidently wished to get to know personally the leading men in our southern dependency, and to hear their views upon both Imperial and Colonial subjects. On their part the wish to converse with their future sovereign, or even to shake him by the hand, was equally keen. In one single morning at Melbourne the Prince shook hands with four thousand people, some of whom gripped his hand fervently and held it for quite a time. His vigorous athletic training enabled him to come through this ordeal without other ill effect than a slight numbness in his left arm.

While the presentations were proceeding, one of his suite who saw him pause for a moment after a more than usually vigorous handshake and rub his fingers, suggested that he should rest for awhile before receiving those who awaited their turn to be presented.

To this the Prince would not consent. 'Oh, no,' he answered, 'I'll see it through.'

The speech was characteristic of the spirit of King George. What he takes in hand to do, he sees through. He is pre-eminently a man of method, laying out his work on a definite plan, and so getting through it with the least possible waste of time and without confusion. His methodical habits have throughout his life been of the utmost service to him. Everything worthy of note he jots down in his private journal, recording his observations of men, of institutions, of social and political problems, and attempts at their solution, besides whatever closely touches his Empire or his people.

To the Australians he is a real personality; they have seen him, heard him speak, conversed with him, held his hand. To him, and to the gracious lady, his wife, who spoke so kindly to and of their children, and so often expressed her appreciation of the warm welcome they accorded her as their future Queen, the affection and loyalty of our brethren under the Southern Cross are indissolubly linked. The mutual affection which sprang up between the merry midddy of the *Bacchante* and the colonists in the early eighties was strengthened and deepened by his second visit.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE 'BRITAIN OF THE SOUTH'

IN Australia their Royal Highnesses had been received, welcomed, and entertained by loyal colonists almost entirely of their own British race. They had heard and understood and sympathised with the passionate declaration of the people of the Common-

wealth that none save Europeans should have part or lot in the new nation at whose birth they had been present. The ardent desire of the colonists for a 'White Australia' met with their hearty and sincere approval. It was evident to them that to admit a race so low in the scale of mental and moral development as the 'black-fellows' to full rights of citizenship and political equality with men of British birth would be altogether impracticable and monstrous; whilst to allow their undeveloped areas, waiting only for the surplus labour of Britain, to be occupied by men of Asiatic race would inevitably spell disaster to the Commonwealth.

Four days after leaving Sydney, however, they reached a land where the natives were willingly admitted by the white settlers to equal political and social rights with themselves—a land without a 'colour' question, where two races of entirely different origin and traditions had learnt through years of bitter struggle to admire and respect and trust each other.

And, as if this were in itself not sufficiently remarkable, they found in New Zealand a nation every man and woman of which has a direct share in its policy—a land where men and women, British and Maori, have a legal right to record a vote in the election of the supreme Council of the colony.

They found, too, in this, the most remote member of the British Empire, a spirit of enthusiasm for and loyalty to the mother-country unsurpassed even in Australia—a loyalty so ungrudging and intense that the whole of the New Zealand young manhood was ready and eager to join the British forces in South Africa and help in maintaining the integrity of the Empire.

Prince George was deeply impressed by the martial spirit of the people of these 'Fortunate Isles,' both Maori and British, a spirit inherited on both sides from their warlike forefathers. For New Zealand has struggled into peace and happiness and prosperity through strenuous years of danger and strife, which have left their indelible mark upon the character of her people.

None of the cities visited by the Royal party—Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, or Dunedin—is remarkable for its size or the number of its inhabitants; for the people of this southern Britain do not crowd together into wildernesses of brick and mortar, but occupy the land, spreading out over it in thriving little townships and villages and homesteads.

Thousands of them had, however, assembled at Auckland to give to the son of their King and to his Consort a hearty and eager welcome, large numbers travelling many miles from remote stations in order to be present when the Duke and Duchess stepped ashore.

As the *Ophir* steamed regally into the beautiful harbour—as beautiful in the opinion of many competent judges as that of Sydney—which opens from the Gulf of Hauraki, attended by the *Juno* and the *St George*, and passed the six ships of the Australian squadron, 'dressed in flags and streamers gay,' she was met by a flotilla of steamers, launches, yachts, and sailing-boats bearing welcoming crowds, whose lusty cheers resounded on all sides as she slowly made her way towards the pretty red-roofed town rising in terraces from its long wharves to the wooded slopes of Mount Eden.

Alongside the wharves the water was deep enough

for the *Ophir* to lie moored; and wharves and streets were alike crowded with eager sightseers, many of whom had paid high fees for the privilege of occupying places on the wooden stands whence they might view the procession to Government House. Lining the route were the fine New Zealand soldiery, while the Auckland Mounted Rifles escorted the Royal party and its guard of honour of bluejackets.

A feature of the reception, for which their Royal Highnesses expressed their admiration, was a wonderful Union Jack composed of two thousand five hundred school-children dressed in red, white, and blue, a solid column of white-clad youngsters forming the flagstaff.

Among the most enthusiastic of the people in their welcome to the Duke and Duchess were hundreds of stalwart Maories, who, accompanied in many cases by their women-folk, had come to Auckland to give token of their loyalty to the grandson of the great Queen whose death they still sincerely mourned.

The next day, June 12, was one of various functions, the most important being the review of the New Zealand troops, at which the war medals were presented by Prince George to the soldiers who had fought in South Africa.

These men and the veteran soldiers of Britain settled in the island were afterwards addressed by the Prince at the banquet to which they were invited by the New Zealand Government. As the Prince entered the hall in which the banquet was held the four hundred tried warriors, many wearing a number of medals, sprang to their feet and gave him a tremendous ovation.

'I am proud to think,' said the Prince, in proposing the toast of these veterans, 'that I meet here to-day

not only your fine old soldiers, who, after serving your Queen in various campaigns, chose homes in New Zealand, but also your sons, who, inheriting the gallant spirit of their fathers, and keen to emulate their deeds, have, when their turn came, cheerfully given their services in defence of the old flag. If, in the future, whenever and wherever the mother hand is stretched across the sea, it can reckon on a grasp such as New Zealand has given—well, I think you will agree with me that the dear Old Country can look ahead with confidence.'

While in North Island their Royal Highnesses paid a visit to the Wonderland round Lake Rotorua, where a thin crust of solid earth covers subterranean fires and lakes of boiling water. Here, high above sea-level, is the most marvellous health resort in the world, with baths filled by geysers harnessed to the service of mankind.

At the station, about one hundred and twenty miles from Auckland, the Duke and Duchess were welcomed by two thousand Maories of several different tribes, never before brought together in peace and amity. The men wore British dress, but over it the majority had donned the native mats, and carried spears and clubs and meres—battle-axes of greenstone with shafts of whalebone. The women had also put on over their European skirts their brightly-coloured mats of dyed flax strings, and carried green branches, which they waved while singing the Maori song of welcome, the men joining in with their deep, musical voices.

The tribal chiefs having been presented to the Duke, the Royal carriage proceeded to the Grand Hotel, escorted by Maori troopers. On the steps of the hotel the Maori address was read by the Hon. James Carroll, the Native Minister, himself a Maori,

and a most capable and highly-educated man, elected to the New Zealand Parliament, not by men of his own race, but by a white constituency. The Duke's reply to the address was translated to the waiting Maories by Mr Carroll, and was greeted with unstinted applause and manifest pleasure.

The next day the Duchess opened a fine new bath in the Government Sanatorium, and then an excursion was made to the village of the Arawas, where a marble statue of Queen Victoria stands on a pedestal of wood adorned with native carving. The warriors honoured their Royal visitors with a dance of welcome, while the maidens sang sweetly and rhythmically to the waving of green branches. The chief of this tribe fought in the Maori wars on the side of the English, and was presented, by command of the Queen, with a sword of honour, which he held proudly in his feeble old hands while he spoke to the Duke and Duchess. The Duchess noticed that he was trembling with cold, and that his daughter anxiously pulled his feather mat closer round his shoulders. 'Why did you venture out?' she asked with kindly concern. 'My love was too great to allow me to remain at home,' he answered.

At the foot of the Queen's statue were laid, as presents to the Duke and Duchess, greenstone meres and mats of flax and feathers, in accordance with the ancient custom of the Maoris.

A visit was next paid to the famous geysers of the valley of Whakarewarewa, where the ancient guide, Sophia, showed how a hot spring could be worried into activity by casting into its throat a bar of common soap, also telling the Duchess in her soft, pleasant voice several of the legends connected with this weird region of volcanic activity.

Another guide, named Maggie, an educated half-caste girl, took charge of the Duke, exhibiting the grotesque wooden idols treasured in this strange place, besides several ingenious marvels of various kinds.

Crossing the lake later in the afternoon, the Royal party arrived at sunset at the valley of Tikitere, a desolate gorge of volcanic rock and scoriæ and mud-volcanoes, where so thin a crust upholds the venturesome sight-seers that one at least of the party sank through to his knees, though happily without injury.

The next day a great 'haka' was held on the Rotorua Race-course. Four thousand five hundred Maoris, dressed in ancient war-garb, which consisted of the piu-piu, or kilt of flax strings, their tattoo-marks and a few feathers, were drawn up in solid squares when the Duke and Duchess arrived and took their seats in the pavilion. The delight of the Maoris at seeing that His Royal Highness was wearing a native mantle of feathers, and had placed in his hat the 'huia' feather of a chieftain, and that the Duchess had put on the 'kiwi' mantle presented to her on the preceding day, expressed itself in loud shouts of 'Haere Mai! Hoe Mai!'

Then began a war-dance such as the Duke and Duchess had never before seen. Company after company of native warriors, representing the different tribes, marched and ran and charged and shouted with terrific vigour and ferocity, keeping intact their wonderfully-trained ranks, and performing their wildest manœuvres with a precision and rhythm astonishing to behold.

Many of these fierce-looking warriors were men of education and high position—lawyers, doctors,

and other professional men—who had doffed the garb of civilisation to take part in this ceremony of welcome; and the Native Minister himself, with a dogskin mat over his frock coat, conducted the display. Seated next to the Duchess was Mrs Donnelly, the wife of a wealthy stock-breeder, herself a chieftainess known to her own people as Oirini Tonore; and in perfect English she explained with evident pride the significance of the different parts of the ceremony.

The Duchess was particularly charmed by the dancing of the Maori maidens, who, as they swept over the ground with sinuous gliding movements, waved their pois—balls of reed fibres—in circles or figures of eight, afterwards filing past and throwing their pois at her Royal Highness's feet.

Songs and dances of welcome, performed by men and women, were followed by the presentation of valuable gifts, many of them treasured heirlooms which could not be replaced. One was a model of the canoe in which the ancestors of the Arawa tribe are said to have arrived on the shores of the island.

Later on, every present sent by the Queen to the Maori chiefs was brought to the Duke—swords of honour, gold christening cup and spoon, and other things most dearly prized by the recipients or their descendants, in order that he might see how well they were kept and cared for.

Before this, however, the Duke had presented medals of commemoration to forty chiefs and chieftainesses, and through Mr Carroll had expressed the thanks of himself and the Duchess for the unique spectacle they had witnessed.

'I beg you to convey to your Maoris,' he said, 'the highest appreciation of the Duchess and myself

of their dances. We have come miles and miles to see you, and will go home believing it to be the greatest novelty we have ever seen. I am very pleased with the dances, and thank the Maoris for their great kindness to us. On my return home I shall not fail to convey to the King how very loyal his Maori children are. I wish you all prosperity, and may the good God protect you all for ever.'

Leaving Auckland after a most enjoyable stay, the Royal party proceeded to 'windy' Wellington, where there were more interesting functions and presentations of medals.

Christchurch, beautifully situated on the verge of the far-famed Canterbury Plains, was the next place at which a prolonged stay was made; and here a most impressive review of eleven thousand New Zealand troops was held in Hagley Park, where also eight thousand school children sang the National Anthem.

From Christchurch their Royal Highnesses proceeded by train to Dunedin, the thoroughly Scottish capital of the province of Otago, where a welcome as hearty and spontaneous as they had received in any place they had visited was accorded to them. The Prince delighted the citizens by the tone of his reply to the addresses presented to him.

'We have eagerly looked forward,' he said, 'to visiting this favoured district of New Zealand, knowing that we should find here a community of purely Scottish origin, who some half-century ago left their native shores for this distant land. True to the national inborn capacity of colonisation, they came in whole families under the guidance of trusted leaders, and of their revered minister. They transplanted to their new home in the Southern Seas their national institutions, their characteristic zeal and

readiness to make every sacrifice for education. But they did more—they infused into their new life that courage, perseverance, and tenacity of purpose, which, together with the spirit of enterprise, are the inherent characteristics of their race. What must then have been but a mere hamlet, but in which they saw with prophetic eye its present greatness, they honoured with the Celtic name of that fairest of cities, the proud historic capital which is the pride of all Scotsmen.'

The seventeen days spent in New Zealand had been so pleasant in every way, and the people so warm and cordial in their welcome, that it was with regret that their Royal Highnesses sailed from its verdant shores on the night of June 27, and headed through Cook Strait for Hobart in Tasmania.

CHAPTER XXVIII

FROM NEW ZEALAND TO NATAL

BEFORE proceeding to New Zealand, the Royal party had visited only the eastern States and capitals of Australia, the three remaining States being taken in turn on the homeward route. The Duke had not before set foot in Tasmania—the Scotland of the South, as it has been well named, because of its physical likeness to Northern Britain—and the wonderful beauty of the Derwent, upon the estuary of which stands the capital, Hobart, added another to the magnificent collection of lovely Empire pictures with which the mind of our King is stored.

The *Ophir* had made a very rough passage from

New Zealand, and, though the Duchess proved herself throughout the tour an excellent sailor, she was not at all sorry to exchange the stormy waters of the Pacific (!) Ocean for the peaceful landlocked waters of the fine Tasmanian harbour. From the deck of the *Ophir*, anchored about a mile from the shore, the Royal visitors were able to look across the calm water and the picturesque town to the woods and snows of Mount Wellington.

During their four days' stay at the Tasmanian capital the Duke and Duchess went through the usual routine of addresses, presentations, processions, reviews, and levées; here again was the impressive ceremony of the giving of war medals to the veterans from South Africa, and here, as in the other Australasian towns, the school-children went happily and enthusiastically through their songs and demonstrations of welcome.

But amid all these ceremonies, to speak of which in detail would be wearisome, there was one display absolutely peculiar to Tasmania, in which the Duke took the very keenest interest. This was the 'chopping match' organised by the Australian Axemen's Association, and held amid the lovely scenery of the Domain, the extensive park and garden on a verdant headland overlooking the estuary.

The competition, arranged as a handicap of several heats, excited tremendous interest amongst the multitude of spectators; and the Duke himself was so thrilled by the strength and skill and quickness of the woodsmen that he moved about amongst them, admiring their marvellous energy and dexterity.

The winner of the match would be the acknowledged Grand Champion of the Commonwealth, and would receive a prize of sixty pounds and a gold

medal; so that the number of brawny woodcutters competing was larger than usual.

Before each man was set up a log of wood more than six feet in girth, and the winner, attacking this first on one side and then on the other, succeeded in chopping it in two in the extraordinarily short time of four minutes twenty-four seconds. The sight of the axemen whirling their long-handled axes, while great angular chips flew around them, and each man's director or coach gave him hints as to where to place his strokes and apprised him of the progress of his rivals, the cheering or tense excitement of the crowd, presented a picture altogether unique.

So strenuous were the efforts of the competitors that as the upper part of their log tottered and fell, they, too, measured their length on the turf, gasping for breath or even insensible. The winner himself fell to the ground completely exhausted after delivering his last stroke, but he had quite recovered before the Duke presented him with the gold medal and congratulated him heartily upon his magnificent display.

During their stay in Tasmania the Royal party had enjoyed keen, pleasant, wintry weather, with abundance of sunshine; but during their voyage to Adelaide, in South Australia, they encountered again the rough winds which had buffeted them in crossing the Pacific. Adelaide was to Prince George a place of pleasant memories, and the citizens were determined that nothing should be left undone to add to them others equally pleasant. At no place at which they called during their tour had they a heartier welcome. Here again was a feature unique among all the demonstrations they had received. After the Royal progress and the loyal addresses, while the Duke and

Duchess and their suite halted near the bronze statue of Queen Victoria in Victoria Square, scores of homing pigeons were liberated, each bearing to some township, village, or homestead the news of the arrival of the heir to the Crown and his Consort.

Another function to which the South Australians attached importance was the attendance of their Royal Highnesses at a special congress of the University of Adelaide, of which the colonists are justly proud. Here the Prince was made a Doctor of Laws, to the intense satisfaction of most of those present. Those not perfectly satisfied were the undergraduates, who took advantage of the liberty granted them on such occasions to voice their conviction that, since Adelaide University was the first in Australia to grant degrees to women, the Duchess should also have been honoured. Their protest took musical form, over two hundred male and female voices chanting :—

‘The Duke will get an LL.D.,
An honour well deserved, and we,
Had we our way, would here, to-day,
Another give to Princess May.’

This song greatly amused the Duchess, but another sung no less heartily moved her very deeply, with its simple message of affectionate loyalty.

‘There is a ladye sweet and kind,
Whose winsome face so pleas’d our mind,
We did but see her passing by,
Yet we shall love her till we die.

‘In other lands is loved her name,
Fair are her features, fair her fame,
And tho’ she be but passing by,
Yet we shall love her till we die.’

It had been intended that the *Ophir* should proceed directly from Adelaide to Freemantle, the port of Perth, the capital of Western Australia; but the weather became so tempestuous as she crossed the stormy Australian Bight, that it was deemed advisable to put in at Albany. This naturally delighted the people of the ambitious little port on King George's Sound, but it bitterly disappointed the citizens of Fremantle and many settlers who had travelled long distances to see Prince George and Princess May, and could not stay to await their postponed visit to Perth.

The people of Perth, however, and those from the country who could make it possible to stay till the coming of the Duke and the Duchess in a special train from Albany, abated nothing of the heartiness of their reception because of their first disappointment. The most interesting personality with whom their Royal Highnesses became acquainted in Western Australia was Sir John Forrest, the far-sighted statesman to whose initiative is due the solution of the difficulty of supplying the Coolgardie gold-miners with water. The Duke and Duchess were deeply interested in the conversion of the valley of the Helena River into a huge reservoir by the construction of a mighty dam, six hundred and fifty feet in length and one hundred feet in height; and they watched with wonder the bending and locking of steel plates into the sections of the great pipe, three hundred and seventy miles long and thirty inches in diameter, through which the precious fluid was to be conveyed to the goldfields. His scheme was expected, Sir John told them, when in full working order, to reduce the price of water in this arid region from the £6 to £12 paid per thousand

gallons for water condensed from the brine in the mines, to something like three and sixpence per thousand gallons for pure, sweet water in almost unlimited quantity.

The departure of the Duke and Duchess from Fremantle on July 26 was witnessed by thousands of spectators, many of whom showed in their faces and gestures how deeply they felt this separation from those they had learned in so short a time both to appreciate and to love. The Duke and Duchess were not less deeply moved. The unaffected warmth of their welcome in every part of Australasia; the untiring determination of the colonists to show them how dear were the Old Country and the Royal Family to the hearts of the Australasians; the genuine hospitality that had been displayed by these warm-hearted Britons of the South, had won their deep and lasting affection. For three months they had been fêted and entertained by the kindest and most generous people on the face of the earth; they had met with men of outstanding ability and charming personality from whom they were grieved to part, perhaps for ever; beautiful, graceful, and cultured women had found in the Duchess a kindred soul, with whom it was a delight to converse; thousands and thousands of happy and winsome children had appealed strongly to the motherly heart of the Princess. It is little wonder that her eyes were dim as she looked over the gray and tumbling waters to the receding Australian shores.

Leaving Fremantle on July 26, the *Ophir* and her two attendant warships reached Mauritius on August 4, after a rather rough passage of over three thousand miles. With his usual appreciation of good work, Prince George expressed by signal his

pleasure at the capital pace maintained by the three vessels, a tactful act that highly gratified the engineers and stokers.

At Port Louis the Royal visitors met with a people as unlike those of Australia and New Zealand as could well be imagined. Here, except the few officials, there were hardly any residents of British birth. French was the ordinary medium of conversation, the language in which the papers were printed, and the tongue in which business was discussed and conducted. Among these French-speaking folk were representatives of several races—Hindoos, Arabs, Chinese, negroes, and half-breeds of various kinds. Yet, proud though the people of French extraction are of their race and institutions, and of the brilliant actions fought in Mauritian waters by French war-ships against those of England, they yield to none in their loyalty to the British Crown, and would not willingly sever their connection with the British Empire to be joined to the French Republic.

Their welcome of the Duke and Duchess was hearty and enthusiastic, and the street decorations were singularly tasteful and effective.

In his answer to the addresses of welcome, Prince George once more exhibited that happy tact for which, like his late illustrious father, he is deservedly famous. Instead of ignoring the old naval battles as a more timorous man might have done, he referred to them as events concerning which both French and English have a just right to be proud, as they shed glory equally upon both. This speech entirely won the hearts of the Mauritians. The papers extolled it as a proof of the good feeling of the English Royal Family towards their French subjects, and the Surveyor-General of the island, speaking in French

to an audience of French residents, referred to it with genuine satisfaction and emotion.

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'those who have had the good fortune to hear to-day the admirable reply made by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cornwall and York to the deputations, have been deeply stirred at receiving from our future King this fine compliment, that the historic memories of the Isle of Mauritius are as glorious for England as for France. We, on our part, can return the compliment with a true national pride; and it is with a full heart that while I speak I look out over the beautiful roadstead of Mahébourg and that Isle of La Passe, which recall to us the valour of the brave French sailors from whom we, for the most part, are descended. Conquerors! The English may well so be called, since after having made their flag wave over this island, they have won our hearts by their spirit of tolerance and justice. To-day they see the result of their wise policy in the imposing and enthusiastic demonstration which has proved to our Royal guests our affectionate loyalty and our devotion to England. Conquerors! We can so be called also, since we have preserved under the British flag our language and our French traditions, and since, to borrow the expression of a Canadian statesman, the English and we can look each other in the face.'

From Mauritius the squadron sailed past Réunion and the long south-east coast of Madagascar, reaching Durban on August 13.

CHAPTER XXIX

LUX IN TENEBRIS

CONSIDERABLE anxiety had been felt at home as to the reception of their Royal Highnesses in South Africa. The great sub-continent was still in the shadow of war; the Boer commandos had not yet realised the hopelessness of their struggle against the power of the united British Empire, and kept the field in a desperate guerrilla warfare. The ultimate triumph of Britain was certain; but the Dutch colonists, with characteristic stubbornness, refused to recognise this. The Cape Dutch were known to be disaffected and sullenly resentful at the overthrow of their compatriots by *force majeure*; wild, and, as it happened, baseless rumours of plots against the person of the King's son were hinted at openly or covertly. The visit of the Duke and Duchess at such a time, it was argued in some quarters, might be construed as an act of exultation over a fallen enemy, and might provoke an explosion of racial animosity.

King Edward himself, however, with well-founded confidence in the tactfulness of his son, believed that the visit would do good, that it might not improbably help to soothe the soreness of a conquered race, and contribute to a better understanding of the aims and wishes of the people of Great Britain.

The result abundantly proved the wisdom of the course pursued; nowhere had the Prince and Princess a heartier welcome than that accorded them by the people of Natal and of Cape Colony. It would, too, have been ungracious for the King's son to travel

from colony to colony to thank those who had helped Great Britain in her hour of need, and to appear to neglect the loyalists of South Africa, who had gone through the danger and anxiety of a bitter and protracted struggle which had threatened at one time to involve themselves in utter ruin and the Empire in defeat and disgrace.

It was well, too, to show, quietly but unmistakably, not only to the Dutch in South Africa, but to those nations which had desired the downfall of British prestige, that South Africa must still be regarded as an integral member of the British Empire, in which British sovereignty and British interests would be maintained no matter at what cost.

It is not a little remarkable that on the two occasions of King George's visits to South Africa, the shadow of war should have rested upon it. He had left it after his first visit when the loyalists were plunged into the gloom and bitterness which followed Majuba, when the British Government of the day decided to accept defeat rather than appear to bully a small nation struggling for independence; and he now returned to it after a costlier and more protracted struggle.

Already, however, though war had not ceased, light was breaking through the clouds. Boer and Briton, though still resentful, had learnt much about each other in that hardest of all schools—the battlefield; many illusions had been swept away; there was hope that a new and better beginning might be made in the near future towards that consolidation of interests which alone could form South Africa into a great free nation like Canada or Australia.

It is not too much to say that the visit of their Royal Highnesses did something towards the initiation

of a better understanding, of a brighter era. During their stay racial animosities were in abeyance—if the Dutch took no personal part in the ceremonies of welcome or in the presenting of loyal addresses, they did nothing to mar the harmony of the proceedings; and evidences were not lacking that they had been not a little impressed by the tone of the Duke's speeches and his scrupulous avoidance of anything which could be twisted into a slighting or flouting of those whose hopes had not been for the triumph of British arms.

No dubiety existed, of course, as to the feelings of the people of Natal. The white population here was almost entirely English in race and sentiment, and had made great sacrifices in the cause of the mother-country. In spite of the miserable weather that prevailed when the Duke and Duchess landed at Durban, the streets were thronged with people, black, brown, and white, who cheered vigorously as the Royal party passed on its way to the Town Hall, where a reception was to be held and the usual loyal addresses presented. But the decorated streets, the triumphal arches, even the inspiring spectacle of the eleven thousand children sweetly singing songs of welcome in the Albert Park, could not altogether hide the undernote of tragedy. The lean and sun-scorched soldiers who stepped forward to be decorated by their Prince brought with them the very atmosphere of camps and battlefields.

Even more was this sombre undertone present in the loyal demonstrations of the people of Maritzburg.

The Prince and Princess had arrived there after nightfall in pouring rain; but the morning turned out fine and bright, and the well-built, handsome town showed to advantage in its holiday dress of flags and

flowers and triumphal arches. Yet, amid all the pleasurable excitement and loyal enthusiasm, there were not wanting reminders of the grim time just past, and of the struggle still going on. Many of the troops drawn up for review were units from the forces still in the field, hard-bitten, resolute-looking soldiers, proved in difficult and hazardous service. Lord Kitchener himself was present, and many other officers whose deeds are written in imperishable letters on the scroll of honour.

In connection with the review there were two most impressive ceremonies. The first was the presentation by the Prince of the Victoria Crosses and Orders for Distinguished Service in the Field. One by one the heroes, officers and men from the Old Country or from her daughter States, paused before the Duke and Duchess while the bare official record of their deeds was read out; and then the Prince, stepping forward, made the presentation with a few kindly and appreciative words. The modest, soldierly bearing of the men, and the formal recital of acts of marvellous bravery and self-forgetfulness, made the whole ceremony thrillingly impressive.

Then occurred an incident unique in British history—the reception by a British Prince of a deputation from the Zulu people. Over thirty chiefs were present, each with his company of warriors, all in the wolf-skins and feathers of an impi on the warpath. To the rhythm of their own deep chanting they marched towards the Prince, who stepped forward to receive the address, which was presented and translated by the Governor, the savage-looking warriors confirming each sentiment with raised right hands. The feeling of reverential affection for the 'Great White Queen' which had run through Cetewayo's

conversation with Prince George so many years before, now found expression in the sorrow of these dusky sons of the south over her recent death. When they heard the sad news they said, 'The sun seemed to have set, and darkness lay upon the land.' Their reference to their Royal visitors was as poetic in expression as those of the Maoris had been. 'Though our eyes see you no more, the love of our hearts goes with you to the distant land.'

The gathering in the Town Hall earlier in the day was without parallel throughout the tour. Many of the men and some of the women present had passed through the bitter experience of battle or siege. The Mayor of Ladysmith was there with an address of welcome, illuminated with scenes reminiscent of the brave and stubborn resistance made at that place to the invading Boers; and many a heart unmoved by the perils of active warfare was stirred to the depths by the glowing and eloquent words in which the Prince eulogised the bravery of those who had for so long held the enemy in check and finally forced him to retreat.

The reception at Cape Town held some surprises—especially for those who were dubious as to the wisdom of the visit. Landing at Simon's Town, the Duke and Duchess travelled to Cape Town along a railway every station of which was lavishly decorated, and met on their arrival an ovation remarkable for its spontaneity and heartiness. No pains had been spared to beautify the streets; and the public functions were characterised by a joyousness and vim which showed that to the loyalists the visit of their Royal Highnesses at this juncture was regarded as a happy augury of brighter days to come, when the shadow would at last be lifted from South African hearts and homes.

Almost a hundred addresses of welcome were presented, some from districts where supposed sympathisers with the Boers were greatly in the majority; and the Boer prisoners themselves wished to add another to the number. Not being allowed to do so, they contented themselves by sending to Princess May a bracelet of Transvaal crown pieces, inset with a Kruger sovereign, and a brooch bearing the inscription, 'Anglo-Boer War, 1899-1901. Unity.'

One address was from the citizens of Bloemfontein, the capital of the conquered Orange Free State.

Some very interesting souvenirs of her visit were given to the Princess. Amongst them were some fine jewels presented by the De Beers Company; a model of a diamond-mine, sent in by the ladies of Kimberley; and a Cape wagon fashioned from shot and shell. A present that could not fail to please the mother's heart was entrusted to her by the children for her own boys and girl at home—three beautiful Basuto ponies, small in size, but almost untiring, and as sure-footed as mountain goats.

There were various most important ceremonies previously arranged, and carried through with conspicuous success. Such were the laying of the foundation-stone of the Nurses' Home, to be built as a memorial to Queen Victoria, and the placing of a stone in one of the buttresses of the new cathedral, as a memorial to the brave fellows whose lives had been given in the cause of the Old Country.

Then came the installation of the Prince as Chancellor of the University of Cape Town, and the reception at which the Basuto chiefs were present, with the veteran warrior Lerothodi at their head, besides other delightful functions at which the Prince and Princess won all hearts by their responsiveness

and graciousness. The Duke spoke frequently, striking always the right note—ever tactful and considerate of the feelings of those who, now that their aims had met with defeat, must be conciliated if South Africa was to take her legitimate place among the daughter states of Britain.

One of the pleasantest excursions was that to Groote Schuur, the home of Mr Cecil Rhodes, then absent in England. The route to the house lies through some of the most beautiful scenery around Cape Town, and Groote Schuur itself is set amid lovely woods and lawns.

Taking it altogether, the Royal visit to South Africa was an unqualified success, full of encouragement to loyalists, and showing unmistakably to the Dutch that the English were willing to forget the past and to hold out the hand of friendship and reconciliation.

Looking back upon that time when the dawn of better things was beginning to break through the clouds of misunderstanding and enmity, it is not difficult to see how very greatly the visit of the future King and Queen helped to set in motion the influences which have at last brought about the federation of all the jarring States of South Africa into one great Commonwealth.

CHAPTER XXX

THE DOMINION'S WELCOME

THE *Ophir* left Simon's Bay on August 23, and their Royal Highnesses stepped no more ashore till the 16th of September, when they landed at Quebec to begin a wonderful journey of over three thousand

miles across the North American continent to Vancouver Island.

Nothing of importance happened to vary the monotony of the long voyage. At St Vincent, where the *Ophir* stopped to coal, the Prince and Princess did not go ashore, but spent the brief respite from ocean travelling in visiting the *Juno* and the *St George*—which were now to surrender their place as escort to the larger and more powerful *Niobe* and *Diadem*—and bidding farewell to the officers.

The voyage from St Vincent to the mouth of the St Lawrence was rough and stormy; and as the three vessels approached the gulf, they ran into a typical fog, through which they had to creep slowly and warily.

Shortly after passing Cape Breton, on the 13th of September, the vessels were joined by the cruisers *Indefatigable* and *Tribune* and the destroyer *Quail* of the North American station. The *Indefatigable* brought to their Royal Highnesses the sad news of the attempt upon the life of President McKinley and the little hope of his recovery.

Steaming slowly past the island of Anticosti the *Ophir* and her attendant ships entered the St Lawrence, finally casting anchor on the night of the 15th about twenty-four miles below Quebec. The next morning proved to be exceptionally fine, with a brisk south-westerly wind and no fog; so that the entry into the harbour of Quebec was made under ideal conditions.

Steaming along past the wooded shores of the Isle of Orleans with her four escorting cruisers in single file behind her, the *Ophir* was saluted by the citadel and by the four British warships and the French gunboat lying at anchor before the ancient

town. The river was alive with tugboats and small passenger steamers, all carrying crowds of welcoming Canadians and gay with bunting, as was all the shipping in the harbour. The quaint, old-world town, climbing street above street and terrace above terrace to the foot of the gray rock on which is set the famous citadel, was ablaze with flags and decorations; and on every available point stood masses of spectators, waving and shouting a welcome to their Royal visitors.

As the Royal yacht swung into position, a boat containing Lord Minto, the Governor-General, and Sir Wilfred Laurier, the Prime Minister of the Dominion, left the quay and came alongside to put her distinguished passengers aboard.

Shortly after twelve o'clock the Duke and Duchess landed and drove through the crowded streets to the Town Hall to receive the addresses of welcome. The majority of the people standing tightly packed behind the troops and police lining the route were French-Canadians, many of whom spoke little or no English. Their bright and smiling faces, however, and the waving of hands and hats and handkerchiefs, showed how delighted they were to welcome to their historic city the son of their King.

Earlier in the morning intelligence had been received of the death of President M'Kinley, and following the lead of the *Ophir*, the warships had hoisted the Stars and Stripes half-mast high. This sad incident, while in no way detracting from the heartiness of the Prince's welcome, had the effect of sobering and quieting the demonstrations of the multitudes lining the route of the procession.

The true feeling of the Canadian people was well expressed by the Mayor of Quebec in his address to

the Duke and Duchess. 'Assembled round your Royal Highnesses,' he said, 'you see a people the majority of whom are of French origin, differing in language and religion from the other provinces. Yet we live in peace, bound together by the sacred bond of the Federation, and we glory in offering to the world the spectacle of a people free, united, contented with their lot, faithful and loyal in allegiance to the Empire, the sovereign, and to the generous constitution which gives us a large measure of liberty and the most certain guarantee of future greatness.'

Here again, in Canada, as in New Zealand, was a brave native race, between whom and the early settlers a bitter and desperate struggle had been waged; and just as in New Zealand the gallant Maoris had hastened to assure the Duke of their unswerving loyalty to Britain and Britain's King, so here, the representatives of the red men were not to be outdone in their expressions of attachment and allegiance by either French or British settlers. Striding forward in blanket and moccasins the chief of the Hurons placed in the hands of the Prince an address written, it is true, in French, but expressed with the directness and poetic imagery for which his race is justly famous.

From the Town Hall their Royal Highnesses drove to Spencer Wood, the house of the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, where they stayed during their visit.

The review of the troops took place on the historic Plains of Abraham, where English and French under Wolfe and Montcalm once fought so hard for the mastery of Canada. The effect of the review was to some extent spoilt by the steadily-falling rain, but

it was remarkable in that two companies of French-Canadians marched past with their British comrades and fellow-subjects over the very ground where hardly a century and a half before French and English had contended with each other in deadly enmity.

Another function of peculiar interest was the visit of the Duke and Duchess to Laval University, that ancient Roman Catholic seat of learning where so many of Canada's greatest men have received their education. The Duke was here made a Doctor of Laws, and a loyal address was presented by the rector, himself a Frenchman, on behalf of the University. Speaking of the students he said: 'The language they speak, the religion they practise, the instruction they receive in our house, do not weaken their loyalty. They are firmly attached to the present conditions of their national life. They are proud to live under the flag of a nation that stretches over one-fifth of the habitable globe, that counts four hundred million subjects, that does one-third of the commerce of the world, that marches at the head of all the peoples on earth as a colonial, industrial, and commercial power. They appreciate the advantages of the liberty they enjoy.'

In his reply the Prince said: 'Abundant proof of the success of the Catholic Church in fostering a spirit of patriotism and loyalty has been afforded by the readiness with which the French-Canadians have sprung to arms, and shed their blood, not only in times long gone by, but also in the present day, on behalf of their King and Empire.'

The visit to Quebec was also remarkable for the presence of a French warship, sent by the Republic to do honour to the representative of King Edward. Speaking to the officers and men of this vessel in the

cathedral of Quebec, the Abbé Faguy showed that allegiance and loyalty to England and affection for France and pride in their descent co-exist in the hearts of French-Canadians.

‘Under the flag of England,’ he said, ‘we live in peace and enjoy the fullest liberty. Therefore will our Royal guests be welcome. Our hearts are too catholic to be wanting in fidelity, too French to be wanting in loyalty.’ ‘Yet . . . we remember the past and its struggles, the past and its lessons, the past and its sorrows, the past and its glories. Our aspirations, it is possible, are not yours, but you ought to love us. The voice of blood cries so loud that we know you hear and understand.’

The welcome of their Royal Highnesses at Montreal, the centre of Canadian commercial life, was remarkable for its heartiness; and while their Royal visitors were with them, the inhabitants did their utmost to express their loyalty and pleasure.

The day upon which President M’Kinley was buried happened to be one of those spent at Montreal by the Duke and Duchess; and, in order to show their sympathy with their sorrowing sister nation, only the very quietest functions were allowed to go forward. One was the conferring upon each of the Royal visitors of the degree of Doctor of Laws by the M’Gill University. The ceremony took place in the Royal Victoria College, devoted entirely to the education of women, and therefore an eminently suitable place for the conferring upon the Princess May of the first degree she had ever received.

The use of the English and the French language in addresses of welcome, in songs, and in speeches made the proceedings both interesting and significant. The Prince himself, to the great delight of his hearers,

replied first in English and then in French to the addresses presented to him by the sisters of the convent of Monklands, where two hundred French-Canadian girls of gentle birth dressed all in white, received the Royal visitors in the avenue leading to this famous convent school.

The journey from Quebec to Montreal had been made in the splendid train built specially by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for the use of their Royal Highnesses during their visit to Canada. This was probably the most luxurious and comfortable train ever designed or built. The two coaches reserved for the exclusive use of the Duke and Duchess were marvels of beauty and convenience, each over seventy-seven feet in length, and called respectively the 'Cornwall' and 'York.' Another coach was fitted up specially for the Royal physician, having a consulting-room and dispensary, the latter containing everything in the way of medicines and instruments that the most exacting medical man could desire. The nine coaches were lighted throughout with electricity, and had a complete telephonic installation. In this train the trans-continental journey was undertaken and the return journey made.

The longest stop was made at Ottawa, the Dominion capital. At this beautiful city, standing on the rocky plateau between two mighty streams, each of which pours its water over a high ledge into the gorge beneath within sight of the splendid Government Buildings, the Duke and Duchess stayed for four days, enjoying to the full the unconventional life of this centre of Canada's lumber industry.

One of the most impressive ceremonies here was the unveiling by the Duke of the statue to Queen Victoria on Parliament Hill. Drawn up on the terrace

of the Houses of Parliament were soldiers and people; and as the Duke drew away the enshrouding veil, cannon boomed out the Royal salute.

Among those to whom South African medals were presented on this occasion was Trooper Mulloy, whose sight had been totally destroyed by his injuries. The Princess had heard of him from her brother's wife, the Duchess of Teck, who had seen him in the hospital at Wynberg in South Africa. As he was led up by Lieutenant Holland, who had already received the Victoria Cross for his gallantry in saving the guns at Koomati Poort, Princess May left the side of Lady Laurier, with whom she had been talking, and went forward to meet him. Shaking the blind trooper's hand, she expressed her sympathy in tender, womanly words, and herself pinned on his decoration.

The incident, simple and unstudied as it evidently was, endeared the Princess to the hearts of those who witnessed it, as was shown by their enthusiastic cheering.

Ottawa is, as is well known, the centre of the Canadian lumber trade; and a most instructive and interesting exhibition of the lumberman's work was given to their Royal Highnesses on the last day of their visit. Going by electric tram to the Chaudière Falls, the Royal party embarked on timber rafts or 'cribs,' and shot the timber slides, descending at break-neck speed from level to level of the swiftly-rushing river.

This was followed by a trip in birch-bark canoes, paddled by *voyageurs* of the Hudson's Bay Company in their red shirts and slouched hats, to the Ottawa Canoe Club House at Rockville. The scenery from the foot of the Chaudière Falls, past the majestic wooded bluff upon which stand the Government

Buildings, past the curtain of spray and vapour which marks the embouchure of the Rideau, between picturesque wooded banks upon which thousands of spectators clustered, was typical of Eastern Canada, and a fitting frame for the picture of vigorous and strenuous life furnished by the display in which their Royal Highnesses were taking part.

At Rockville there were canoe races, and 'log-rolling,' the latter a sport peculiar to Canada, in which the wonderful dexterity of the rivermen in maintaining their balance upon floating logs makes a most diverting and astonishing spectacle.

The Duke and Duchess were now guided through the woodland to a lumberman's shanty, where a meal of pork and beans had been prepared in true forest style. The Royal visitors entered the shanty and smilingly accepted a portion from the huge pot hanging over the fire in the middle of the living-room, adjourning afterwards to a more elaborate lunch laid out in an adjoining marquee. Trees were felled and cut into logs in the presence of the Duke and Duchess, who must have been reminded, as they admired the strength and dexterity of these lumbermen, of the chopping match at which they had been present so short a time before at the other side of the earth. There was also an exhibition of the rather rough but exceedingly vigorous 'shanty dancing.'

The Prince thanked the men in his usual direct and hearty way for the trouble they had taken to give himself and the Duchess so interesting a display, and one of the French-Canadian lumbermen was inspired to make a speech on his own behalf. He began in fluent French, but was prompted by his delighted friends to continue in English. He had, he said, built the shanty with the greatest possible

pleasure for the Royal visitors, and would not mind doing it again if the need should arise. Seeing that he had secured the attention of the Duke and Duchess, he informed them in broken English that he had been foolish enough to start on his own account, but had not succeeded.

'I see M'sieu' Edouard make heap money,' he said; 'and I thought I make money, but I make mistake instead. I lose my shanty, and I had noddng. Worse nor dat, I owed seventeen thousand dollars. I went to God and say, "God, how I pay seventeen thousand dollars?" and there was no answer.'

He concluded by telling the Duke that when he got too old for work he would cross to England and ask the King to set him on.

CHAPTER XXXI

A ROYAL PROGRESS ACROSS A CONTINENT

OTTAWA, with its saw-mills and surrounding forests, was left on September 24, and the Royal party set out in the splendid *train de luxe* for a run of thirteen hundred miles to Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba. The Duke and Duchess had thoroughly enjoyed their experiences in the scene of one of Canada's characteristic industries; they were now to visit the home of another. From picturesque hills, rushing streams, and dense woodland, they now passed into the boundless prairies, where thousands of square miles of fertile land bear huge crops of grain for the feeding of the hungry thousands of the Old World, and where thousands of square miles still await the plough of the hardy settler.

For forty-eight hours the train rushed along, following one almost equally luxurious, in which travelled the Countess of Minto, the staff of the Governor-General, and Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier. Brief stops were made at one or two places *en route*, and platforms were found filled with an eager crowd of woodsmen, hunters, and farmers, with many women and children. At almost every place in the Dominion where a halt was made the children sang the National Anthem and 'The Maple Leaf,' the national song of Canada. This song was written by a Scots schoolmaster of Toronto, and has rapidly become popular all over the country.

'In days of yore from Britain's shore
Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came
And planted firm old England's flag
On Canada's fair domain,
There may it wave, our boast, our pride,
And join in love together,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine
The Maple Leaf for ever.

Long may it wave, the emblem dear
Of ties that none may sever,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose, entwine
The Maple Leaf for ever.
The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf for ever.
Long may it wave, and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf for ever.'

Passing from the wooded valley of the Ottawa, with its thriving little townships all depending upon the lumbering industry, the train ran on across the diversified land of Ontario, a country of woods and lakes and hills, hardly yet touched by the axe or the plough of the settler. Lake Nipissing was left behind, and the train ran along the northern shore of Lake Superior, that mighty, sea-like expanse of fresh

water which the Indians called 'Gitchee Gumme,' the 'little brother of the sea.' For nearly two hundred miles the line skirts the shore of the lake, bending round the heads of inlets, and sometimes diving into tunnels cut through the rocky, projecting headlands.

Forest and wooded hill gradually yielded to the long, rolling sweep of the prairie land; the loneliness of the wilderness was replaced by thriving settlements in the heart of vast wheatfields. Winnipeg was reached on the morning of the 26th, and the Royal party descended from the train to go through the usual programme of addresses, demonstrations, and ceremonies. The decorations were worthy of the energy and enterprise to which this prairie city owes its prosperity. One in particular was as noteworthy as any seen during the tour. It consisted of a triumphal arch in the shape of a castle gateway with four towers, the whole vast structure being covered with wheatears. Hanging from two of the towers were sheaves of corn—one very small, with the date 1886 beneath it, and the other eight times as big, with the date 1901. Over the gateway were the words: 'Fifteen years' increase in Manitoba's wheat crops.'

That wheat-raising and prosperity are not blinding the settlers to the higher and weightier matters of culture and education, was evident from one of the functions in which the Royal party took a prominent part. This was the opening of the Manitoba University by the Duke, in the presence of a vast and appreciative crowd. Another ceremony almost as important in the training of the youth of Manitoba as worthy citizens of Greater Britain, was the presentation of medals and decorations to men of the Prairie State who had fought for the Empire in South Africa.

Leaving Winnipeg on the night of the 26th September, the train steamed on over level or undulating prairie for another eight hundred miles to Calgary, pausing for a short time at Regina for the usual hearty welcome and ceremonies.

During the ten years from 1901 to 1911 there has been an extraordinary immigration into this fertile region, and towns have sprung into being in places which were lonely wastes when the Royal party passed through the country; while towns like Regina and Calgary have grown into important centres of industry and population. There were not wanting signs, however, at the time of the Prince's visit, that a future of magnificent possibilities was opening out before these wide fertile regions, so admirably suited by climate and soil for the raising of grain and of stock. It was hardly believable that only a few decades before, the Indian, savage and wellnigh unapproachable, had set up his wigwam on this fruitful plain, and hunted the formidable buffalo or bison for daily food.

At Calgary the Royal tourists were two thousand four hundred miles from Quebec, and three thousand four hundred feet above the sea. The season was now well advanced, and the coming of winter was heralded by the keenness of the wind and the powdering of snow which sometimes greeted the travellers as they looked in the morning from the windows of their comfortable sleeping-cars. This town had been chosen as the meeting-place of the scattered tribes of Indians who wished to pay homage to the representative of their King; and to their encampment the Duke and Duchess were escorted by a fine body of the North-west Mounted Police. Fully two hundred of these capable riders of the plains had previously

been presented with medals and decorations for service in South Africa, where their splendid training had made their assistance of the utmost value. The work of these gallant fellows in maintaining order among the Indians of the plains and reservations, and the miners amongst the mountains and foothills, is conducted with wonderful tact and efficiency.

The progress to the Indian encampment was imposing and impressive. The Duke rode with his staff, escorted by the scarlet-coated policemen on their wiry-looking horses, while the Duchess drove. Almost the entire population of Calgary, together with many who had come into the township for the occasion, followed on foot or on horseback, for such an event might never occur again. Never had so great a number of Indians been gathered together for a peaceful purpose; never, in the history of the continent, had the red men, women, and children been moved by a more sincere common sentiment of welcome and loyalty to a sachem of their white conquerors.

Nearly three thousand of these aboriginal inhabitants of North America had pitched their wigwams on the allotted ground. There were Sarcees, Blackfeet, and Crees; Piegans, Bloods, and Stonies; men who, though wonderfully alike in racial characteristics, differed from each other in language, customs, and traditions, men who, only a few short years before, could have met only in deepest enmity and merciless conflict.

In front of the Royal pavilion sat White Pup, Running Rabbit, and Iron Shield, chiefs of the Blackfeet; Crop Ear Wolf and Day Chief, of the Blood Indians; Running Wolf, chief of the Piegans; Bull's Head chief of the Sarcees; Jacob Bear's Paw,

John Cheneka, and Jonas Big Stoney, of the Stonies; and Joseph Samson and Mister Jim, of the Crees. Behind them stood other chiefs of less exalted rank, and at their back a concourse of mounted braves.

The chiefs were presented to their Royal Highnesses by the Indian Commissioner after the reading of their address of welcome. Some of them were in full war-paint, the dress of White Pup being especially splendid with its embroidered scarlet tunic, sleeves of cloth of gold with designs in blue and white, scarlet blanket, yellow trousers, and buckskin leggings.

Most of the chiefs, as they grasped the hand of the Prince, made a speech in their native tongue. These speeches lost much of their dignity and poetry in translation, but they all breathed a spirit of loyalty and gratitude to the great white father of the Indians, King Edward. The words of Mister Jim, of the Crees, were remarkable for their eloquence and poetry.

'I am grateful to the Great Spirit on this occasion for the bright day that He has given us,' he said, 'and for all that is blessed and peaceful.' Stretching out his arm and pointing to where the sun was breaking through a rift in the clouds, he continued: 'Behold, the clouds break, and the sun of the heavens comes forth to gladden our hearts as you, the great white sachem, have gladdened us with your presence. This is the first time I have seen so large a crowd of people gathered together in peace, and my heart is thankful. I give thanks to the Great Spirit that we live together under this our flag and are ruled by one law. Our fathers made peace with the white man, and we hope peace will continue. We all send through you our greetings to the Great King, your illustrious father.'

After making his speech each chief passed on and

shook hands with the Duchess; and then the Duke made his reply, referring gracefully to the fidelity of these tribes when the rebels under Louis Riel tried to win them from their allegiance.

An interesting feature of the occasion was the presentation of an address in English by one of the Indian boys of the Industrial schools. Many of these scholars were present, looking happy and healthy and contented, and evidently making great strides forward in civilisation.

After the 'pow-wow' there was a war-dance, and a dance of welcome in which the women and children joined. The young braves displayed their skill as riders by dashing and charging over the plain, throwing up their rifles and catching them again, and rending the air with their wild war-whoops.

The picturesqueness of the spectacle was rather enhanced than otherwise by the showers of snow and hail which fell towards the end of it, adding a touch of wintry wildness to a scene which will live long in the minds of those who gazed upon it.

A distance of almost six hundred and fifty miles had now to be traversed before the train should arrive at Vancouver City—six hundred and fifty miles of some of the grandest and wildest scenery on the earth's surface. Through ravine and valley and pass, over terrace and ledge and plateau, under frowning cliffs and along the edges of precipices, the train would hurry the travellers to the Pacific slope and the forests and gorges of British Columbia.

CHAPTER XXXII

FURTHER CANADIAN EXPERIENCES

THE journey to and from Vancouver was arranged so that no portion of the wonderful panorama of the Rockies was missed by the Royal travellers, those portions traversed by night on the outward journey being covered in daylight on the return route. Through some of the grander sections the Duke and some members of his suite travelled on the cow-catcher before the engine, thus obtaining an uninterrupted view of the magnificent scenery through which the line has been constructed.

Vancouver was reached on the last day of September, and here their Royal Highnesses met with a very hearty reception. At the station British bluejackets were drawn up in imposing array; and the band from the *Warspite* played the National Anthem. The sight of the healthy, tanned faces and alert, erect figures of the men of his own service must have been exhilarating in a very high degree to Prince George after his journey of over three thousand miles across a mighty continent.

As in other places, the Duke and Duchess showed a keen interest in the local industry, repairing after the usual reception of addresses and presentation of South African medals and decorations to the Hastings Mill, where they saw great logs of fir and cedar lifted from the water, roughly dressed, and then sawn into planks, which were smoothly finished by planing machines, and put on board the big timber-ships lying at the wharf. The afternoon was

pleasantly spent in driving in the most perfect weather round the beautiful Stanley Park, with its enormous untouched forest giants and acres of virgin wilderness.

Prince George was here afforded another opportunity of closely observing a native race subject to British rule; for an address was presented to him by a deputation of painted Indians belonging to the Pacific Slope, in appearance much more nearly approaching the Mongolians of Asia than their countrymen east of the Rockies.

Embarking on the *Empress of India*, one of the fine liners of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, the Royal party crossed by night to Victoria, on Vancouver Island, a voyage of eighty-four miles over the Straits of Georgia. The liner was escorted by four British ships of war and one Canadian cruiser, reaching Victoria early on the morning of the 1st of October. Here, in the most thoroughly British of all the cities of Canada, the Duke and Duchess stayed for two days, taking part in the usual ceremonies, and enjoying their drives and excursions to the many beauty spots around the city.

The westernmost point of their journey had now been reached; and when they at last boarded the train at Vancouver, their homeward route had commenced, though they had much still to see of the great Dominion which the Duke fittingly called the granary of the Empire.

A halt was made at Banff, that most charming summer resort high up in the Rockies, the Duchess staying quietly at the well-appointed hotel owned by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, while the Duke and some of his suite enjoyed two days in the wilderness, where Prince George surprised and

delighted his Canadian hosts with the accuracy of his shooting.

The journey homeward across the continent to Toronto was made under ideal autumnal conditions. The woods were aflame with colour, ranging from dull brown to the vivid scarlet of the sumach. The beauty of the Canadian woods in autumn is a revelation to those who have not previously seen them.

The welcome given to their Royal Highnesses by the citizens of Toronto was remarkable even among the hearty receptions to which they had become accustomed in their world-wide tour. The crowds waiting in the stations to see the Royal train as it traversed the wealthy and populous province of which the 'Queen City of Canada' is the capital were enthusiastic in their cheering, but the huge multitude waiting in the open space around the station entrance in Toronto itself made the air ring with their plaudits, while the six thousand tastefully dressed children drawn up in front of them waved Union Jacks and representations of the Maple Leaf of Canada. Their singing of the National Anthem and of the Canadian patriotic songs was notable for its volume and sweetness.

During their Royal Highnesses' two days' stay a fine review of troops was held, nearly twelve thousand well drilled and smartly uniformed men marching past the Prince on the parade ground near the shore of the lake. Among them were three companies of Red Indians, well set-up and soldierly men, who went through their manœuvres with a precision and earnestness delightful to witness.

After the inspection new colours were presented by His Royal Highness to two of the regiments, the impressive spectacle being watched by close upon

fifty thousand people. Among those receiving decorations was Miss Russell, a Canadian lady who had gone out to South Africa and done splendid service as a nurse during the war.

After leaving Toronto the Royal party visited London, a large and thriving town in the heart of the 'Garden of Canada,' reaching it after passing through the most densely populated and most richly fertile district of the Dominion. At all the stations on the route were cheering crowds and gaily-dressed children singing patriotic songs, the people being most eager to show their loyalty and affection towards the Old Country.

A visit was also paid to the greatest natural phenomenon in North America, the wonderful Falls of Niagara, the Royal party spending a whole day in contemplating the mighty rush of water, the deep gorge, and the whirlpool.

On again through Hamilton, the Birmingham of Canada, went the Royal train, till Kingston was reached, and the carriages were exchanged for the 'Kingston' passenger steamer, which was to convey the travellers to Brockville, at the other end of the 'Lake of the Thousand Isles.' Through the winding channels separating these beautiful summer pleasure resorts of Canadians and Americans, the steamer threaded her way during the greater part of a bright and sunny day, arriving at nightfall at Brockville, the last stage of the voyage being made between islands blazing with bonfires and brilliant with fireworks.

Taking again to the train, which had been run along in readiness, their Royal Highnesses travelled on to St John, the capital of New Brunswick, and thence to Halifax, the chief city of Nova Scotia.

All along the route they were welcomed and speeded by huge, enthusiastic crowds, many people travelling for miles from their homes merely to see the train pass, and to cheer and wave flags in token of their affectionate interest in the Royal travellers.

At Halifax a great fleet of warships was gathered around the Royal yacht, waiting here to convey the Duke and Duchess to St John's, Newfoundland. It was in accordance with the wish of King Edward that the last colony touched at should be the first owned by England.

From Newfoundland a speedy and uneventful passage was made across the Atlantic. The weather was now breaking, and rough seas and high winds were encountered before the *Ophir* finally landed her passengers at Portsmouth on the 1st of November.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra came out in the Royal yacht to meet the *Ophir* in the roads off the Isle of Wight, bringing with them their grandchildren, whose joy at seeing again their father and mother after a separation of eight months may be imagined. During that time the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York had covered a distance of over forty-five thousand miles, thirty-three thousand miles by water and twelve thousand over the land. They had visited five continents and traversed the waters of the three greatest oceans, and had drawn together the bonds of the Empire as no other series of events had ever done. The magnificent services to his country accomplished by the Duke were fully recognised by Britons at home and abroad, the enthusiastic approval of the Prince's splendid work finding expression in the magnificent receptions accorded to him and his Consort by the people of Portsmouth and of London.

A month later Prince George, having in the meantime, on November 9, the King's birthday, been created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, was entertained by the Corporation of London in the Guildhall, in recognition of his services to the Empire. It was on this occasion, in response to the toast of Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal family, that he made the memorable speech which attracted so much attention throughout the world.

After thanking the assembly for their enthusiastic reception of the toast and for the ovation accorded to himself and the Princess by the citizens of London, the Prince continued :—

‘You, my Lord Mayor, were good enough to refer to His Majesty’s having marked our home-coming by creating me Prince of Wales. I only hope that I may be worthy to hold that ancient and historic title, which was borne by my dear father for upwards of fifty-nine years.’

He then went on to express the gratitude felt by himself and the Princess to the King and the Government for having enabled them to visit in such comfort so many of the great Dominions of the King beyond the seas, and to gain so close a knowledge of the races whose loyalty to King and Empire was everywhere conspicuous. After a deeply interesting summary of the chief events of the wonderful tour, he continued :—

‘If I were asked to specify any particular impression derived from our journey, I should unhesitatingly place before all others that of loyalty to the Crown and of attachment to the Old Country. It was, indeed, touching to hear the invariable references to home,

even from the lips of those who never had been or were ever likely to be in these islands. And with all this loyalty were unmistakable evidences of a consciousness of strength, a consciousness of true and living membership in the Empire, and a consciousness of power and readiness to share the burdens and responsibilities of that membership. And were I to seek for the causes which have created and fostered this spirit, I should venture to attribute them in a very large degree to the life and example of our late beloved Sovereign. It would be difficult to exaggerate the signs of genuine sorrow for her loss, and of love for her memory, which we found among all races in the most remote districts which we visited. Besides this, may we not find another cause—the wise and just policy which in the last half century has been continuously maintained towards our colonies? As a result of the happy relations thus created between the Mother Country and her colonies, we have seen their spontaneous rally round the old flag in defence of the nation's honour in South Africa.'

After referring appreciatively to the Cadet Corps of Australia and New Zealand, he said impressively:—

'To the distinguished representatives of the commercial interests of the Empire, whom I have the pleasure of meeting here to-day, I venture to allude to the impression which seemed generally to prevail among their brethren across the seas, that the Old Country must Wake Up if she intends to maintain her old position of pre-eminence in her colonial trade against foreign competitors. No one who had the privilege of enjoying the experiences which we had during our tour could fail to be struck with one all-prevailing and pressing demand—the want of population. Even in the oldest of our colonies there were

abundant signs of that need, boundless tracts of country yet unexplored, hidden mineral wealth calling for development, vast expanses of virgin soil ready to yield profitable crops to the settlers. And all this can be enjoyed under conditions of healthy living, liberal laws, and free institutions, in exchange for the overcrowded cities and the almost hopeless struggle for existence which, alas! too often is the lot of many in the Old Country. But one condition, and one only, is made by our colonial brethren, and that is: "Send us suitable emigrants." I would go further, and appeal to my fellow-countrymen at home to prove the strength of the attachment of the Mother-land to her children by sending to them only of her best. By this means we may still further strengthen, or at all events pass on unimpaired, that pride of race, that unity of sentiment and purpose, that feeling of common loyalty and obligation which knit together and alone can maintain the integrity of our Empire.'

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES SET OUT ON ANOTHER HISTORIC TOUR

A MOST interesting ceremony, identifying Prince George with that scientific progress which is the characteristic feature of the civilisation of to-day, took place on the 6th of February, 1902, when he was admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society.

Lord Kelvin, the veteran scientist, was at that time President of the Society, and after Prince George had signed the Charter Book and had been presented

to him by the late Marquis of Salisbury, he took the hand of the new Fellow and recited the formal words appointed for the ceremony of admission:— 'I do, by the authority, and in the name of the Royal Society of London for improving Natural Knowledge, admit you a Fellow thereof.'

King George has always been keenly alive to the importance of scientific inquiry, especially in its application to the needs of the present age. A few months after his admission as a Fellow of the Royal Society, in opening the new National Physical Laboratory, he delivered an address to the scientists there assembled—men eminent in every department of British science and manufacturing industry.

'This ceremony,' he said, 'is not merely a meeting with the object of taking over a new theatre of investigation and research. Is it not more than this? Does it not show in a very practical way that the nation is beginning to recognise that if her commercial supremacy is to be maintained, greater facilities must be given for furthering the application of science to commerce and manufacture? In the profession to which I am proud to belong there are, perhaps, special opportunities of gaining a certain insight into the general trade and commerce of the world, and of comparing the commercial vitality of the different countries.'

This speech shows the anxiety of the Prince that Britain and her colonies shall not fall behind their powerful competitors in the world of commerce and manufacture. It must have brought to his hearers a reminiscence of his famous 'wake up' speech. With the speeches that had gone before it and those which were to follow, it throws some light upon the attitude of the Prince's mind, and indicates to what

great ends the influence he is now able to wield will be directed. The maintenance of the supremacy of the British Empire in trade and manufacture, and the closer union of its members, will most certainly form the policy of the new King.

The year 1902 was destined to be remarkable in many ways. It had been arranged that the Coronation of King Edward should take place towards the end of June, and great preparations were made for it by all classes. Peace was at last concluded with the Boers, largely, it was said, owing to the exertions of King Edward to that end, and the Peace of Vereeniging was signed. Everything pointed to the beginning of a new era of prosperity under the popular monarch who had succeeded his beloved mother, when suddenly, almost without warning, the King was stricken with perityphlitis. If his life was to be saved an operation must be performed without delay, and the Coronation was indefinitely postponed. In those days of acute anxiety, when it seemed not impossible that the nation's rejoicing would be turned into mourning, the people realised to the full how deep a hold upon their affections the manly personality of the King had obtained; and unceasing and earnest prayer was offered for his recovery. His keenest regret was that he was unwillingly compelled to disappoint those who had been looking forward to the ceremony with such joyful anticipation. 'Will my people ever forgive me?' he is reported to have cried when told that the Coronation must be postponed. His speedy and happy recovery was hailed with joy and thankfulness in every corner of the Empire.

Just before this great trouble the Prince of Wales had been promoted to the rank of General in recognition of the valuable service he had rendered to

the forces of the Empire by the almost numberless reviews he had held while on his historic tour.

For the next three years, apart from the many State functions in which he took a more or less prominent part, Prince George enjoyed a well-earned rest, interesting himself very deeply in agricultural questions. He became deservedly well known in agricultural circles for his breed of red poll cattle, and for a strain of Berkshire pigsshowing points of excellence not before produced in those very useful animals.

King Edward's reign was remarkable for the beginning of better and more friendly relations with many foreign nations whose sympathies had been rather against than with the British Empire during the struggle with the Boers. To a very great extent this was due to the personal influence of the King himself. Without interfering in any way with the work of the responsible Government, King Edward very greatly mollified the bitterness existing towards British policy in the minds of some of our neighbours on the Continent by his tact and *bonhomie* as a friendly visitor to the rulers of nearly all the important European countries.

It was clearly demonstrated that the personal influence of a monarch, wisely and tactfully used, could do much more in the softening of animosities, arising mainly from misunderstanding, than the most cautious and subtle official diplomacy.

The visit of Prince George to the Colonies had, in a very similar way, drawn together the sympathies of Britons at home and Britons abroad; and it had become increasingly apparent that the devotion of the British race to the Royal Family and all that it implies is the strongest of all the ties linking the members of the Empire together.

From the itinerary of the Prince, however, there had been one notable omission. The great Indian Empire had not been included. This was, no doubt, because it belonged to an altogether different category. India has little in common with those members of the Empire settled and developed by men of British race. She is herself a congeries of nations, of widely differing languages, customs, history, and religion. Many of her native princes, though subject to the British Raj, exercise absolute sway in their own territory; their friendliness to British dominance in the Peninsula is a sentiment the cultivation of which is essential to the security of British interests. From time to time there have not been wanting signs of unrest among the natives of one section or another of the dependency, and foreign emissaries have not infrequently tried to foment incipient rebellion or to encourage native ambition for complete independence.

A Royal tour of India partakes of the character both of a Royal progress through districts directly governed by men of British race in accordance with British law and British precedent and of friendly visits to the courts of sovereigns in almost every essential independent. The high Imperial value of such a tour can hardly be exaggerated. Proof is afforded to those directly governed of the lively interest taken in their affairs by the Emperor and his family; while the loyal allegiance of native princes is strengthened by the evident appreciation and consideration with which they are regarded by the Imperial Government.

It was in conformity with these principles that King Edward and his advisers decided to enable the Prince and Princess of Wales to complete their tour

of the British Dominions by a Royal Progress through India and Burma; and, though the undertaking of so arduous a task would involve their separation again for many months from home and family, the Prince and Princess were found once more willing to sacrifice personal comfort and the ties of affection to public duty and Imperial policy.

Leaving London on October 19, the Prince and Princess of Wales landed at Bombay on November 9. From Bombay they went by rail to Indore, and thence to Udaipur and Jaipur. Then, crossing the Great Indian Desert, they reached the Punjab, stopping at Lahore and then proceeding to Peshawar and the North-West Frontier. Here they saw Lord Kitchener's camps, and the elaborate training being given to British and Indian troops for the discouragement of the turbulence of the hill tribes and the safeguarding of this vulnerable portion of the boundary of the Empire. A visit was then paid to Jammu, amidst the grand scenery of the Himalayas.

Amritsar, the religious capital of the Punjab and the first mission station of the Church of England in that province, was the next stopping-place, leaving which the Royal party went on to Delhi, the ancient capital of the Mogul Empire, and the wealthiest and most populous city of Northern India. Agra, another ancient capital, near which is the wondrous Taj Mahal, erected by Shah Jehan to the memory of his wife, next received their Royal Highnesses. Then came their magnificent reception by the Maharajah of Gwalior, in whose chief city they spent Christmas week. Lucknow, the capital of what was once the kingdom of Oudh, with its sombre memories of the Mutiny, was next visited, and then Calcutta was reached.

From Calcutta, after a visit to Darjeeling, a three days' voyage across the Bay of Bengal brought the Royal party to Rangoon, whence Mandalay, the capital of the last Burmese king, was visited. Returning from Mandalay, the Prince and Princess once more crossed the Bay of Bengal, their course this time taking them to Madras, the great commercial port on the Coromandel coast of India. The progressive and prosperous native State of Mysore was now crossed to its capital of the same name, where the clever and promising young ruler gave his Royal guests a splendid reception. Bangalore was also visited, and the unique spectacle of an elephant hunt presented for the entertainment of their Royal Highnesses.

In the Dominion of the Nizam, the greatest of the Indian feudatories, a shooting camp had been prepared at a distance of one hundred and twenty miles from Hyderabad, the capital; and here Prince George had an experience of 'sport' as it is understood by Indian princes.

After pausing to see the wonderful rock-hewn temples of Ellora, the Royal party went on to Benares, the holiest city of the Hindus. From this point the State of Nepal was entered, and then the Plain of the Ganges was crossed to Simla, whence Kurrachee was reached.

Leaving this port on March 19, 1906, their Royal Highnesses arrived in London on May 8.

A more detailed account of the Royal progress is given in the succeeding chapters. It will be noticed how thoroughly the original intention of the promoters of this tour had been carried out, every important State and almost every important city in the Empire having been visited. The impression left on the minds of the peoples of India was profound. The gracious

personality of the Princess of Wales had made, perhaps, a more direct appeal to those Indian ladies who had been privileged to meet her; but a notable effect had been produced upon even the less impressible minds of the haughty rulers themselves; and many of them afterwards expressed their delight at her charm and the tactful ease with which she adapted herself to her unaccustomed environment.

CHAPTER XXXIV

SOME INDIAN EXPERIENCES

THE reception of their Royal Highnesses at Bombay was one of the most splendid ever accorded to them. For weeks the inhabitants, Hindu, Parsee, and British, had been making preparation. The city was ablaze with decorations and, at night, with illuminations. Rajahs, maharajahs, nabobs, and rulers of many other degrees from Western India had crowded with their retinues into the city to welcome the son of their Emperor; and their gorgeous Eastern dress and flashing jewels added immensely to the spectacular effect of the many functions in which the Prince and Princess took a leading part during their stay.

The municipal address of welcome was read characteristically and appropriately by a Parsee merchant—for Bombay is the headquarters of these commercial princes of India.

Of the laying of foundation stones, loyal and welcoming addresses, dinners, levées, and the usual formidable list of ceremonies included in the programme mapped out for the entertainment of the

Royal guests, it would be wearisome to speak at length; for there is a certain sameness in these functions, interesting and important though they undoubtedly are. Throughout the tour, however, it was noticed that neither Prince George nor the Princess of Wales ever seemed to lose interest or to be bored or wearied.

There was one function, however, which deserves at least passing mention, as it threw some little light upon the status, stage of culture, and attitude towards Western ideas of the women of Western India. This was the Ladies' Reception of the Princess in the Town Hall. There were present representative groups of Parsee, Hindu, and Mohammedan ladies, each of whom was eager to give a characteristic welcome to the gracious lady from the West. First came the presentations to the Princess, after which the peculiar ceremonies arranged beforehand were begun. The first of these was the 'Vadhavilevani' of the Parsee ladies. As the Princess stood smilingly acquiescent a cocoanut and an egg were passed seven times round her head, typifying the seven circles of the world in which work the spirits of evil. After having thus, as it were, collected the malice of the evil spirits, both egg and nut were broken, and with them the plots against the happiness of the Princess. Just as the breaking of the nut and the egg provided food, so would the breaking of the plots of the evil spirits turn to greater joy and prosperity for her Royal Highness.

A dish of water was then passed carefully round her head in the same way, and afterwards emptied. After that there could never again be in her life any want or lack, but a satisfying abundance of all that spells satisfaction and comfort.

In order that she might have not only enough for herself, but sufficient for charitable distribution, a handful of rice was thrown over her head. Then the chief officiating lady cracked off from the head of the future Queen of England, by cracking her own knuckles against her own temples, every possible misfortune.

It was now the turn of the Hindu ladies, who were waiting on a higher stage. They had their 'Arti' tray ready, the red powder in the middle being surrounded by a circle of tiny lights. The intention of these good ladies was to rub some of the red powder on the Princess's brow, so that her life might outshine in happiness all other lives, just as the colour red outshines all other colours. The Princess, however, tactfully avoided the actual painting of her forehead while graciously accepting the good wishes of her eager entertainers.

At the great inner doorway of the hall the Mahomedan ladies adorned their guest with garlands of flowers, and flung over her head a shower of gilded and silvered nuts. The flowers were to bring pleasure and the nuts to bring peace into the life of the Princess. They then presented her with a cocoanut, symbolically wishing her thereby every necessary of life.

At Indore their Royal Highnesses were welcomed by the Maharajah Halkar and the Begum of Bhopal, with over fifty other Indian rulers of greater or less importance, together with a number of British officers. The Begum was, of course, closely veiled; and it must have been a task of no little difficulty to carry on a conversation with her, as the Princess did as soon as the Indian notables had been presented.

In the evening the native rulers held a reception in the pavilions by the side of the river, the banks of

which were illuminated and marked out by rows of oil-lamps and Chinese lanterns. Each of the rulers was gorgeously dressed and sat on a gold or silver throne attended by his swarthy retainers.

The next day was one of crowded ceremonies. At the grand Durbar the Begum was presented with the G.C.I.E., and the Order of K.C.I.E. was awarded to the Rajah of Sailana. The Durbar was, even for India, a wonderfully brilliant and impressive function. On the wide, dusty plain near the British Residency, a great pavilion of shimmering cloth had been erected; and at one end was a dais, gleaming like silver in the mellow shadow, on which stood thrones for the Prince and Princess. The robes, parasols, and fans of scarlet and gold, the plumes, jewels and brocades of the native rulers and their brightly-hued attire, made a scene of magnificence which, perhaps, India alone can produce. The presentations were followed by an address given in English by Prince George, but translated into Hindustani by an interpreter, after which the rulers once more approached the Royal dais, where each was presented by the Prince with a piece of *pan* enclosed in silver paper, and received into his handkerchief a few drops of attar of roses.

At Udaipur the Prince and Princess stayed as the guests of the Maharajah at the wonderful lakeside palace. A visit was paid to the Maharajah's shooting-camp, where Prince George shot four boars, three hyenas, and a deer. His Indian host had been anxious that he should add a leopard to his bag, but the Fates were not propitious. At Jaipur, however, the Prince shot a tiger, the first that had fallen to his rifle.

At the Durbar held here the Princess of Wales surveyed the scene from a balcony. This was quite

a concession, the Maharajah's estimate of the rights and position of women being decidedly Eastern. In other ways, however, he showed himself both progressive and public-spirited, and in commemoration of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales he made a gift of four lakhs of rupees to the Famine Fund.

At Bikaner in the heart of the Great Indian Desert, their Royal Highnesses were met by the Maharajah and other Rajput notables, part of their escort consisting of swarthy warriors mounted on camels, some of them clad in complete armour with helmets and visors like the knights of old.

Another notable camel-corps, that of the Maharajah of Bahawalpur, won unstinted admiration by its splendid march past in the review held by the Prince of Wales at Lahore. At the same review the cavalry of the young Maharajah of Patiala made an imposing spectacle as the troopers galloped past the Royal dais.

From Peshawar a most interesting visit was paid to the Khyber Pass, of mournful memory. Their Royal Highnesses proceeded by train to Jamrud, where they were received by an escort of the Khyber Rifles, and taken in carriages into the mountain fastnesses, rolling along between spurs of rock, bare hillsides, and patches of scrub. Ponies were changed at Ali Masjid, and then the road led past several Afridi villages, each surrounded by a loop-holed mud wall and defended by a squat tower, but commanded by a British blockhouse. At last the rock-surrounded valley was reached in which stands the fort of Landi Kotal, where their Royal Highnesses had lunch.

On the return journey to Jamrud a picturesque

ceremony took place at Ali Masjid. A small company of sheepskin-clad Afridi chieftains were waiting here, each with a pot of honey and a sheep, which they presented to the Prince as their tribute of hospitality.

At Rawal Pindi a great review of Indian and British troops was held, following a two days' mimic warfare, in which the mobility and efficiency of the various corps were thoroughly tested. Fifty-five thousand troops of all arms marched past the Prince, Lord Kitchener himself leading. It had been intended to hold this review of the Northern Command of the Indian Army at Delhi, but the long drought had made fodder unprocurable for the great number of horses, bullocks, camels and elephants attached to the various units.

The next stopping-place was Jammu in the country of Kashmir, a city of white and gilded pinnacles set against the mighty background of the majestic Himalayas. According to immemorial custom, the representative of the Emperor was presented with the *ziyasat*, a tribute of fruit and sweetmeats worth about five thousand rupees; but by the express wish of the Prince, the edible part of this huge present was distributed to the poor of the city and district, who were summoned by proclamation. The feast was held in the open air, beginning about three o'clock in the afternoon; and order was kept amongst the separate sections of Mohammedans, Hindus, and others by a force of two hundred and fifty sepoy and policemen.

Amritsar, the religious capital of the Punjab, received the Royal travellers with remarkable enthusiasm. One of the decorative mottoes read: 'Tell your parents that we are happy.' Amritsar, indeed,

is a most prosperous city, having a great trans-Himalayan trade, besides being the centre of a district of great fertility.

Delhi, famous as the capital of the old Mogul Empire, and also as the scene of the proclamation of 1877 making Queen Victoria Empress of India, had prepared a series of brilliant functions in honour of the Royal visitors. The usual Durbar was held, and addresses were presented to the Prince by the representatives of the municipality and of the district. Delhi owes much of its modern prosperity to the enterprise of the railway lines, seven of which centre in the city. The address presented by the representatives of the municipality referred to this. 'Delhi City has all the advantages which peace, civilisation, and railway enterprise can bring about; and for these advantages and blessings we render true gratitude to His Majesty, the King-Emperor, and his benign rule.'

A visit to Agra and its famous mausoleum was followed by a stay of some duration in Gwalior. A remarkable feature of the reception here was the procession of thirty-six elephants, on the first two of which were seated in resplendent howdahs the Prince and Princess, accompanied respectively by the Maharajah and the Agent to the Governor-General. These two elephants had their trunks decorated with the motto and feathers of the Prince of Wales in blue and white, and had necklaces, ear-tassels, and fringes of gold.

Christmas week was spent by their Royal Highnesses in Gwalior, the Maharajah, a most enlightened and intensely loyal ruler, doing all in his power to make the time pass pleasantly. Amongst the entertainments were three tiger-shooting expeditions

and a magnificent review of the Gwalior forces—cavalry, infantry, horse-artillery, and four elephant batteries.

The tiger-shooting was conducted upon strictly Indian principles. The tigers had been kept in the appointed district by judicious feeding, and towers had been built for the Prince's accommodation. The tigers were driven by beaters past the tower where the Prince was stationed, when his unerring rifle laid them low. The sport, however, such as it was, scarcely commended itself to Prince George, who would have preferred to take a greater risk and to give the tiger a sporting chance. Like other provinces visited, Gwalior was suffering greatly from drought and consequent famine; and the people were convinced that the visit of the Prince and Princess would in some mysterious way bring rain to the thirsty land.

Lucknow, the capital of what was once the kingdom of Oudh, famous in the annals of the Indian Mutiny for the gallant defence of the Residency, was next visited. Here the Prince received the homage of a descendant of the old royal line, and was fêted by the nobles of the old court, who are by their own showing in their Address to the Prince more than satisfied with the substitution of British rule for that of their native sovereigns.

At Calcutta, the programme of amusements and entertainments was even fuller of variety than in the cities already visited. The Princess of Wales was here presented with a beautiful jewel, and the Prince with the degree of Doctor of Laws, the former presentation being made during the festival of reception and the latter at the Convocation of Calcutta University.

The Prince presented the King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment with new colours, and distributed the medals to the men who had taken part in the Tibetan Expedition.

Their Royal Highnesses also attended the famous Calcutta races and the no less renowned steeple-chases. There were, of course, the usual brilliant functions—dinners, levées, parades, and similar ceremonies.

The oppressive heat and dust of the capital were exchanged for the delightful coolness and magnificent mountain scenery of Darjeeling, where a restful two days' stay was made as a preparation for the voyage from Calcutta to Rangoon and a visit to the ancient capital of the kings of Burma.

CHAPTER XXXV

INTERESTING INCIDENTS DURING THE ROYAL TOUR

ONE of the most interesting incidents during the Royal tour was the children's party given by the Princess of Wales in Gwalior. Many of the presents were bought by her Royal Highness during her last afternoon in London. The little guests were the children of the sirdars, or country gentlemen around the city. There were over fifty of them, all at first very solemn and ceremonious. The boys, on being presented to their Royal hostess, made a deep salaam and then shook hands.

The Christmas tree, the first they had ever seen, was of immense size, and was planted upon a hill covered with cotton-wool in imitation of snow.

The beautifully-embroidered shoes of the children were left at the door of the Great Durbar Hall of the Maharajah's Palace, where the party was held, and the little people went about in softly-stockinged feet. In every other way, however, the customs of Western peoples on such occasions were observed.

After the merriment and surprise caused by the entry of Father Christmas the reserve of the young guests quickly thawed, especially when the Prince's aides-de-camp began to distribute the presents. The Princess was soon surrounded by a throng of happy and laughing children, offering her crackers to pull with them and including her in their games. The Prince came in after a time and joined in the pretty revelry, the whole experience being one of the most enjoyable of the tour.

At Calcutta a troupe of Tibetan boys performed a native dance before the Prince. The occasion was that of the return visit paid by the Prince of Wales to the Tashi Lama at Hastings House. The Tashi Lama had been invited to come to Calcutta during the Prince's visit. He had been present during the great review at Rawal Pindi, and was altogether much impressed with what he saw. During the visit of the Prince to his temporary home at Calcutta, the Tashi Lama did his utmost to show how thoroughly he appreciated the honour done to him. After the usual compliments and ceremonious speeches tea was handed round; and while the guests were enjoying it, a number of little Tibetan boys, attired in their quaint and picturesque native dress, came in and danced to the sound of Tibetan drums and fifes, waving their battle-axes rhythmically as they went through the different figures.

At the native entertainment given to their Royal

Highnesses on the Maidan there were performances of other native dances. Chief among them were the Sikkim dance, the Bhutanese dance and the Tibetan ghost-dance, all characterised by the vigour of the dancers and the wonderful diversity of their head-dress and general attire. It was during this entertainment that their Royal Highnesses were decorated with garlands of flowers by the Maharajah of Burdwan.

A voyage of three days' duration across the blue waters of the Bay of Bengal brought the Royal party to the mouth of the Irawadi, the arrival at Rangoon being fixed for the 13th of January. A reception quite unique in character was here accorded their Royal Highnesses. Burma, unlike every other Eastern country, is distinguished for the honourable position held by its women. They have the fullest liberty, taking part in business and in public ceremonies on at least equal terms with the men; they even choose their own husbands, the proposal of marriage coming from them. As might be expected the children are considered and cared for with even more than Western tenderness. It was, therefore, peculiarly appropriate that the route of the Royal procession should be lined by women and children. Fully fifteen thousand children were present, and they and the older ladies were dressed in zephyr-like silks and muslins of many exquisitely delicate shades. As the Prince and Princess advanced the children strewed flowers in their path and one of the girls presented the Princess with a very beautiful bouquet.

Replying to the addresses of welcome, the Prince said that he hoped the country would long maintain its reputation for genial content and happy life. He and the Princess quickly felt the strange charm

of this bright and picturesque country, with its attractive, merry, and fun-loving people. At Rangoon they visited the famous Shway Dagôn Pagoda, a great bell-shaped temple higher than St Paul's, and covered with gold from summit to base. They were also edified by a dance given by the wild Karens, in which the dancers held hands, their elbows touching, and swung backward and forward, from left to right, and up and down like one gigantic automaton, the women crossing their legs as they bent.

At Poozoondoung timber-yard a pavilion had been erected from which the Royal visitors watched elephants lifting and piling timber, the massive logs being carried between trunk and tusks.

At Mandalay, the ancient capital of King Theebaw, their Royal Highnesses witnessed boat-races and canoe-races on the moat of the old royal palace. They were conducted aboard the late King's wonderful State barge, which on this occasion bore the Union Jack and the British ensign, and was towed out upon the broad waters of the moat by two boats lashed together. One of the most peculiar of the races was between a Mandalay crew of paddlers and a canoe rowed by Inthas, who stand erect, one hand clutching a central bar while they use the other and one leg in paddling. The course was short, and the Mandalay paddlers went away with great spirit, maintaining their position till they passed the winning-post; though the Inthas would probably have overhauled them on a longer course.

The royal palace, with its gilded and decorated doorways, its staircases and pillars, afforded to the Prince and Princess an illustration of royal state as understood by the Kings of Burma. The happy idea of the 'Doorways of Degrees' at the entrance

of one of the halls—one for the King, one for the Queen, and another for their suite, seemed greatly to interest the Prince. In the marquee set up in the palace grounds a theatrical performance was given before their Royal Highnesses. The principal actress was arrayed in a pale pink silk dress, tight as a modern hobble-skirt; she was crowned with flowers and wore many chains and necklaces. As a girl she had danced before King Theebaw. The orchestra was weird and curious. Some of the musicians sat within well-like circular enclosures, round the inner side of which were arranged a number of little gongs, on which they beat with wooden mallets. There was much clashing of cymbals, and sharp, castanet-like cracking of long, hinged wooden clappers, very like tongs in shape and size. The harmony was provided by performers upon keyed instruments not unlike clarionets, but with a much wider mouth.

Before leaving Burma the Prince and Princess visited the wonderful Arakan Pagoda, one of the most gorgeous shrines on earth. Here they saw the Mahuni brass statue of Gautama, for the possession of which many wars were waged.

From Mandalay the Royal party returned to the Bay of Bengal, crossing this time to Madras, the capital of what has been deservedly termed the 'Model State.' One of the most interesting spectacles here was the dramatic performance given by the Khonds, representatives of that wild and fierce tribe of hillmen who still apologise to their god for the substitution of bullocks for human beings in their sacrifices, laying the blame upon the British Government. This was the first time Khonds had ever been seen in Madras, and their music, their conjuring tricks, and their great physical strength and endurance

were a revelation, not only to the Royal visitors, but also to the residents. Their heads were adorned with gigantic plumes and bullocks' horns, and on their backs they wore shields of leopard-skin and thick cloth.

From Madras the Royal party travelled into the State of Mysore, one of the largest and most progressive in India, visiting Bangalore, Mysore, and Seringapatam. At Mysore a wonderful display of horsemanship was given before the Prince and Princess by a troop of the Maharajah's horsemen. The most remarkable incident of the review was the trot past, all the troopers standing at the salute on the backs of their steeds.

At nightfall on the Kabanni River their Royal Highnesses witnessed an elephant drive. The Royal party sat behind a barrier interlaced with green boughs so as to resemble the edge of the jungle. Before them was the stockade into which the elephants were to be driven, at the other side of which was the river. Three fords, two of which had been blocked, led into the *keddah*, and across the other a gate was arranged to fall upon the pulling of a cord by the Prince. In the dim light, the great gray shapes emerged from the forest at the opposite side of the river, driven on by shouts, horns, clappers, noises indescribable and countless torches, till they forded the stream to the number of forty, the falling gate finally enclosing them. Some of them walked up to the barrier through which the silent spectators were peeping, and pushed with their foreheads against the supporting posts, making the strong timbers bend and creak.

Two days later the Royal visitors witnessed the roping and tying-up of another herd—dangerous

work performed by skilled natives with the help of specially-trained tame elephants. One large cow elephant proved most refractory, charging repeatedly in search of her lost calf, and injuring one man severely. The roping of the biggest tusker was most difficult and exciting, the Prince and Princess watching with keen interest the skilful enclosing of the great fellow by four female elephants, who pressed against him on all sides while men crawled under their bodies and fastened to his feet strong ropes secured to a deeply-driven post.

The Princess of Wales showed deep interest in the Maharani's college for high-caste Hindu girls—many of whom are widows—the only college of the kind in India started under native management. The college is affiliated to Madras University.

A ceremony of peculiar interest performed by the Princess of Wales at Hyderabad was the laying of the foundation-stone of the Victoria Zenana Hospital. Behind a curtain of cane, through which they could obtain a misty view of the ceremony, were the ladies of the Nizam's zenana.

A great shooting-camp had been prepared at Nikonda in expectation of the Prince's visit, and here Prince George had capital sport, two tigers and a leopard falling to his rifle. The first tiger and the leopard fell each to a single shot. The second tiger was shot in the thick jungle, and was carried home by some of the shikarees in a litter. At one place a stream had to be forded, and one of the bearers took the Prince upon his back and landed him dry-shod on the farther bank.

The Prince also witnessed the hunting of black buck with the Nizam's cheetah, or hunting leopard, a long-legged, slender animal standing higher than

a greyhound. The animal is fastened to a small cart which the black buck allow to get quite close to them. Then the cheetah is unhooded and unleashed, and quickly overtakes and pulls down the buck.

The Princess had in the meantime remained in the Falaknuma Palace at Hyderabad, being entertained by the courteous Nizam, and visiting among other places of interest the ancient city of Golconda, six miles from Hyderabad. The way to this famous stronghold was in places very steep and rough, and the Princess was carried in an open palanquin.

A most impressive function during the Royal visit to Hyderabad was the review of eight thousand splendid troops, British and Indian. The native cavalry especially won the admiration of Prince George, their perfect horsemanship and stately appearance attracting the attention of all spectators.

The visit was altogether an unqualified success, and most thoroughly enjoyable. In the words of the Nizam it was 'one more link, and a very strong link, in the long chain of most cordial associations which binds me and my house to the British Empire.'

The state entry of the Prince and Princess into Benares was one of the most magnificent during the tour. After the presentation of the address of welcome at the Town Hall, the Prince and Princess mounted to the golden howdah on the back of the biggest elephant in India. On the second elephant rode the Maharajah of Benares, and then followed twenty-two more of these great animals, the gold and silver of their trappings flashing and gleaming in the sunlight. The next morning, February 20, the Prince and Princess sailed in the Maharajah's barge down the river past the bathing-ghats and the

burning-ghat. Thousands of devout Hindus were bathing in the sacred waters of the Ganges, and crowds of pilgrims thronged the steps leading down to the river. From the burning-ghat arose the smoke that told of bodies being consumed in the fire of the funeral pyres.

Another weird experience was the Prince's visit to the temple of Hanuman, the Monkey God, which he made quite privately in the company of the Chief of Police, Mr Bramley. Purchasing a brass tray full of sugared popcorn from the priest at the door, the visitors passed into the temple and spent some time in feeding the sacred monkeys.

Going on from Benares, the Prince and Princess visited Bettia, in the Champaran district of Bengal, Aligarh, the chief town of the Upper Doab, and Simla, the residence of the Viceroy during the hot season, spending in the three places rather more than a fortnight.

Aligarh was perhaps the most interesting of the three. Captured by Lord Lake in 1803, it gave to the British the command of the Upper Doab, that flat but fertile tract enclosed between the Ganges and the Jumna. The Aga Khan, its native ruler, is one of the most polished and cultured Indian gentlemen of the day, speaking perfect English and keeping abreast of modern scientific progress. He is a direct descendant of the Prophet, honoured as such by Mohammedans in all parts of Asia and Africa, and is looked upon by the Khoja sect of Mohammedans as a god—though he has been known to say that it was not 'all beer and skittles to be a god.'

The Tiwana Lancers, formerly the 18th Bengal Cavalry, a smart and soldierly force, of which the

Prince accepted the Honorary Colonelcy, gave a magnificent display of tent-pegging, afterwards attempting to go through the same exercise on camel-back, but with less success—though their horsemanship—or, rather, their camelmanship—was extraordinarily good.

Before re-embarking at Karachi for home, the Prince and Princess travelled up to Quetta, in Beluchistan. A Durbar was held here by the Prince at which were present the Khan of Khelat, the Jam of Las Bela, and the Sirdars of Beluchistan. The Royal party then took train to Chaman, on the very frontier of the British Dominions.

Their departure from Karachi was marked by every expression of affection and enthusiasm. The Mir of Khaipur, the principal native ruler of the district, a very old man, took the hand of the Princess in both of his, stroking it with affection and reverence while he bade her good-bye with deep emotion. One of the most pleasing functions at this place was the unveiling by the Prince of a statue of Queen Victoria, subscribed for by the people of Sind.

In expressing his regret at leaving, the Prince said: 'I can assure you, and our other friends in all parts of this great and wonderful land, that we leave India with feelings of gratitude and affection. We have seen enough to make India a living reality to us, and enough to make us wish we could see more, and to implant for ever in our hearts sympathy and interest in all that affects our fellow-subjects in India, of whatever creed or race. . . . In bidding India farewell we can truly say that our visit has been to us an unending and unbroken series of happy and most instructive experiences.'

CHAPTER XXXVI

STATE VISITS AND STATELY CEREMONIAL

THE *Renown*, conveying the Prince and Princess of Wales back to England, sailed from Karachi on March 19, 1906, reaching Portsmouth on May 8. On the way they visited Corfu, Athens, Malta, and Gibraltar. At Corfu they were received by King George of Greece, who was awaiting there a visit from King Edward and Queen Alexandra. On the arrival of the King and Queen of England, King George, accompanied by the Prince and Princess, at once went aboard the Royal yacht, and later in the day the Royal party landed and were received by the people of Corfu with enthusiasm.

During the Royal visit the British Fleet gave an entertainment in the roadstead. King Edward went aboard the *Implacable*, which immediately let down her nets and sustained an attack from four torpedo-destroyers, the whole of the missiles being fired while the destroyers travelled past at the rate of twenty-four knots, and all being caught in the net.

Later in the day boat-races were arranged. In one, the whale-boats of the destroyers were used, and were propelled by means of shovels over a course of half-a-mile. In another race, the 'All-Comers' Race, nearly every boat in the Fleet competed—over sixty of them altogether—and the course was two miles in length. The contest was a splendid one, and was won by the *Prince of Wales's* galley, pulling eight oars, the galley of the *Irresistible* coming

in second. The first prize was given by King Edward and the second by Prince George.

From Corfu the Royal party went on to Athens, and there received a magnificent ovation. 'Tell the people I love, have always loved, and ever shall love Greece,' said King Edward in reply to the Mayor's address. The next few days were spent most enjoyably in driving about Athens and its interesting neighbourhood. The next week was that of the Olympian Games, which the Royal party attended. The unstinted praise given to the Danish lady gymnasts, both for their appearance and for their clever performance, must have been very gratifying to King George of Greece and to Queen Alexandra.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra left a day before the Prince and Princess of Wales, going direct to Naples, where their sympathy for the sufferers by the eruption of Vesuvius was gratefully received by the Italian people. This appreciation was expressed by the Duchess D'Aosta in a very beautiful way, the Queen and Princess Victoria finding the breakfast-room of the Royal yacht one morning decorated with May roses by her orders.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, after calling at Malta and Gibraltar, arrived on Monday, May 7, and, landing at Portsmouth the next day at about three o'clock, left for London amid a scene of great enthusiasm. At Victoria Station they were met by the King, who had arrived in London the day before, together with the Secretary of State for India and other persons of distinction. A mounted escort from the Guards headed the procession to Marlborough House. The same evening the Prince and Princess attended a family dinner-party given by King Edward in honour of their return.

It was conceded on all sides that the tour of their Royal Highnesses through our great dependency had been productive of much good, strengthening the loyalty of the native princes and bringing them into personal touch with the Paramount Power, besides arousing some of the more remote States to greater interest in Western methods, thoughts, and ideals.

On May 13 the King, the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children attended a Thanksgiving Service in Westminster Abbey for the safe return of their Royal Highnesses. The service recalled a similar ceremony when King Edward, then Prince of Wales, also returned from a tour in India. By the special desire of the Prince of Wales, three hundred blue-jackets from H.M.S. *Renown*, one hundred from H.M.S. *Terrible*, a detachment of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, and the Naval Band of the *Renown* were present at the service, to which ordinary worshippers were also admitted. There were present, also, over one hundred of the Royal servants and nearly every member of the Prince's suite. After the impressive rendering of the National Anthem a collection was taken on behalf of the Royal Seamen and Marines' Orphans' Schools and Female Home and the Church of England Soldiers' Institute, nearly one hundred and forty pounds being realised.

The fine collection of Indian animals brought home by the Prince was housed in the grounds of the Royal Zoological Society. They had travelled to England in the steamship *Tactician*, bearing the voyage very well. There were a baby elephant, a baby rhinoceros, monkeys, tigers, leopards, bears, several deer and antelopes, Burrhel sheep, Thar goats, a large Tibetan mastiff, a Sudaic ox, and other animals, besides many birds. They made a very

considerable and very valuable addition to the Zoological Society's collection, and were afterwards housed in a separate portion of the Gardens. This was called the 'The Prince of Wales's Exhibition Ground,' and was intended for special exhibitions of animals from other parts of the Empire.

On May 17 the Prince and Princess were entertained at a *déjeuner* given by the City of London Corporation at the Guildhall. Their Royal Highnesses were received in the Library by the Lord Mayor, the members of the Corporation, and many personages of distinction, the Prince's reply to the address of welcome here presented being marked by his usual freedom and clearness of diction. Sir Forrest Fulton, who presented the address in his capacity of Recorder, made mention of the address of welcome presented to King Edward, then Prince of Wales, when he returned, thirty years before, from his Indian tour. In reply to the toast of 'The Royal Family,' the Prince made an excellent speech, giving some picturesque details of his Indian experiences, and pleading for greater sympathy on the part of the British people when dealing with Indian problems.

On May 23 the Prince, as Master of Trinity House, together with the Elder Brethren, was entertained at luncheon by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, and on the 26th left with the Princess of Wales for Madrid in order to be present at the wedding of Princess Ena of Battenberg with King Alfonso. They were in the procession following the Royal coach at the conclusion of the ceremony when the anarchist Mateo Moral threw a bomb hidden in a bouquet down into the Calle Mayor, killing nearly a score of people and injuring fully fifty others. One of the horses attached to the Royal coach was killed

but the young King and Queen happily escaped injury.

While at Madrid the Prince of Wales invested the Spanish Premier, Señor Moret, with the Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order.

On June 12 Prince George was present with King Edward at St Paul's Cathedral at the dedication of the Chapel of the Order of St Michael and St George. King Edward was Sovereign of the Order, and Prince George Grand Master. On the King's arrival at the cathedral a procession was formed, many Knights and Members of the Order being present. In the Chapel the Bishop of London said the Dedication Prayer, and then the procession marched up the nave to the high altar, where the Sovereign took his seat upon his throne, with the Grand Master opposite, and the service was proceeded with, the whole ceremony being very picturesque and impressive.

Before leaving England again for the Coronation of King Haakon and Queen Maud of Norway, the Prince and Princess of Wales had many functions to attend, but they managed to have one very pleasant day with Prince David, Prince Albert, and the Princess Mary in the Zoological Gardens, where the Royal children inspected with interest the many strange animals brought home from India by their father. They also took part in the usual diversions, riding the elephants and feeding the animals.

The Coronation of the King and Queen of Norway on June 22, was an event of peculiar interest to the British nation. The new King was the nephew of Queen Alexandra and the new Queen her daughter; so that the ties linking the Royal Family of England with that of Norway are very close indeed. Hardly

less close are the ties of blood and race linking the Norsemen with Britons.

The Coronation took place in the old cathedral of Trondhjem, and was conducted with an impressiveness befitting the revival of an ancient kingdom. The Coronation of Queen Maud took place immediately after that of King Haakon. Present at the ceremony was the idol of the Norwegian people, little Prince Olaf, who sat beside Princess Mary of Wales and took great interest in the proceedings.

During the next two years the time of the Prince was ever more and more taken up with the duties of his position. Whenever it was possible for him to do so, he relieved King Edward of some of the many public functions which fill the working hours of a sovereign of the British Empire. One of the most interesting of these was his attendance as King Edward's representative at the Pageant of Quebec in July, 1908. The occasion was that of the Tercentenary Celebration of the landing of the great French explorer Champlain.

The festival owed its inception to Earl Grey, the Governor-General; and under his capable management it soon developed itself into an event of much significance, making for a real bond of peace among the peoples of North America, French, English, and American. Part of his scheme was the purchase of the plains of Abraham, to be turned into a public park, and to contain a worthy monument to the memory of the two generals whose death occurred in the final scene of the great drama of conquest.

The Prince of Wales crossed to Canada in the *Indomitable*, at that time perhaps the most up-to-date vessel of the British Navy. There were present representative warships of many nations, and the whole of the arrangements were carried out without

the slightest hitch, the Prince of Wales receiving an enthusiastic reception, and making an even better impression upon his future Canadian subjects than during his former visits.

In bringing him home again, the *Indomitable* made the voyage in what was then record time for any vessel, warship or passenger ship, her rate of speed from land to land being 25.1 knots.

CHAPTER XXXVII

DEATH OF KING EDWARD AND ACCESSION OF KING GEORGE

THE news of the serious illness of King Edward sent a thrill of dismay through the hearts of his people on the evening of Thursday, May 5, 1910. It was known that he had been unwell during his stay at Biarritz; and many doubted the wisdom of his return to London and arduous and anxious business so shortly after his seeming convalescence. It was known, however, that he had wonderful powers of recuperation; and public uneasiness had been soothed by the vigour and heartiness he threw into his conduct of affairs during the period between his return from the Continent and the date of his sudden and grave prostration.

The bulletin read: 'The King is suffering from an attack of bronchitis, and has been confined to his room for two days. His Majesty's condition causes some anxiety.—Signed, F. Laking, M.D.; J. Reid, M.D.; R. Douglas Powell, M.D.'

As the King's condition did not improve, two other

doctors were called in—Mr Bertram Dawson, M.D., and Mr St Clair Thomson, M.D.; but ill though he was, His Majesty insisted upon doing at least part of his usual morning's work. The bulletin posted in due course on the gates of Buckingham Palace did nothing to allay the public concern. 'The King has passed a comparatively quiet night,' it read, 'but the symptoms have not improved, and His Majesty's condition gives rise to great anxiety.'

Queen Alexandra had been on the Continent, but had been at Calais when the first intimation of the King's illness had reached her. A storm was raging in the Channel, and it had been decided to postpone the crossing, but the Queen at once went on board the boat, reaching London on the 5th. Queen Maud started from Norway as soon as the news of her father's serious illness reached her; but she was not destined to arrive in time to see him alive. The illness developed with alarming rapidity, the bulletin issued before seven o'clock on the 7th reading: 'The King's symptoms have become worse during the day, and His Majesty's condition is now critical.'

Till late in the afternoon the King had been conscious, recognising the members of his family, all of whom were present except his youngest daughter, the Queen of Norway. To her he sent a last loving message before lapsing into unconsciousness. Shortly after midnight the tolling of the great bell of Westminster told that a great and beloved King had passed away, and from the thousands waiting outside Buckingham Palace broke a strange hushed sound like a deep sob—a sob which was echoed from continent to continent as the sad tidings reached the scattered members of the British Empire.

The demonstrations of sorrow were, indeed, not limited to Britain and her dependencies; people of many countries to whom the British King had been a benevolent reality—a power working always for peace and goodwill among the nations—mourned him sincerely. On all sides, and by all classes it was felt that a beneficent personality had been snatched away at a time when his peacemaking influence seemed to be needed both at home and abroad. Intense sympathy was felt for Queen Alexandra, whose loving devotion to the King had been almost lifelong, and had kept her by his side for long hours in spite of weariness during his last illness. To her subjects she had always been the object of a very sincere attachment; and their hearts went out to her unreservedly in her bereavement.

One of the acute hardships of the life of Royal personages is that their private grief must stand aside for public business. In the midst of his intense sorrow for the father he had loved so dearly, the heir to the throne must deal at once with the situation arising through the death of the King. In the Throne Room of St James's Palace he was proclaimed with as little delay as possible, 'George V., King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the British Dominions beyond the Seas, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India.'

The Proclamation read as follows: 'Whereas it hath pleased Almighty God to call to His Mercy our late Sovereign Lord King Edward of blessed and glorious memory, by whose decease the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is solely and rightfully come to the High and Mighty Prince George Frederick Ernest Albert, we, therefore, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of this

realm, being here assisted with these of His late Majesty's Privy Council, with numbers of other principal gentlemen of quality, with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens of London, do now hereby with one voice and consent of tongue and heart, publish and proclaim that the High and Mighty Prince George Frederick Ernest Albert is now, by the death of our late Sovereign of happy memory, become our only lawful and rightful liege Lord George the Fifth, by the Grace of God, King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the British Dominions beyond the Seas, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, to whom we do acknowledge all faith and constant obedience with all hearty and humble affection, beseeching God, by whom Kings and Queens do reign, to bless the Royal Prince George the Fifth with long and happy years to reign over us.

'Given at the Court of St James this seventh day of May in the year of our Lord One thousand nine hundred and ten.

'GOD SAVE THE KING.'

The Proclamation was signed; the Cabinet Ministers took the oath of allegiance and supremacy, giving up their seals of office, which His Majesty returned, thus re-appointing them. Then the King signed the Proclamation necessary to confirm in their office those who had held appointments under King Edward.

There was an impressive silence as the King turned to those present, and, speaking with an undercurrent of deep emotion, said: 'My Lords and Gentlemen,—My heart is too full for me to address you to-day in more than a few words.

'It is my sorrowful duty to announce to you the

death of my dearly loved father, the King. In this irreparable loss which has so suddenly fallen upon me and upon the whole Empire I am comforted by the feeling that I have the sympathy of my future subjects, who will mourn with me for their beloved Sovereign, whose own happiness was found in sharing and promoting theirs.

‘I have lost not only a father’s love, but the affectionate and intimate relations of a dear friend and adviser.

‘No less confident am I in the universal loving sympathy which is assured to my dearest mother in her overwhelming grief.

‘Standing here a little more than nine years ago, our beloved King declared that as long as there was breath in his body he would work for the good and amelioration of his people. I am sure that the opinion of the whole nation will be that this declaration has been fully carried out.

‘To endeavour to follow in his footsteps, and at the same time to uphold the Constitutional Government of these realms, will be the earnest object of my life.

‘I am deeply sensible of the heavy responsibilities which have fallen upon me.

‘I know that I can rely on Parliament, and upon the people of these islands, and of my dominions beyond the seas, for their help in the discharge of these arduous duties, and for their prayers that God will grant me strength and guidance.

‘I am encouraged by the knowledge that I have, in my dear wife, one who will be a constant helpmate in every endeavour for our people’s good.’

King George was publicly proclaimed King throughout the country on Monday, May 9. On the same day

he sent out from Marlborough House a message to the Navy and a message to the Army, which it may be well to quote in full, as showing the attitude of our Sovereign towards these forces of the Empire.

The message to the Navy was as follows: 'It is my earnest wish, on succeeding to the Throne, to make known to the Navy how deeply grateful I am for its faithful and distinguished services rendered to the late King, my beloved father, who ever showed the greatest solicitude in its welfare and efficiency.

'Educated and trained in that profession which I love so dearly, retirement from active duty has in no sense diminished my feelings of affection for it.

'For thirty-three years I have had the honour of serving in the Navy, and such intimate participation in its life and work enables me to know how thoroughly I can depend upon that spirit of loyalty and zealous devotion to duty of which the glorious history of our Navy is the outcome.

'That you will ever continue to be as in the past the foremost defender of your country's honour I know full well, and your fortunes will always be followed by me with deep feelings of pride and affectionate interest.

'GEORGE R.I.'

The King's message to the Army ran:—

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE,

May 9, 1910.

My beloved father was always closely associated with the Army by ties of strong personal attachment, and from the first day that he entered the Service

he identified himself with everything conducive to its welfare.

‘On my accession to the Throne I take this the earliest opportunity of expressing to all ranks my gratitude for their gallant and devoted services to him.

‘Although I have always been interested in the Army, recent years have afforded me special opportunities of becoming more intimately acquainted with our forces both at home and in India, as well as in other parts of the Empire.

‘I shall watch over your interests and efficiency with continuous and keen solicitude, and shall rely upon that spirit of loyalty and devotion which has in all times animated and been the proud tradition of the British Army.

‘GEORGE R.I.’

In the midst of his personal sorrow the news of the terrible colliery disaster at Whitehaven reached the King. He and the Queen were deeply moved by the heartrending tales of the sorrow and despair of the wives and children of the entombed miners, and sent without delay a message speaking of their deep sympathy, and a handsome donation to the Relief Fund.

The incident serves to show how deep and real is the affection of our King and Queen for their people, and how quickly their hearts are touched by the troubles of their subjects. It was but another proof of this keen and lively appreciation of whatever stirs the hearts of his people that led King George to afford to hundreds of thousands one last look at the catafalque as King Edward lay in state in Westminster Hall, and that prompted him to cut short the

dislocation of business usually following the death of a monarch. Throughout the sad time immediately ensuing upon his father's death, and in spite of the great demands of State business upon his thoughts and his time, the King's consideration for the comfort and convenience of his people never faltered.

Affection and consideration beget affection and gratitude. As King George rode at the head of his escort of eight reigning monarchs in that sorrowful but magnificent procession which bore the dead King to his last resting-place, the hearts of the assembled grief-stricken millions went out to him in sympathy and loyalty.

The fresh evidences of his devotion to his people and to the best interests of his Empire, which have since been afforded, have increased more and more the answering affection of his subjects. Unworthy reports concerning him set about by enemies of the Monarchy and Constitution have been determinedly traced and sifted, and conclusively shown to be baseless and cruel fabrications. The King has been proved to be a man of unblemished moral character, abstemious, attentive to duty, a good husband and affectionate father. He presents to his subjects the example of a blameless life, a high ideal of duty, and an unselfishness which finds its expression in his consideration for and sympathy with the needs and aspirations of the British people at home and abroad.

The whole of the Empire looks joyfully forward to the approaching day of the Coronation of their Majesties, whose throne is already secure in the hearts of their subjects.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
 God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
 God save the King!

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter his enemies,
 And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On him our hopes we fix,
 God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour,
 Long may he reign!
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the King!



